

Hymnal
with
Music.

—❖—
GOODRICH & GILBERT.



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H Y M N A L



OF THE

Protestant Episcopal Church

WITH MUSIC

EDITED BY THE

Rev. A. B. GOODRICH D.D.

RECTOR OF CALVARY CHURCH, UTICA, N. Y.

AND

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PREFACE.

IN the preparation of this work the same principle has been observed which seems to have guided the Hymnal Committee in the compilation of the words to which tunes are here set, namely, to provide, within proper limits, for a great variety of wants and tastes. A comprehensive gauge in the character of the tunes is required in a work designed for general use, and although the expectation is not entertained of pleasing all, yet it is believed that the present collection will be found well adapted to meet the wants of most of our congregations, in town and country. While care has been taken to exclude frivolous and secular compositions, and to sustain throughout a high average level in the character of the music, a few tunes which the student of a severe style of ecclesiastical music might not approve have been admitted, because on certain occasions any other tunes would not be acceptable or practicable. At missionary services especially, the introduction of other than familiar melodies would deprive the majority of the worshippers of the privilege of joining in the service of sacred song. Differences of taste and local preferences have in a measure been provided for, by giving in many cases alternate tunes. In some instances this plan seemed the more desirable on account of the difficulty of making a selection from several tunes equally suitable.

The Editors feel deeply the importance of elevating the standard of musical culture in our congregations, and they are in hearty sympathy with those who are labouring for this most desirable object; but they believe that the improvement will be best promoted, not by attempting a complete and radical change at once, but by gradually educating the people in a purer taste and better knowledge of the sacred art. The present work is prepared in accordance with these views, and in the hope that it will prove practically useful as a musical companion of the new Hymnal, and be found to contribute in some degree to the improvement of our ecclesiastical music.

The various sources from which materials have been obtained for this work are given in the index. The best ancient, together with modern compositions of acknowledged excellence, have been freely used. The greater part of the collection consists of the standard tunes which have been so long and justly prized. For some of the peculiar metres it was found necessary to provide new tunes. Our grateful acknowledgments are tendered to those authors and proprietors who have so courteously placed their compositions at our disposal, and to the many kind friends who have aided us by their valuable suggestions.

The system of notation which has been observed, it is believed, will prove advantageous in many respects, especially in suggesting a more spirited movement than that which is usually adopted for congregational singing. It is not intended, however, to indicate that *all* the tunes are to be sung at a rapid pace. The character of the tune and the subject-matter of the hymn in each case will suggest to the leader or choir the proper style of performance. Pauses should be made at the end of the lines to avoid hurry and preserve dignity.

The tunes are given in keys best adapted to congregational singing, a matter of some importance, as organs are now built with a higher pitch than formerly.

The insertion of first verses between the staves, and the placing of the stems of the notes for each part in their proper positions, are advantages which will be readily recognized, and it is hoped will increase the value of the book sufficiently to compensate for the additional outlay required to secure this desirable feature.

A. B. G.

W. B. G.

May. 1872.

HYMNAL

Advent.

Hymn 1. FIRST TUNE.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

GOSS.

1. Lo, he comes, with clouds descend-ing, Once for fa-vour'd sin-ners slain;

Thousand thousand saints at - tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of his train :

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, God ap-pears on earth to reign. A-men.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away;
 And who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day;
 Come to judgment,
 Come to judgment, come away.

- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear:
 All his saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air:
 Hallehujah!
 See the day of God appear.
- 5 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne;
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.
 O come quickly!
 Hallehujah! Come, Lord, come!

Advent.

Hy. I. SECOND TUNE.

8.7.3.7.4.7.

HELMSLEY.

1. Lo, he comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa - vor'd

sin - ners shin; Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing

Swell the tri - umph of his train; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - l -

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, God ap - pears on earth to reign. A-men.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced, and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away:
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day:
 Come to judgment,
 Come to judgment, come away.

4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear:
 All his saints, by men rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air:
 Hallelujah!
 See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen; let all adore thee,
 High on thine eternal throne:
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Claim the kingdom for thine own.
 O come quickly!
 Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

Hy. 1. THIRD TUNE.

3.7.8.7.-1.7.

ST. ENOCH.

1. Lo, he comes, with clouds descend-ing, Once for fa-vour'd sinners slain ;

Thousand thousand saints at-tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of his train ;

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, God ap-pears on earth to reign. A-men.

2.

L. M.

LENTZ.

1. The Lord will come: the earth shall quake, The hills their fix-ed seat for-sake ;

And, withering from the vault of night, The stars withdraw their feeble light. A-men.

- 2 The Lord will come: but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.
- 3 The Lord will come: a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On chernub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human-kind.

- 4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway:
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride,
O God ! is this the Crucified?
- 5 Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come.

Advent.

3. FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

SHEPHERDS.

1. That day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass away,

What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day? A - men.

2 When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swell the high trump that wakes the dead.

3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

3. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

SAXONY.

1. That day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a-way,

What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day? A - men.

4.

L. M. With Chorus.

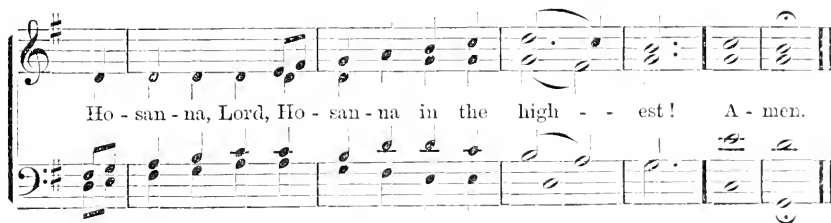
HOSANNA.



1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th'in-car-nate Word!



To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Saviour, King, Let earth, let heaven, Ho-san-na sing.



Ho - san - na, Lord, Ho - san - na in the high - - est! A - men.

2 Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer:
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Advent.

5.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

ZOAN.

1. Re-joice, re-joice, be-liev-ers! And let your lights ap-pear;

The eve-ning is ad-vanc-ing, And dark-er night is near.

The Bride-groom is a-ris-ing, And soon he will draw nigh;

Up! pray, and watch, and wres-tle! At mid-night comes the cry. A-men.

- 2 See that your lamps are burning,
 Replenish them with oil;
 Look now for your salvation,
 The end of sin and toil.
 The watchers on the mountain
 Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
 Go meet him as he cometh,
 With hallelujahs clear.
- 3 O wise and holy virgins,
 Now raise your voices higher,
 Till, in your jubilations
 Ye meet the angel choir.

- The marriage-feast is waiting,
 The gates wide open stand;
 Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
 The Bridegroom is at hand.
- 4 Our hope and expectation,
 O Jesu, now appear;
 Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
 O'er this benighted sphere!
 With hearts and hands uplifted,
 We plead, O Lord, to see
 The day of earth's redemption,
 And ever be with thee!

6.

S.S.S.S.S.S.

RALEIGH.

1. The Lord un-to my Lord thus spake: "Till I thy foes thy footstool make,

Sit thou in state at my right hand: Su-preme in Si-on thou shalt be,

And all thy proud op-pos-ers see Sub-ject-ed to thy just command. A-men.

- 2 "Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,
 The willing people shall obey;
 And, when thy rising beams they view,
 Shall all (redeem'd from error's night)
 Appear more numerous and bright
 Than crystal drops of morning dew."
- 3 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain.
 That, like Melchizedek's, thy reign
 And priesthood shall no period see;
 Anointed Princee! thou, bending low,
 Shalt drink where darkest torrents flow,
 Then raise thy head in victory!

Advent.

7. FIRST TUNE.

G.G.G.G.

ST. CECILIA.



1. Thy king-dom come, O God, Thy reign, O Christ, be - gin :



Break with thine i - ron rod The ty - ran - nies of sin. A - men.

2 Where is thy rule of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee thy face before?

4 We pray thee, Lord, arise,
And come in thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for thy sight.


5 Men scorn thy sacred name,
And wolves devour thy fold:
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.

6 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.


7. SECOND TUNE.

G.G.G.G.

QUAM DELECTA.



1. Thy king-dom come, O God, Thy reign, O Christ, be - gin :



Break with thine i - ron rod The ty - ran - nies of sin. A - men.

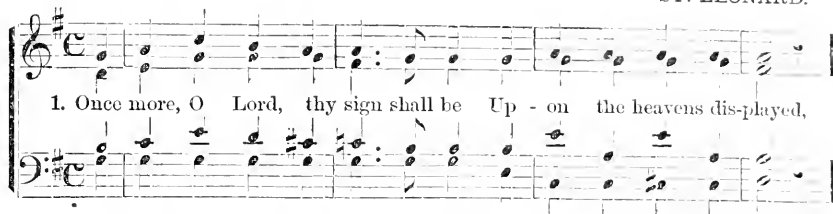
Advent.

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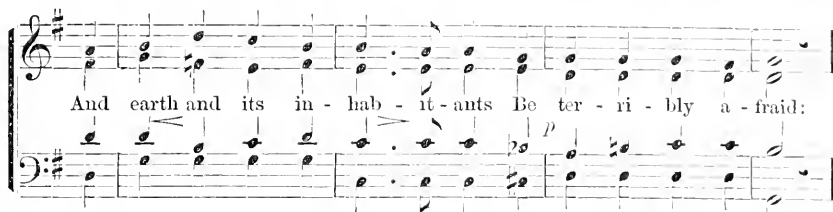
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D. C. M.

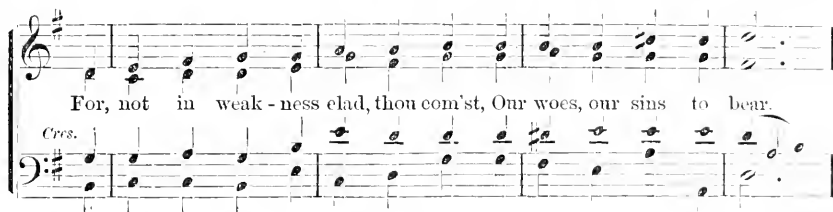
ST. LEONARD.



1. Once more, O Lord, thy sign shall be Up - on the heavens dis-played,



And earth and its in - hab - it - ants Be ter - ri - bly a - fraid:



For, not in weak - ness elad, thou com'st, Our woes, our sins to bear.



But girt with all thy Father's might, His judgment to de - clare. A - men.

2 The terrors of that awful day,
 O who can understand?
 Or who abide, when thou in wrath
 Shall lift thy holy hand?
 The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
 The sun in heaven grow pale;
 But thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
 Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
 Our time in trembling here,
 That when upon the clouds of heaven
 Thy glory shall appear,
 Uplifting high our joyful heads,
 In triumph we may rise,
 And enter, with thine angel train,
 Thy palace in the skies.

Advent.

9.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

VENI CITO.

1. Come, quick - ly come, dread Judge of all: For, aw - ful

tho' thine ad - vent be, All sha - dows from the truth will fall,

And false - hood die, in sight of thee: Come, quickly come: for

doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when thou art near. A - men.

- 2 Come, quickly come, great King of all;
 Reign all around us, and within;
 Let sin no more our souls enthrall.
 Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
 Come, quickly come: for thou alone
 Canst make thy scattered people one.
- 3 Come, quickly come, true Life of all;
 The curse of death is on the ground;
 On every home his shadows fall,

On every heart his mark is found:
 Come, quickly come: for grief and pain
 Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

- 4 Come, quickly come, sure Light of all,
 For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
 And fainting souls begin to fall
 With weary watching for the day:
 Come, quickly come: forr and thy throne
 No eye is blind, no night is known.

10.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

MAGDALENA.

f *p*

1. O Je - su, thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,

Cres. *Dim.*

In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:

We bear the name of Chris-tians, His name and sign we bear:

Cres.

O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep him standing there. A - men.

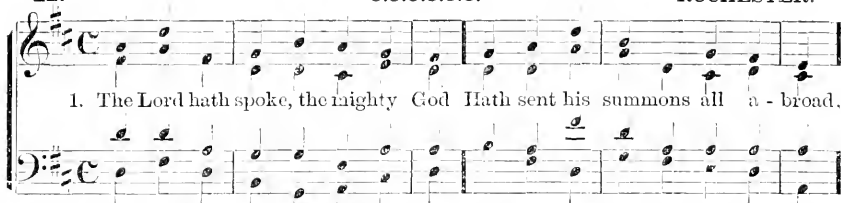
2 O Jesu, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scurr'd,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marr'd:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

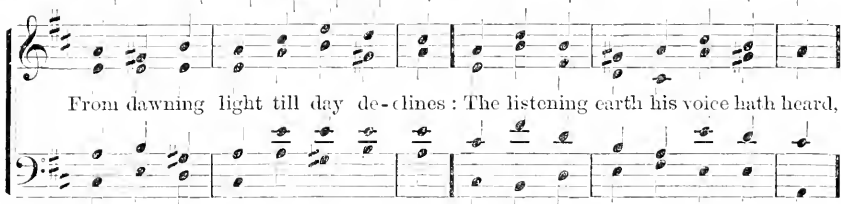
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8.8.8.8.8.8.

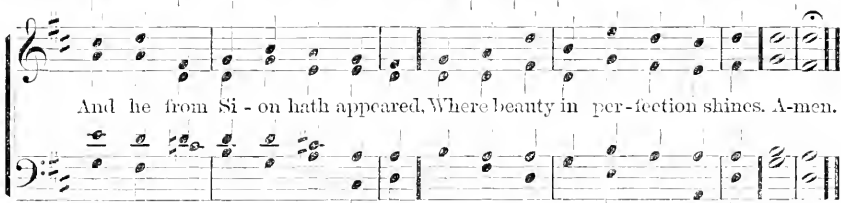
ROCHESTER.



1. The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God Hath sent his summons all a - broad.



From dawning light till day de-clines : The listening earth his voice hath heard,



And he from Si - on hath appeared, Where beauty in per-fection shines. A-men.

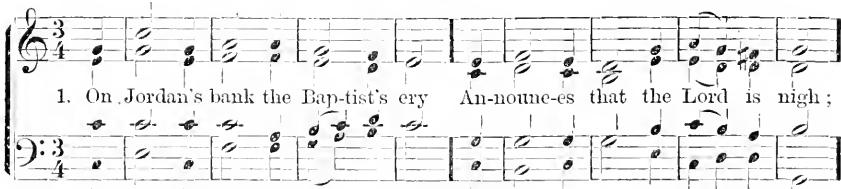
2 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence as before,
But wasting flames before him send ;

Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heaven and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.

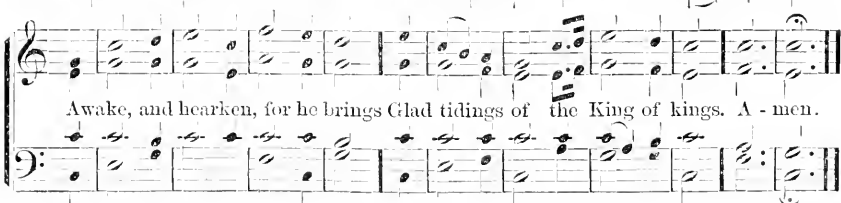
12.

L. M.

WINCHESTER NEW.



1. On Jordan's bank the Bap-tist's ery An-noun-ce-s that the Lord is nigh ;



Awake, and hearken, for he brings Glad tidings of the King of kings. A - men.

2 Then cleansed be every breast from sin ;
Make straight the way for God within ;
Prepare we in our hearts a home,
Where such a mighty guest may come.

4 To heal the sick stretch out thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand ;
Shine forth, and let thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

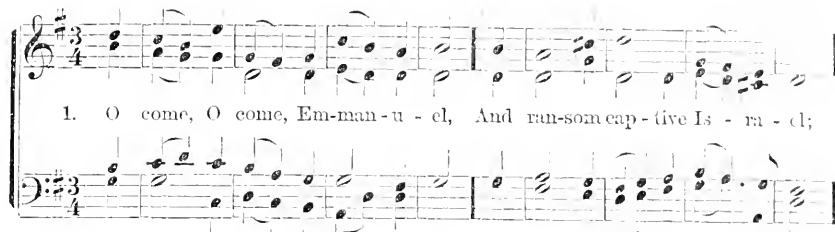
3 For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward ;
Without thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

5 All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,
Whose advent doth thy people free ;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

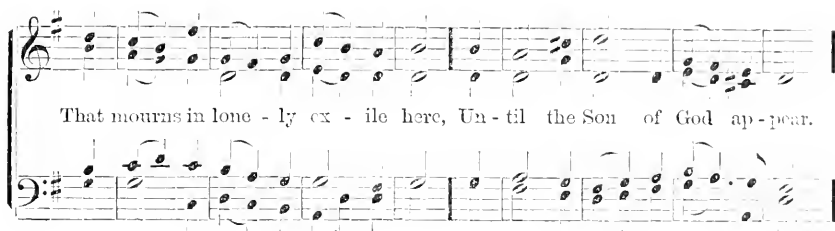
13. FIRST TUNE.

S.S.S.S.S.S.

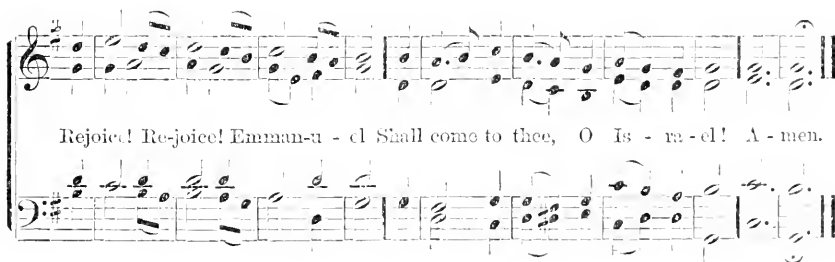
CAREYS.



1. O come, O come, Em-man-u-el, And ran-some cap-tive Is-ra-el;



That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here, Un-til the Son of God ap-pear.



Rejoice! Re-joice! Em-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el! A-men.

2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 O come, thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, thou Lord of night;
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

Advent.

13. SECOND TUNE.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

VENI EMMANUEL.

1. O come, O come, Em-man-u-el, And ran-som cap-tive

Is-ra-el: That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here,

Un-til the Son of God ap-pear. Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Em-

man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el! A-men.

2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 O come, thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, thou Lord of might;
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

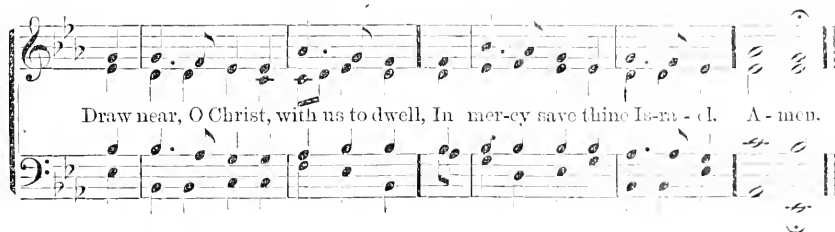
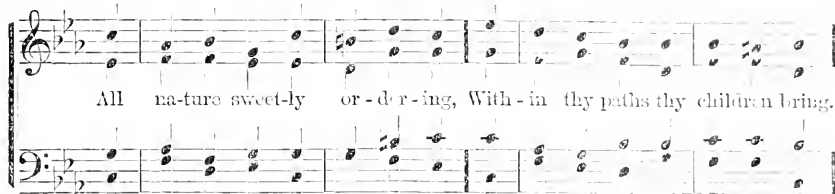
Advent Anthems.

15

14. Dec. 16.—*O Sapientia.*

8.8.8.8.8.8.

COMPLINE.



Dec. 17.—*O Adonai.*

Ruler of Israel, Lord of might,
Who gavest the law from Sinai's height;
Once in the fiery bush revealed,
With outstretched arm thy chosen shield;
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 18.—*O Radix Jesse.*

O Root of Jesse! Ensign thou!
To whom all Gentile kings shall bow,
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 19.—*O Clavis David.*

O Israel's Sceptre! David's Key!
Come thou, and set death's captives free,
Unlock the gate that bars their road,
And lead them to the throne of God.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 20.—*O Oriens.*

O Day-spring and Eternal Light!
Pierce through the gloom of error's night;
Predestined Sun of Righteousness!
Haste with thy rising beams to bless.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 22.—*O Rex Gentium.*

O King! Desire of nations! come,
Lead sons of earth to heav'n's high home;
Thou chief and precious Corner-stone,
Binding the sever'd into one.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Dec. 23.—*O Emmanuel.*

O Lawgiver! Emmanuel! King!
Thy praises we would ever sing;
The Gentile's hope, the Saviour blest,
Take us to thine eternal rest.
Draw near, O Christ, with us to dwell,
In mercy save thine Israel.

Christmas.

15.

C. M.

CHESTERFIELD.

1. Hark! the glad sound! the Sav - iour comes, The Sav - iour prom - ised long :

Let ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - ery voice a song. A - men.

- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest fumes of vice
To clear the mental ray,

- And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

16.

S. 7. 9. 7.

STUTTGARD.

1. Hail! thou long-ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set thy peo - ple free :

From our sins and fears re - lease us; Let us find our rest in thee. A - men.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,

- Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

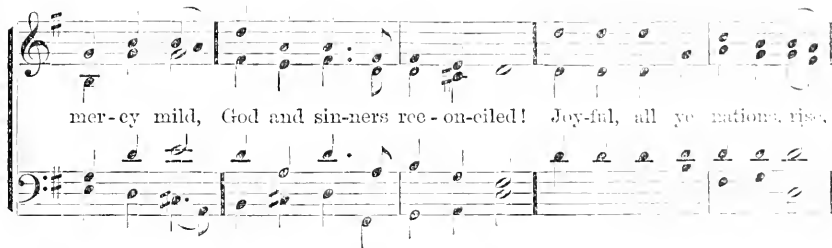
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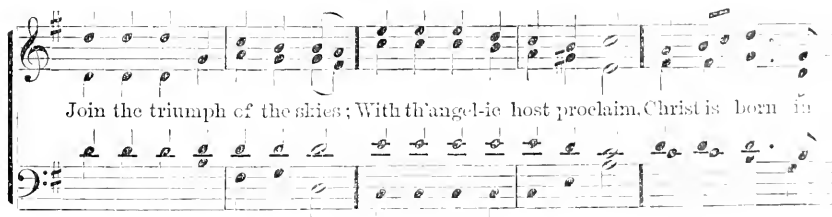
MENDELSSOHN.



1. Hark! the herald angels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and



mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners ree-on-ciled! Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise,



Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angel-ic host proclaim, Christ is born in



Beth-le-hem! Hark! the herald angels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King. A-men.

Organ Pedal.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.


3 Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings.
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be!

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King. A-men.


18.

D. C. M.


HENSBURG.




1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,



The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.



"Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seized their troubled mind:



"Glad tid-ings of great joy I bring To you, and all man-kind." A - men.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign.

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

Christmas.

19

19.

2d and other verses.

6.6.10.5.6.7.7.10.

ADESTE FIDELES.

f

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant; O

come ye, O come ye, to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold him

p

Born, the King of an - gels: O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a -

f *f*

dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord. A-men.

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! he abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:
O come, let us adore him, &c.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest;
O come, let us adore him, &c.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Christmas.

20.

8.7.8.7.

LENHAM.

1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voic - es Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies?

Lo! th'angel-ic host re-joic - es, Heavenly hal-le - lu-jahs rise. A-men.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
“Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

4 “Christ is born: the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

3 “Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

5 “Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!”

21.

10.10.10.10.10.10.

YORKSHIRE.

1. Christians, a-wake, sa-lute the hap-py morn', Whereon the Sav-iour of man-

kind was born; Rise to a-dore the mys-ter-y of love, Which hosts of



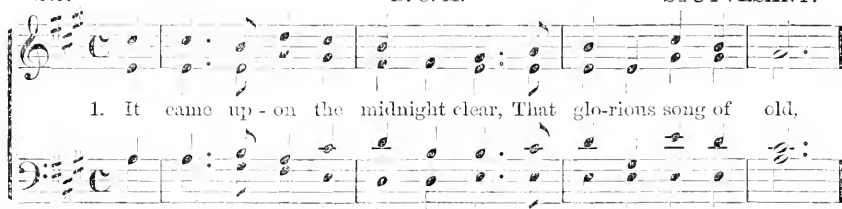
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth:
This day has God fulfil'd his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the Wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessed maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.
- 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy:
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Treading his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 6 Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song;
He, that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display:
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Of angels and of angel-men the King.

Christmas.

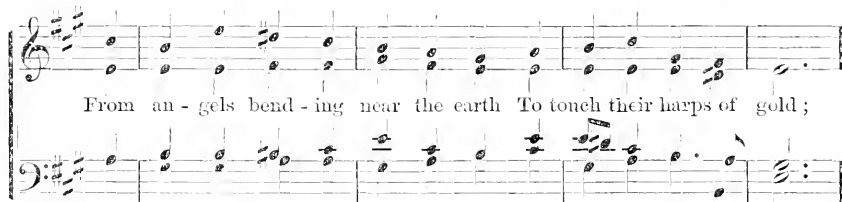
22.

D. C. M.

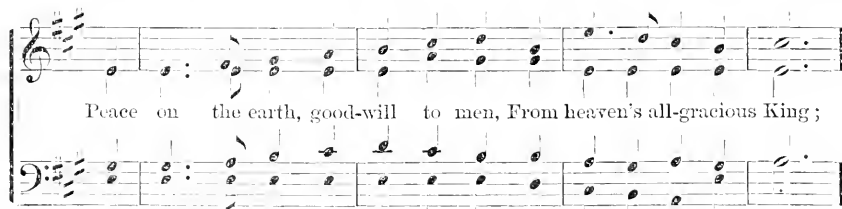
STUYVESANT.



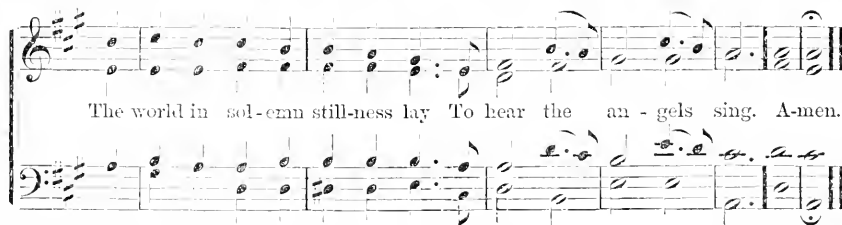
1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glo - rious song of old,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold ;



Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gracious King ;



The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing. A-men.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come, 3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,
 With peaceful wings unfurl'd ; Whose forms are bending low,
 And still their heavenly music floats : Who toil along the climbing way
 O'er all the weary world ; With painful steps and slow !
 Above its sad and lowly plains Look now, for glad and golden hours
 They bend on hovering wing, Come swiftly on the wing ;
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds O rest beside the weary road,
 The blessed angels sing. And hear the angels sing.

- 4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
 By prophets seen of old,
 When with the ever-circling years
 Shall come the time foretold,
 When the new heaven and earth shall own
 The Prince of Peace their King,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

Christmas.

23

23.

P. M.

GLAD TIDINGS.

1. Shout the glad ti-dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King! Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King! Si - on the mar - vel - lous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the High - est, how low - ly His birth! The brightest archangel in glo - ry ex - cell - ing, He stoops to re - deem us, He reigns up - on earth. A - men.

- 2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation.
The heart-cheering news let the earth
echo round:
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are
crowned:
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, &c.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully
bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome Hosanna
arise:
Ye angels, the full Hallelujah be singing:
One chorus resound through the earth
and the skies:
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, &c.

Christmas.

24.

Voices in Unison.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

GILBERTS.

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - - ry, Wing your flight o'er

all the earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - - ry.

p *Voices in Harmony.*
Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth: Come and wor - ship,

Cres.
Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King! A - men.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Christmas.

25

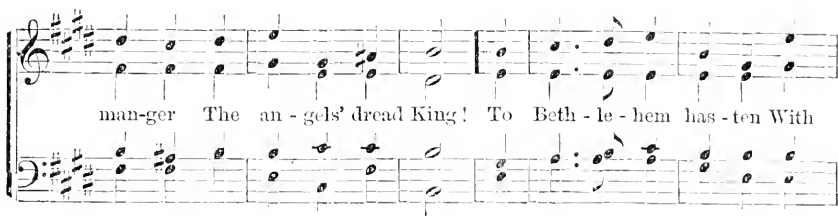
25.

G.5.G.5.G.5.G.5.

NORCOTT.



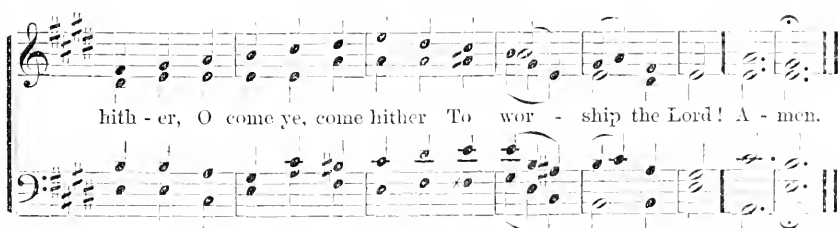
1. Come hith-er, ye faith-ful, Tri-umphant - ly sing! Come, see in the



man-ger The an - gels' dread King! To Beth - le - hem has - ten With



joy - ful ae - cord! O come ye, come hith - er, O come ye, come



hith - er, O come ye, come hither To wor - ship the Lord! A - men.

2 True Son of the Father.
He comes from the skies;
To be born of a Virgin
He doth not despise.
To Bethlehem hasten. &c.

3 Hark, hark to the angels!
All singing in heaven,
"To God in the highest
All glory be given!"
To Bethlehem hasten, &c.

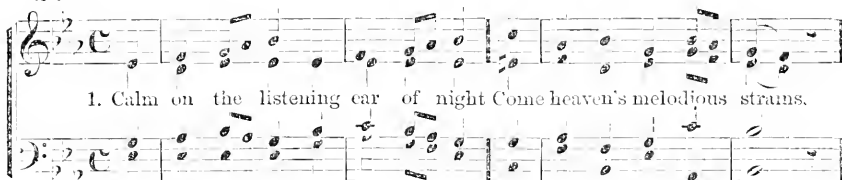
4 To thee, then, O Jesu,
This day of thy birth,
Be glory and honour
Through heaven and earth;
True Godhead incarnate!
Omnipotent Word!
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord!

Christmas.

26.

C. M.

BRIGHTON.



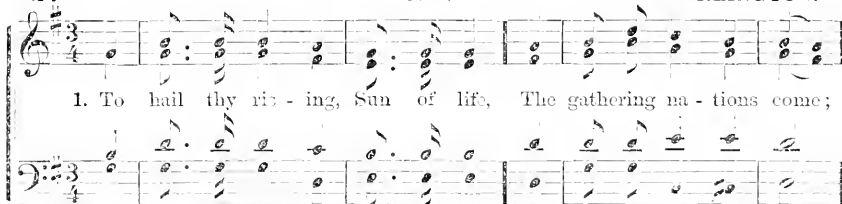
- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-Spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,

- And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King !"
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born !
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

27.

C. M.

ARLINGTON.



- 2 For thou our burden hast removed ;
The oppressor's reign is broke ;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.
- 3 To us the promised Child is born ;
To us the Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored ;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.
- 5 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

End of the Year.

27

28.

D. S. M.

CHALVEY.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,

And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with-in the tomb :

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day :

O wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day :
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

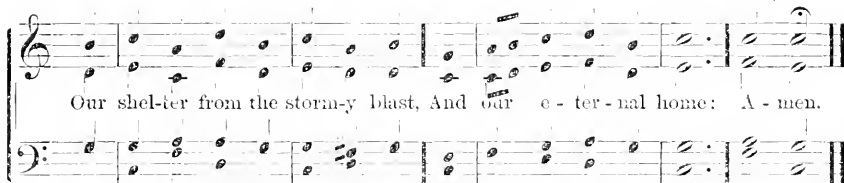
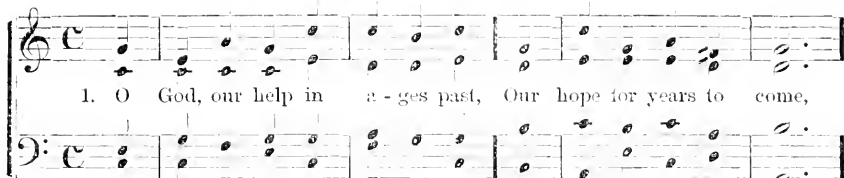
5 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day :
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

New Year.

29.

C. M.

ST. ANN'S.



2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;

Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

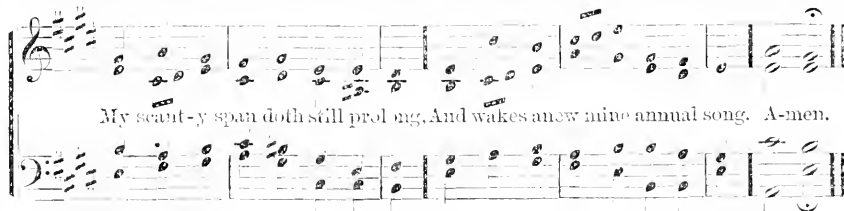
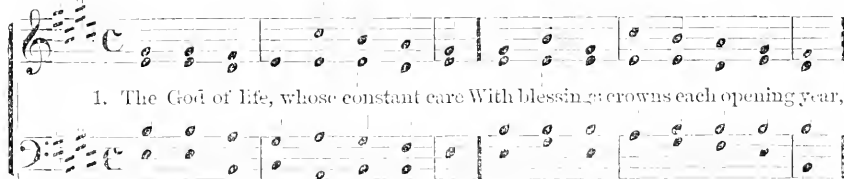
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

30.

L. M.

LEIGH.



2 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore
Where years and death are known no more.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place ;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues :

4 No more alarms from ghostly foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected year ! begin ;
Dawn on this world of woe and sin ;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

New Year.

29

31. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

TICHFIELD.

1. While with cease-less course the sun Hasted through the form - er year,

Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low:

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know. A - men.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view ;
 Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

New Year.

31. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

BENEVENTO.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hasted through the form-er year,

Ma-ny souls their race have run, Nev-er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e-ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low:

We a lit-tle long-er wait, But how lit-tle none can know, A-men.

2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
 All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view;
 Bless thy word to young and old;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.


Circumcision.

31

32.

S. M.

ST. MICHAELS.



1. The an - cient law de - parts And all its ter - rors cease ;



For Je - sus makes with faithful heart A cov - e - nant of peace. A - men.

2 The Light of light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.

3 To-day the Name is thine,
At which we bend the knee ;
They call thee Jesus, Child divine !
Our Jesus deign to be.


33.

7.7.7.7.

NOMEN.



1. Je - sus ! Name of won-drous love ! Name all oth - er names a - bove !



Un - to which must ev - ery knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

2 Jesus ! Name decreed of old :
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus ! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave —
"Jesus shall his people save."

4 Jesus ! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,

When the cup of human woe
First he tasted here below.

5 Jesus ! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

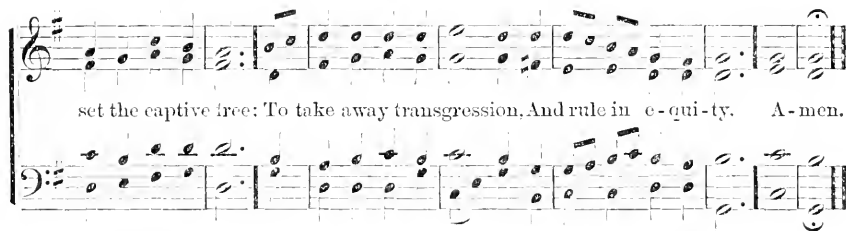
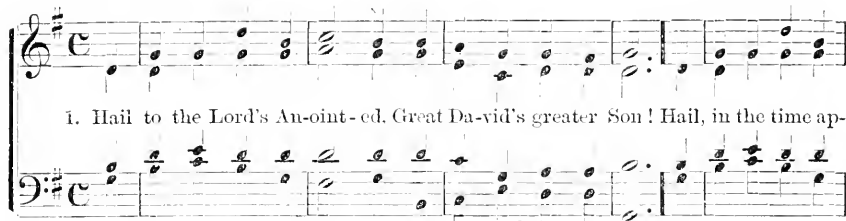
6 Jesus ! Name of wondrous love !
Human Name of God above ;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to thee.

Epiphany.

34. FIRST TUNE.

7s.Gs.7.G.7.G.7.G.

ROMAINE.



2 He comes with succour speedy
 To those who suffer wrong,
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth;
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth:
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end:
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand for ever;
 That name to us is Love.

Epiphany.

33

34. SECOND TUNE.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

MEDWAY.

1. Hail to the Lord's An-oint - ed, Great Da-vi-d's great - er Son!

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free:

To take a - way trans-gres-sion, And rule in e qui - ty. A - men.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth ;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go ;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is Love.

Epiphany.

35.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

LYONS.

1. How won-drous and great Thy works, God of praise!

How just, King of saints, And true are thy ways!

O who shall not fear thee, And hon-our thy name?

Thou on-ly art ho-ly, Thou on-ly su-preme. A-men.

2 To nations long dark
 Thy light shall be shown;
 Their worship and vows
 Shall come to thy throne;
 Thy truth and thy judgments
 Shall spread all abroad.
 Till earth's every people
 Confess thee their God.

Epiphany.

37

36. FIRST TUNE.

10.10.10.10.

MURRAY HILL.

1. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise; Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes;

See heaven its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day. A-men.

- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet un-
born,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend.

See thy bright altars through'd with prostrate
kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

36. SECOND TUNE.

10.10.10.10.

RUSSIAN HYMN.

1. Rise, crown'd with light, im-pe-rial Sa-lem, rise; Ex-alt thy

tower-ing head and lift thine eyes: See heaven its spark-ling por-tals

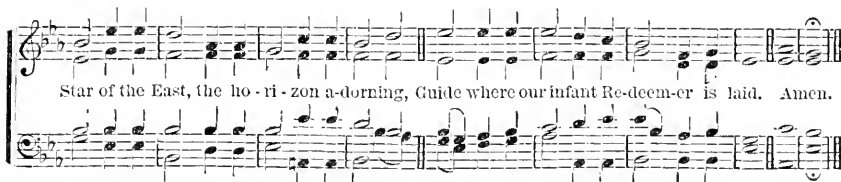
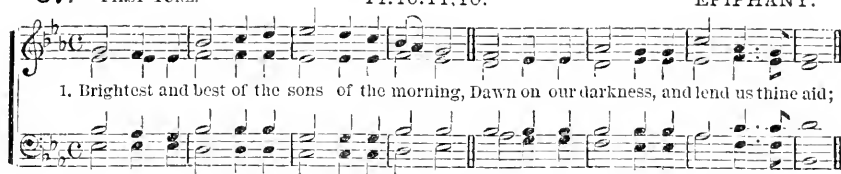
wide dis-play, And break up-on thee in a flood of day. A-men.

Epiphany.

37. FIRST TUNE.

11.10.11.10.

EPIPHANY.



2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

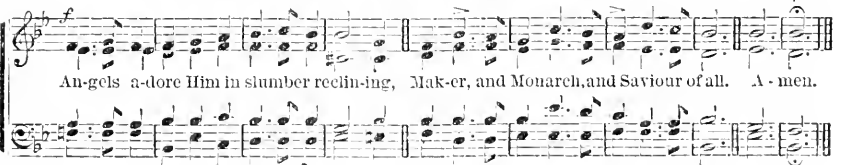
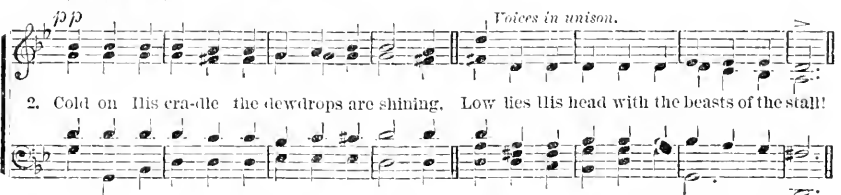
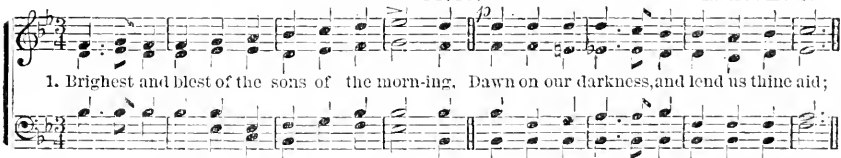
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Re-deemer is laid.

37. SECOND TUNE.

11.10.11.10.

HARVEYS.



38.

C. M.

TIVERTON.



1. Lo! hills and mountains shall bring forth The hap-py fruits of peace,



Which all the land shall own to be The work of righteous-ness: A-men.



2 While David's Son our needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway;
And from their humble neck shall take
Oppressive yokes away.

3 In every heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.

4 He shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth;
Or like warm showers, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.

5 In his blest days the just and good
Shall spring up all around;
The happy land shall everywhere
With endless peace abound.

6 His uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' stream,
At nature's limits end.

7 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquest spreads.

8 The kings of Tarshish and the isles
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.

9 To him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay;
And differing nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

10 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

11 For him shall constant prayer be made,
Through all his prosperous days:
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.

12 The memory of his glorious name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

13 In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confess'd.

14 Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears;
Who only wondrous in his works,
Beyond compare, appears.

15 Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
For ever bless his name;
Whilst to his praise the listening world
Their glad accent proclaim.

Epiphany.

39.

8.7.8.7.

CANTERBURY.

1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death,

Je - su, now thy-self re - veal-ing, Seat-ter ev - ery cloud be-neath. A-men.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

3 Show thy power in every nation,
O thou Prince of peace and love ?

Give the knowledge of salvation,
Fix our hearts on things above.

4 By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release :
By the presence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

40.

C. M.

EXPECTATION.

1. Joy to the world ! the Lord is come : Let earth re-ceive her King ;

Let ev-ery heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing. A-men.

2 Joy to the world ! the Saviour reigns :
Let men their songs employ ; plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :

He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Epiphany.

39

41.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

HANOVER.

1. The Name of our God In Is - rael is known; His man - sion be -

loved Is Si - on a - lone: There broke he the ar - rows The

en - e - my hurl'd, And honour'd his mountain A - bove all the world. A - men.

2 The pride of thy foes
Is turn'd to thy praise ;
Their fierceness o'erruled
Thy providence sways ;
Their sin overflowing
Thy power will restrain ;
Thy arm on the wicked
New glory will gain.

2 Ye nations, to God
Vow homage sincere ;
Devote to him gifts,
Love, worship, and fear ;
Before him, ye mighty,
Your spirits repress :
Ye high and ye humble,
His wonders confess !

Epiphany.

42.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

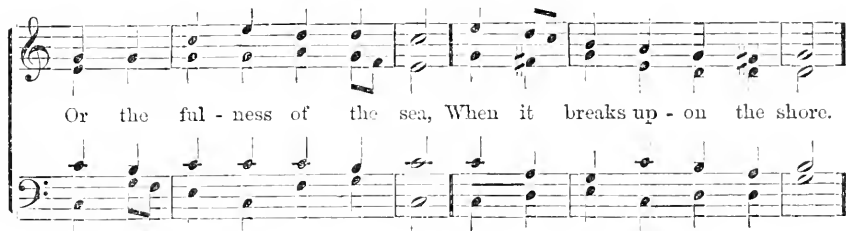
CHORAL.



1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as migh - ty thun-ders roar;



Or the ful - ness of the sea, When it breaks up - on the shore.



Hal - le - lu - jah! for the Lord God om - ni - po - tent shall reign;



Hal - le - lu - jah! let the word Ech-o round the earth and main. A - men.



2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See, Jehovah's banners furled ; [done,
Sheathed his sword ; he speaks,—'tis
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away :
Then the end ; beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

Epiphany.

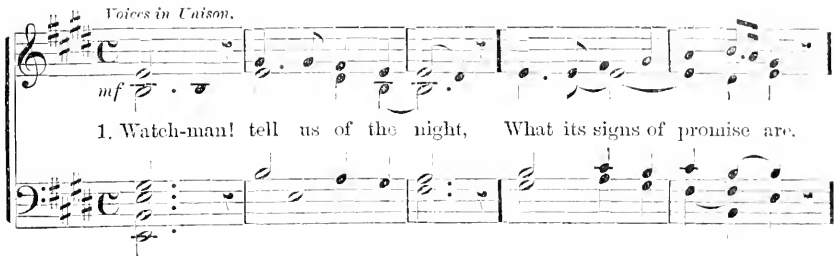
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43. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

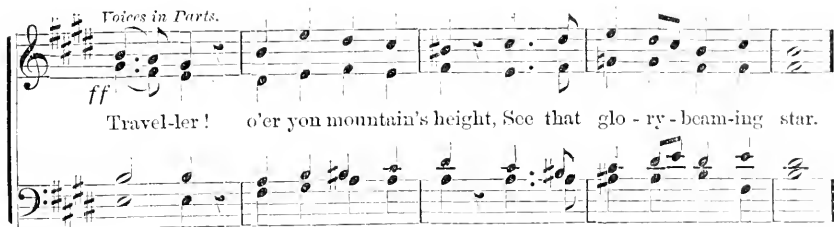
WATCHMAN.

Voices in Unison.



1. Watch-man! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.

Voices in Parts.



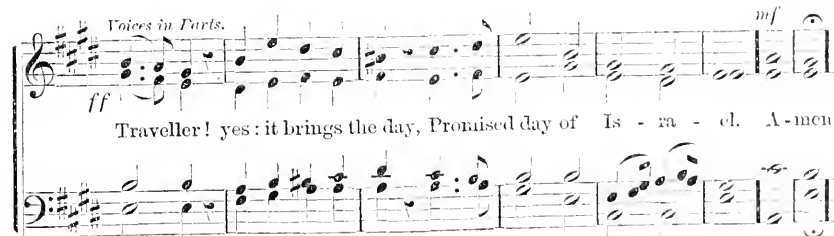
Travel-ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo-ry-beam-ing star.

Voices in Unison.



Watch-man! does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?

Voices in Parts.



Traveller! yes: it brings the day, Promised day of Is-ra-el. A-men.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light.
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

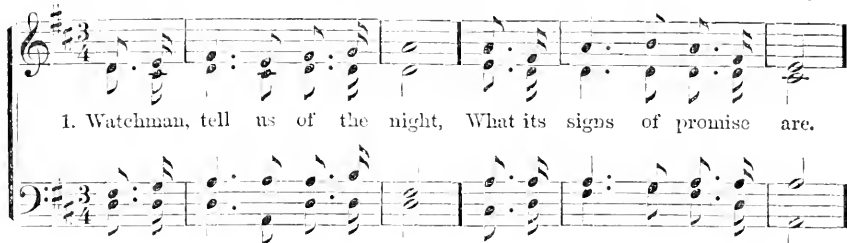
3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Epiphany.

43. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

MASONS.



1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are.



Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beaming star.



Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?



Traveller! yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el. A - men.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light.
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

44.

S. M.

SANDFORD.

1. How beauteous are their feet, Who stand on Si-on's hill; Who
bring sal-vation on their tongues, And words of peace re-veal. A-men.

2 How charming is their voice :

How sweet their tidings are !—

“Sion, behold thy Saviour-King,

He reigns and triumphs here.”

3 How happy are our ears

That hear this joyful sound,

Which kings and prophets waited for,

And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes

That see this heavenly light !

Prophets and kings desired it long,

But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,

And tuneful notes employ,

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,

And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm

Through all the earth abroad :

Let every nation now behold

Their Saviour and their God.

45.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

DIX.

1. As with gladness men of old Did the guiding star behold; As with joy they hail'd its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright; So, most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be led to thee. A-men.

2 As with joyous steps they sped

To that lowly manger-bed;

There to bend the knee before

Him whom heaven and earth adore;

So may we with willing feet

Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare

At that manger rude and bare;

So may we with holy joy,

Pure and free from sin's alloy,

All our costliest treasures bring,

Christ! to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day

Keep us in the narrow way;

And, when earthly things are past,

Bring our ransomed souls at last

Where they need no star to guide,

Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,

Need they no created light:

Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,

Thou its Sun which goes not down,

There forever may we sing

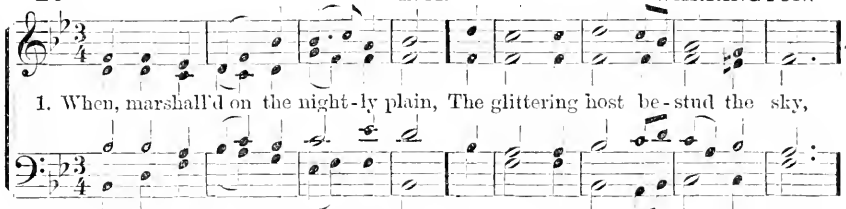
Hallelujahs to our King.

Epiphany.

46.

L. M.

WARRINGTON.



1. When, marshall'd on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be-stud the sky,



One star a-lone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye. A-men.

2 Hark, hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks ;
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.

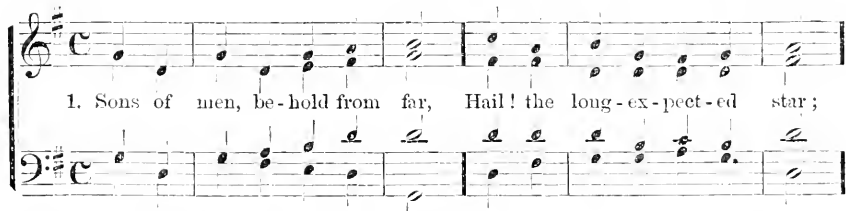
3 It is my guide, my light, my all.
It bids my dark forebodings cease ;

4 Then, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem !

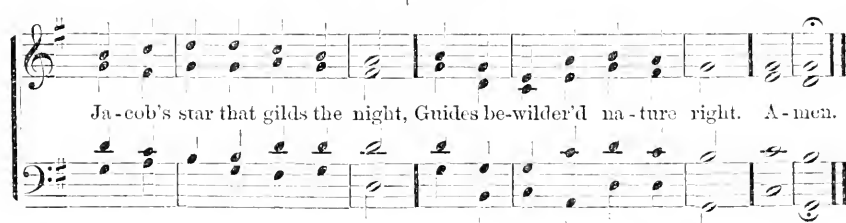
47.

7.7.7.7.

EPHRAIM.



1. Sons of men, be-hold from far, Hail ! the long-ex-pect-ed star ;



Ja-cob's star that gilds the night, Guides be-wilder'd na-ture right. A-men.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

4 There behold the Day-Spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes :
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear :
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

5 Sing, ye morning stars, again,
God descends on earth to reign,
Deigns for man his life to employ ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy !


48.

C. M.

NORWICH.



1. Once more the sol - emn sea - son calls A ho - ly fast to keep :



And now with-in the tem - ple walls Both priest and people weep. A - men.


- 2 But vain all outward sign of grief,
And vain the form of prayer,
Unless the heart implore relief,
And penitence be there.
- 3 We smite the breast, we weep in vain.
In vain in ashes mourn,
Unless with penitential pain
The smitten soul be torn.
- 4 In sorrow true then let us pray
To our offended God,

- From us to turn his wrath away.
And stay the uplifted rod.
- 5 O God, our Judge and Father, deign
To spare the bruised reed :
We pray for time to turn again,
For grace to turn indeed.
- 6 Blest Three in One, to thee we bow :
Vouchsafe us in thy love
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.


49.

7.7.7.7.

HERNLEIN.



1. For - ty days and for - ty nights Thou wast fast-ing in the wild ;



For - ty days and for - ty nights Tempted, and yet un - de - filed. A - men.

- 2 Shall not we thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with thee to suffer pain !
- 3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

- 4 So shall we have peace divine ;
Holier gladness ours shall be ;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as minister'd to thee.
- 5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by thy side :
That with thee we may appear
As th' eternal Eastertide.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

50. FIRST TUNE.

S. M.

LEIPSIG.

1. In mer-cy, not in wrath, Re-buke me, gra-cious God! Lest,

if thy whole dis-pleasure rise, I sink beneath thy rod. A-men.

- 2 Touch'd by thy quickening power,
My load of guilt I feel;
The wounds thy Spirit hath unclosed,
O let that Spirit heal.
- 3 In trouble and in gloom,
Must I for ever mourn?
And wilt thou not at length, O God,
In pitying love return?

- 4 O come, ere life expire,
Send down thy power to save:
For who shall sing thy name in death,
Or praise thee in the grave?
- 5 Why should I doubt thy grace,
Or yield to dread despair?
Thou wilt fulfil thy promised word,
And grant me all my prayer.

50. SECOND TUNE.

S. M.

OLMUTZ.

1. In mer-cy, not in wrath. Re-buke me, gra-cious God!

Lest, if thy whole dis-pleasure rise, I sink beneath thy rod. A-men

51.

C. M.

ST. MARYS.



1. Thy chastening wrath, O Lord, re-strain, Though I do - serve it all;



Nor let on me the heav-y storm Of thy dis - pleasure fall. A - men.

My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

The groanings of my burden'd soul
Have reach'd thine open ear.

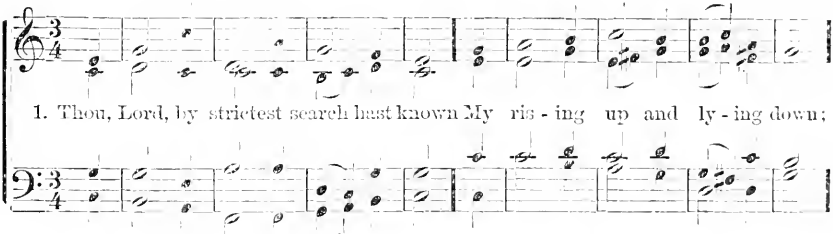
4 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
Nor far from me depart :
Make haste to my relief, O thou
Who my salvation art.

3 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear ;

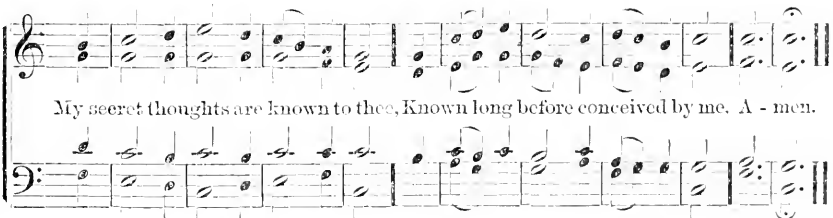
52.

L. M.

ST. VINCENTS.



1. Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known My ris - ing up and ly - ing down ;



My secret thoughts are known to thee, Known long before conceived by me. A - men.

2 From thy all-seeing Spirit, Lord,
What hiding-place does earth afford?
O where can I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run ?

Through midnight shades thou find'st thy
As in the blazing noon of day. [way,

4 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurk in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

3 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

53. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

LITANY.

1. Sav - iour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee;

When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;

O by all thy pains and woe, Suf - fer'd once for man be - low,

Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn li - ta - ny. A - men.

- 2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By thy conflict with despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn.

- By thy cross, thy pangs, and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save,
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

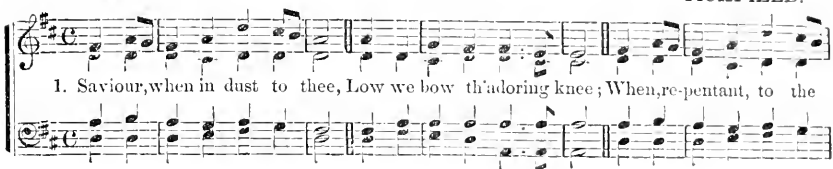
Ash Wednesday and Lent.

49

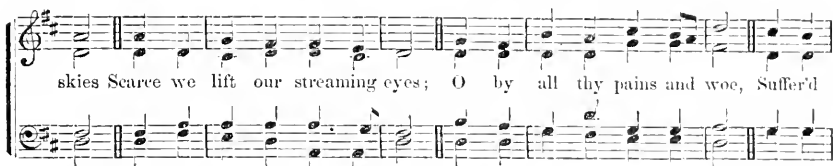
53. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

TICHFIELD.



1. Saviour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th'adoring knee; When, re-pentant, to the



skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; O by all thy pains and woe, Suffer'd



once for man be - low, Bending from thy throne on high, Hear our solemn lit - a - ny. A-men.

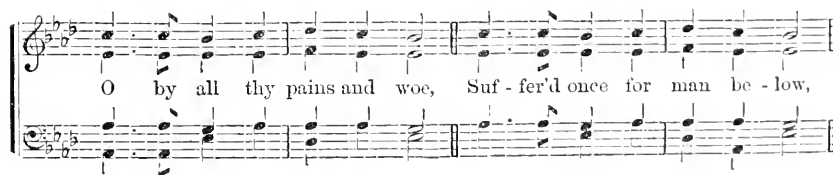
53. THIRD TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

SPANISH CHANT.



1. { Sav-iour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th' - ador-ing knee; {
When, re - pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; }



O by all thy pains and woe, Suf - fer'd once for man be - low,



Bend-ing from thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit - a - ny. A-men.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

54.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

ERFURT.

1. Sin-ners! turn, why will ye die? God, your Mak-er, asks you why :

God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him-self to live :

He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the works of his own hands :

Why, ye thankless creatures! why Will ye cross his love, and die? A-men.

2 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why :
 God who did your souls retrieve,
 That ye might for ever live ;
 Will you let him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners! turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why :
 He who all your lives hath strove--
 Wooed you to embrace his love.
 Will ye not the grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
 Will ye grieve your God, and die?

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

51

55.

S. M.

HOWLAND.

1. My soul with pa-tience waits For thee, the liv-ing Lord;

My hopes are on thy promise built. Thy nev-er-fail-ing word. A-men.

- 2 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
- 3 Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows :

- The plenteous source and spring from
Eternal succour flows ; [whence
4 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
And wash our guilt away.

56.

C. M.

SALISBURY.

1. How oft, a-las! this wretched heart Has wandered from the Lord!

How oft my roving thoughts depart, Fer-get-ful of his word! A-men

- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return :"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O take the wanderer home.
- 3 And eanst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore :
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

57.

L.M.

ST. LAWRENCE.

1. My God, permit me not to be A stranger to my-self and thee:

A-midst a thousand thoughts I rove, For-get-ful of my highest love. A-men.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth, And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

58.

7.7.7.7.

FERRIER.

1. Has - ten, sin - ner! to be wise; Stay not for the mor-row's sun:

Wis-dom, if you still des-pise, Hard-er is it to be won. A-men.

- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner! now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;

- Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner! to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

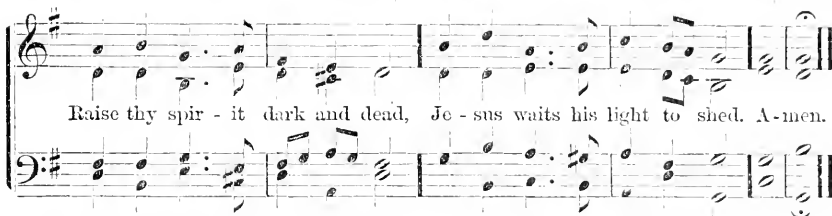
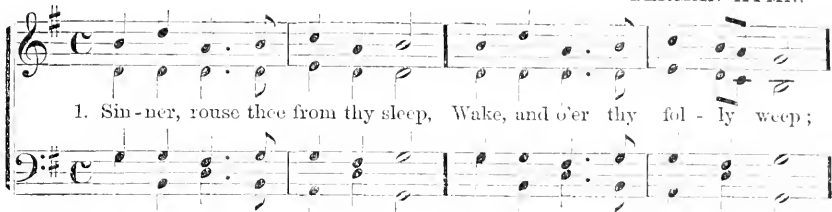
Ash Wednesday and Lent.

53

59.

7.7.7.7.

GERMAN HYMN.



2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path ;
Watchful tread that path ; be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime,
From this hour redeem thy time ;

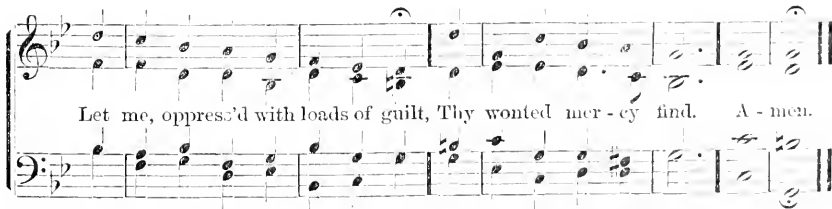
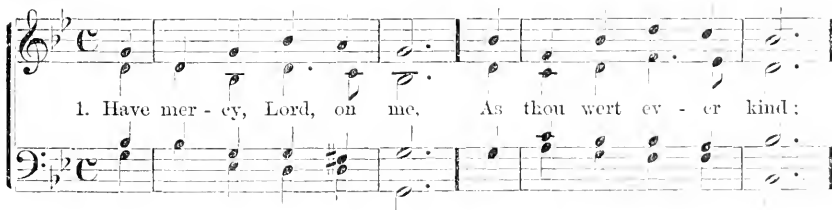
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still ;
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will :
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

60.

S. M.

ST. BRIDE.



2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight, [demon'd,
Have I transgress'd ; and, though con-
Must own thy judgment right.

4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view :

Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind re new.

5 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight ;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

6 The joy thy favour gives
Let me, O Lord, regain ;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

61.

C. M.

ECKARDTSHEIM.

1. As o'er the past my mem-ory strays, Why heaves the se - cret sigh?

'Tis that I mourn de-part-ed days, Still un - pre-pared to die. A - men.

2 The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employ'd ;
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast ;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine ;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to thee.

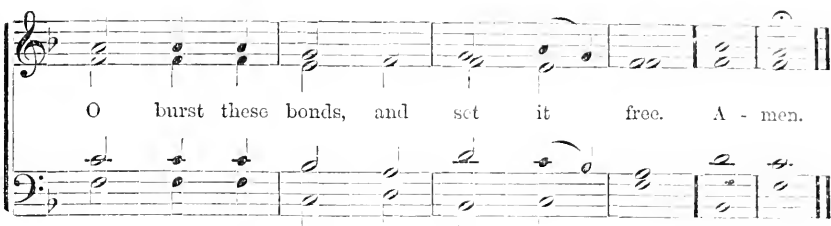
62.

L. M.

HAMBURGH.

1. O thou to whose all - search - ing sight The dark-ness shin - eth

as the light, Search, prove my heart ; it pants for thee,



O burst these bonds, and set it free. A - men.

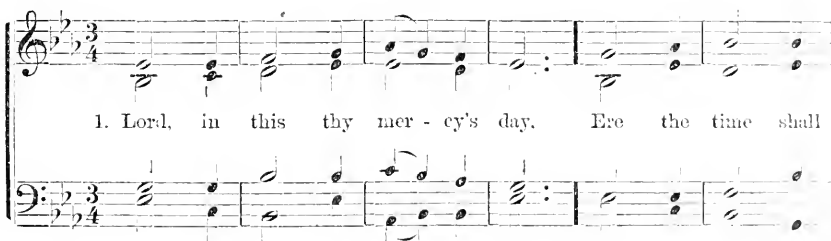
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.
- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes no violence I fear.
No harm, while thou, my God, are near.
- 4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,

- Jesns, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee ;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day,
Till toil, and griet, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

63.

7.7.7.

ST. PHILIP.



1. Lord, in this thy mer - cy's day. Ere the time shall



pass a - way, On our knees we fall and pray. A - men.

- 2 Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

- 5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.
- 6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath thy wings a place.
- 7 On thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round thy throne.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

64.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

VIRGINIA.

1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,

I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to thee;

In thee is all for - give - ness, In thee a - bun - dant grace,

My sha - dow and my sunshine The brightness of thy face. A - men.

- 2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
 How sad on thee they fall!
 Seen through thy gentle patience
 I tenfold feel them all;
 I know they are forgiven,
 But still, their pain to me
 Is all the grief and anguish
 They laid, my Lord, on thee.
- 3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
 Their guilt I never knew
 Till, with thee, in the desert
 I near thy Passion drew;

- Till, with thee, in the garden
 I heard thy pleading prayer,
 And saw the sweat-drops bloody
 That told thy sorrow there.
- 4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
 E'en in this time of woe,
 Shall tell of all thy goodness
 To suffering man below.
 Thy goodness and thy favour,
 Whose presence from above,
 Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
 That live in thee and love.

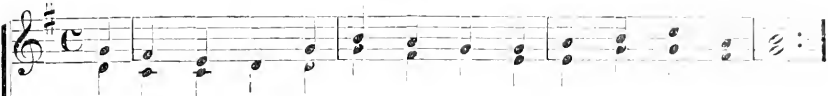
Ash Wednesday and Lent.

57

65.

D. C. M.

OLD TUNE.



1. O Thou, from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to thee;



In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.



When on my ach-ing, burdened heart My sins lie hear-i-ly.



Thy pardon grant, thy peace impart: In love re-mem-ber me. A-men.



2 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day:
For good, remember me.
If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

3 And oh, when in the hour of death
I own thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore.
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

66.

C. M.

ARNOLD.



1. O gra-cious God, in whom I live, My fee-ble ef-forts aid;



Help me to watch, and pray, and strive, Tho' trembling and a-fraid. A-men.



2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,

When foes and fears prevail;

And bear my fainting spirit up,

Or soon my strength will fail.

3 When'er temptations fright my heart,

Or lure my feet aside,

My God, thy powerful aid impart,

My guardian and my guide.

4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,

And bid the tempter flee;

And let me never, never stray

From happiness and thee.

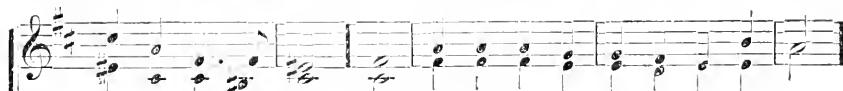
67.

10.10.10.10.

DALKEITH.

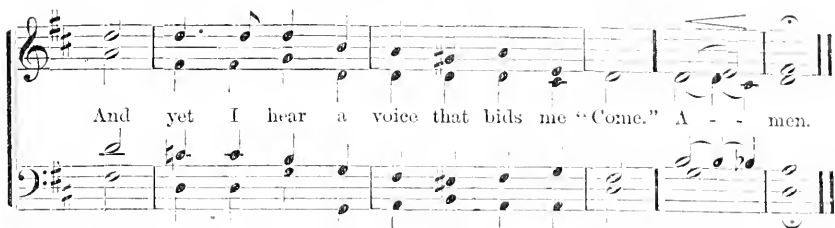


1. Wea-ry of earth, and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and



long to en-ter in, But there no e-vil thing may find a home;





And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A - - men.

2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land!
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

1 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me, day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

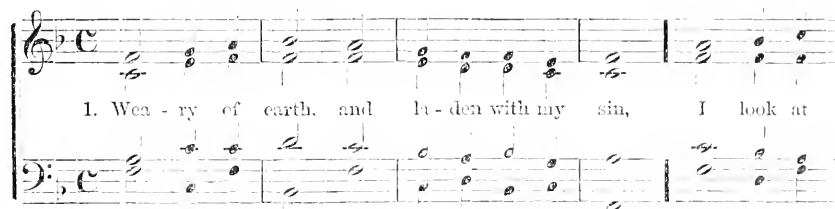
5 'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

6 Yea, thou wilt answer for me, Righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

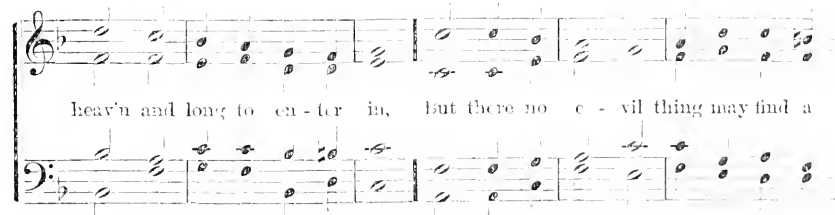
67. SECOND TUNE.

10.10.10.10.

TOULON.



1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at



heav'n and long to en - ter in, but there no e - vil thing may find a



home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A - men.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

68.

G.5.G.5.G.5.G.5.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE.

1. Chris-tian! dost thou see them On the ho-ly ground,

How the powers of dark-ness Rage thy steps a-round? Christian! up and

smite them, Counting gain but loss; In the strength that cometh By the holy cross. Amen.

2 Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goadng into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be down-cast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Watch and pray and fast.

3 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"

Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne."


Ash Wednesday and Lent.

61


69. FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

BOSTON.



1. Lord, when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con-fes-sions pour,



Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.


3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies.


69. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

WINDSOR.



1. Lord, when we bend be - fore thy throne, And our con-fes-sions pour,



Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

70.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

SWISS TUNE.



1. Wea-ry of wand'ring from my God, And now made willing to re - turn,



I hear and bow me to the rod; For thee, not without hope, I mourn:



I have an ad - vo - cate a - bove, A friend before the throne of love. A - men.



- 2 O Jesu, full of pardoning grace,
 More full of grace than I of sin;
 Yet once again I seek thy face:
 Open thine arms and take me in;
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.
- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore:
 O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of prayer.

Ash Wednesday and Lent.

63

71. FIRST TUNE.

L.M.

BABYLON STREAMS.

1. With broken heart and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry ;

Thy pardoning grace is rich and free : O God, be mer-ci-ful to me. Amen.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor needs that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me.

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me.

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

71. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

NUREMBERG.

1. With brok-en heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry ;

Thy pardoning grace is rich and free : O God, be mer-ci-ful to me. A - men.

Palm Sunday and Passion Week.

72.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

ST. THEODULPH.

CHORUS.

1. All glo - ry, laud, and hon - our, To thee, Re-deem-er, King!

To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring.

2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
3. The com - pa - ny, etc.

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless-ed One. A - men.

3 The company of ange's
Are praising thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
'Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To thee before thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To thee, now high exalted
Our melody we raise,
All glory, etc.

Palm Sunday and Passion Week.

65

73.

L. M.

WINCHESTER NEW.

1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry;
O Sav - our meek, pur - sue thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd. A - men.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wing'd armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign

74.

G.5.G.5.G.5.G.5.

FANCE.

1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains Poured for me the
life - blood From his sa - cred veins! Grace and life e - ter - nal
In that blood I find. Blest be his com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind! A - men.

2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.


3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Londer still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.

Palm Sunday and Passion Week.

75.

8.7.8.7.8.7.


ST. KATHERINE.



1. Now, my soul, thy voice up-rai - ing, Tell, in sweet and mournful strain,



How the Cru-ci - fied, en-dur - ing Grief, and wounds, and dy-ing pain,



Free-ly of his love was of - fered, Sinless was for sinners slain. A - men.

- 2 Scourged with unrelenting fury
For the sins which we deplore,
By his livid stripes he heals us,
Raising us to fall no more;
All our bruises gently soothing
Binding up the bleeding sore.
- 3 See! his hands and feet are fastened;
So he makes his people free:
Not a wound whence blood is flowing
But a fount of grace shall be;
Yea, the very nails which nail him
Nail us also to the tree.

- 4 Through his heart the spear is piercing,
Though his foes have seen him die;
Blood and water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery,
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood to win us crowns on high.
- 5 Je-u, may these precious fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford;
Let them be our cup and healing,
And at length our full reward;
So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise thee, its redeeming Lord.


Palm Sunday and Passion Week.

67


76.

8.7.8.7 8.7.8.7.

ST. HILARY.




1. Hail, thou once-des-pis - ed Je-sus; Hail, thou Ga - li - le - an King;



Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring!



Hail, thou a - go - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bearer of our sin and shame;



By thy mer - it we find fa - vour; Life is giv - en through thy name. A-men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on thee laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

Palm Sunday and Passion Week.

77.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

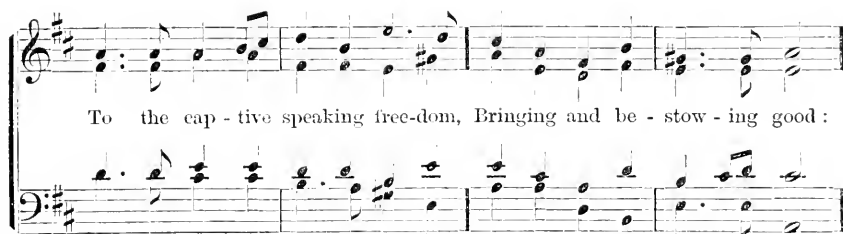
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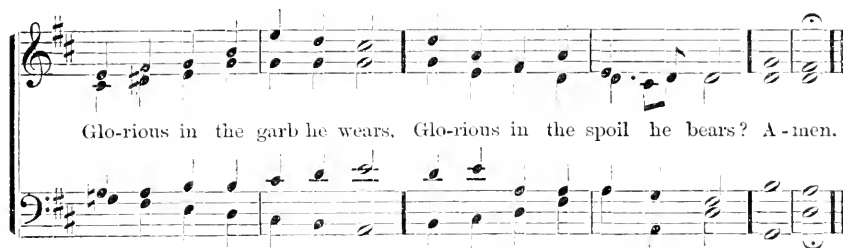
1. Who is this that comes from E-dom, All his raiment stained with blood,



To the cap - tive speaking free-dom, Bringing and be - stow - ing good :



Glo-rious in the garb he wears, Glo-rious in the spoil he bears? A-men.



- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
 Travelling onward in his might;
 'Tis the Saviour; O how glorious,
 To his people, is the sight!
 Satan conquered, and the grave,
 Jesus now is strong to save.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
 'Tis the blood of many slain;
 Of his foes there's none remaining,
 None, the contest to maintain:
 Fallen they are, no more to rise;
 All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 Mighty victor, reign for ever;
 Wear the crown so dearly won;
 Never shall thy people, never,
 Cease to sing what thou hast done;
 Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
 Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

78.

L. M.

BRESLAU.



1. We sing the praise of him who died, Of him who died up - on the cross:



The sin-ner's hope let men de - ride: For this we count the world but loss. Amen.



- 2 Inscribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, God is love:
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

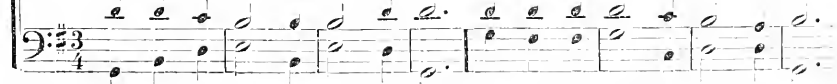
79.

L. M.

GRACE CHURCH.



1. The Roy-al Ban-ners for-ward go, The Cross shines forth in mys-tic glow;



Where he, in flesh, our flesh who made, Our sentence bore, our ransom paid. A-men.



- 2 There whilst he hung, his sacred side
By soldier's spear was opened wide,
To cleanse us in the precious flood
Of water mingled with his blood.
- 3 O tree of glory, tree most fair,
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,
How bright in purple robe it stood,
The purple of a Saviour's blood.

- 4 Upon its arms, like balance true,
He weighed the price for sinners due,
The price which none but he could pay,
And spoiled the spoiler of his prey.
- 5 To Thee Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
As by the cross thou dost restore,
So rule and guide us evermore.

Palm Sunday and Passion Week.

80.

G.G.G.4.8.8.4.

LEXINGTON.

1. Be-hold the Lamb of God! O thou for sin-ners slain, Let it not
be in vain That thou hast died: Thee for my Sav-iour let me take,
My on-ly re-fuge let me make Thy pier-ced side. A-men.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!
Into the sacred flood
Of thy most precious blood
My soul I cast:
Wash me and make me clean within,
And keep me pure from every sin,
Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!
All hail, Incarnate Word,
Thou everlasting Lord,
Saviour most blest;

Fill us with love that never faints,
Grant us with all thy blessed saints,
Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!
Worthy is he alone,
That sitteth on the throne
Of God above;
One with the Ancient of all days,
One with the Comforter in praise,
All Light and Love.

81.

7.7.7.7.

SHARON.

1. See the destined day a-rise! See, a will-ing sac-ri-fice:
Je-sus, to re-deem our loss, Hangs up-on the shameful cross. A-men.

2 Jesus, who but thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throe,
Finishing thy life of woe?

3 Who but thou had dared to drain,
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

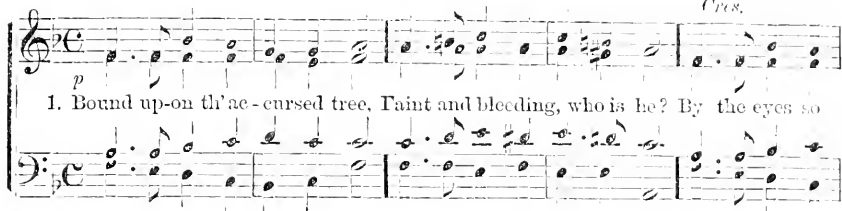
4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from thy side with blood;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

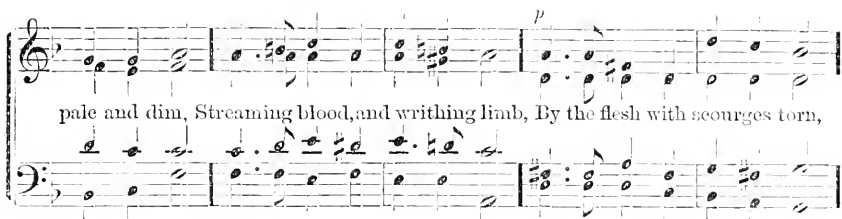
82.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

BARDEN.
Cres.



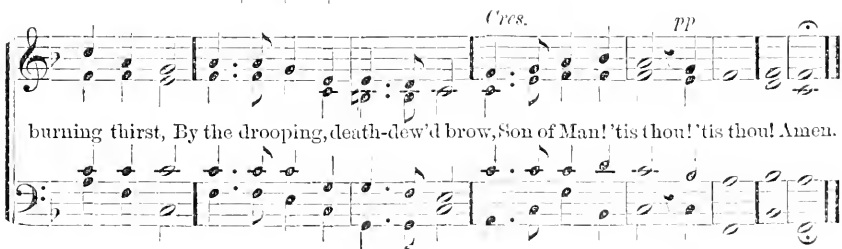
1. Bound up-on th'ac-cursèd tree, Faint and bleeding, who is he? By the eyes so



pale and dim, Streaming blood, and writhing limb, By the flesh with scourges torn,



By the crown of twist-ed thorn, By the side so deeply pierced, By the baf-fled,



burning thirst, By the drooping, death-dew'd brow, Son of Man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou! Amen.

- 2 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By the earth enwrap in gloom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
Eden promised ere he died
To the felon at his side;
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow!
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!
- 3 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry
Of the dying agony,
By the lifeless body, laid

- In the chambers of the dead,
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified, we know thee now:
Son of Man! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!
- 4 Bound upon the accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Good Friday.

83.

L. M.

ROCKINGHAM.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. A-men.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

84.

8.7.8.7.

BATTY.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;

Life, and health, and peace possessing, From the sinner's dy-ing Friend. A-men.

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his cross to lie;

While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his languid eye.

4 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation
And thine unveil'd glory see.

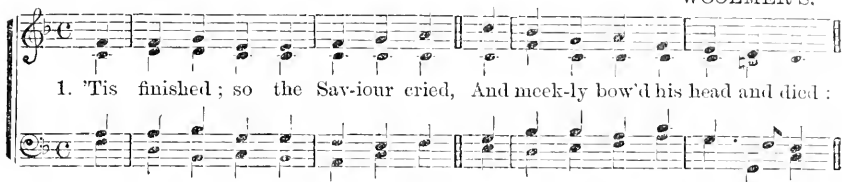
Good Friday.

73

85. FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

WOOLMER'S.



1. 'Tis finished; so the Sav-iour cried, And meek-ly bow'd his head and died :



'Tis finished: yes, the work is done, The battle fought, the victory won. A-men.

2 'Tis finished: all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished: Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finished: this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

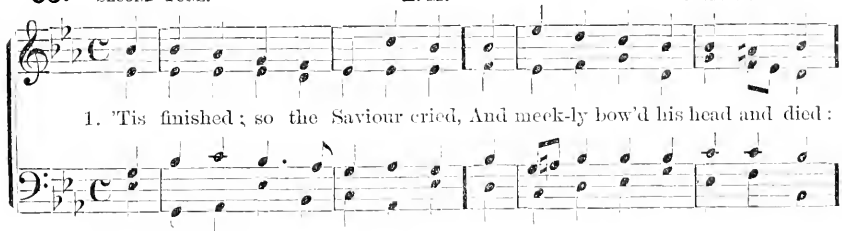
5 'Tis finished: heaven is reconciled.
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finished: let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished: let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

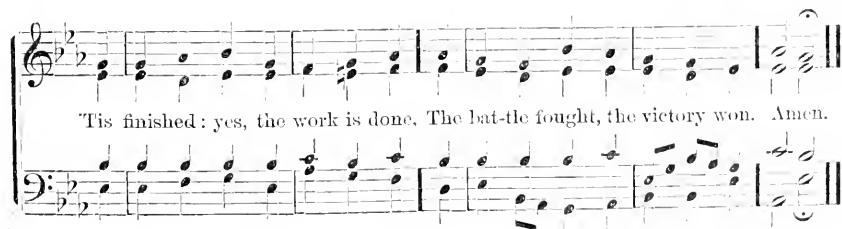
85. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

MELCOMBE.



1. 'Tis finished; so the Saviour cried, And meek-ly bow'd his head and died :



'Tis finished: yes, the work is done, The bat-tle fought, the victory won. Amen.

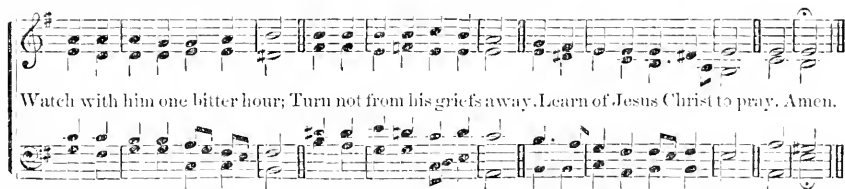
Good Friday.

86.

FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

OUSELEY.



2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

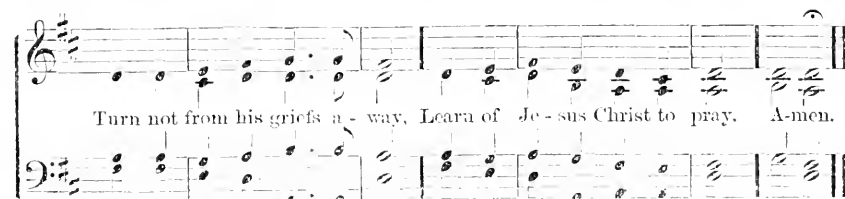
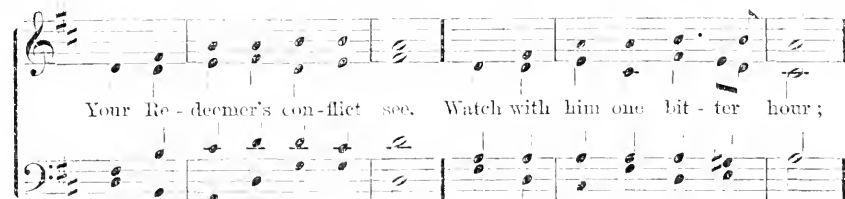
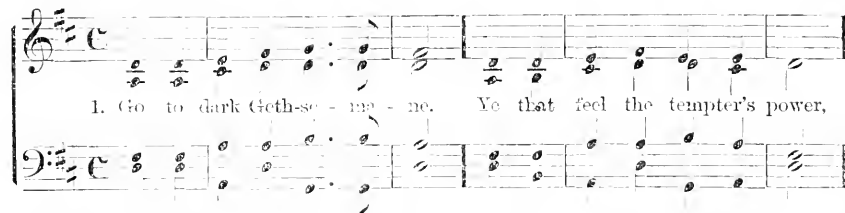
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark the miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finish'd!" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

86.

SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

REDHEAD, No. 76.



Good Friday.

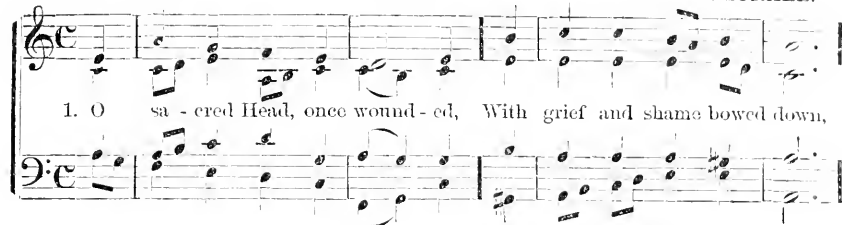
75

87.

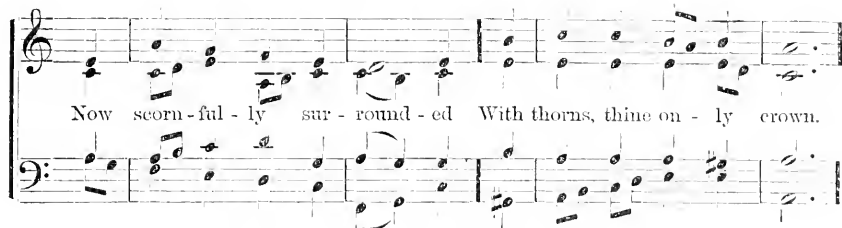
FIRST TUNE.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

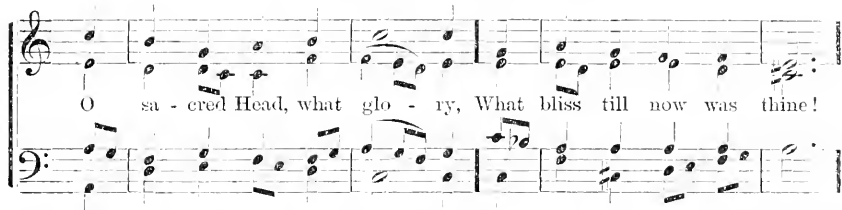
PASSION CHORALE.



1. O sa - cred Head, once wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed down,



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown.



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine!



Yes, tho' des - pised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine. A - men.

- 2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression.
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve thy place:
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.
- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
Lord of my life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

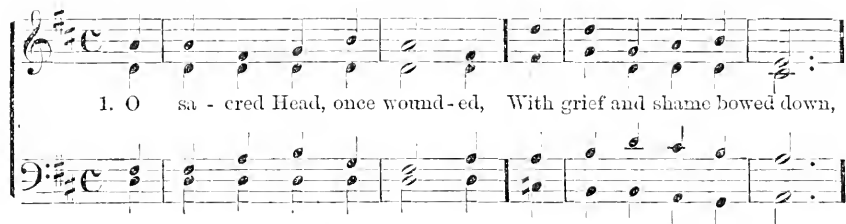
- 4 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine for ever:
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love for thee.
- 5 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me:
And to my succour flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move:
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.

Good Friday.

87. SECOND TUNE.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

LANCASHIRE.



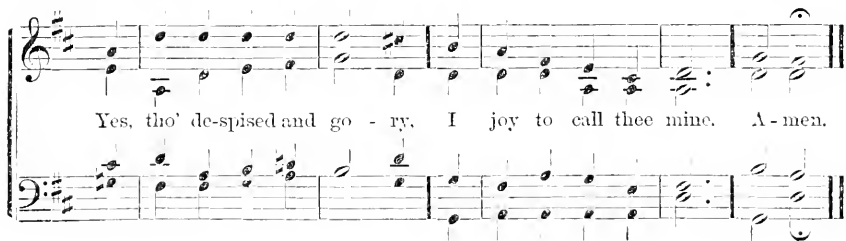
1. O sa - cred Head, once wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed down,



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown.



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was thine !



Yes, tho' de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine. A - men.

- 2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour:
'Tis I deserve thy place:
Look on me with thy favour,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.
- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
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Outlive my love for thee.
- 5 Be near me when I'm dying,
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And to my succour flying,
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These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.

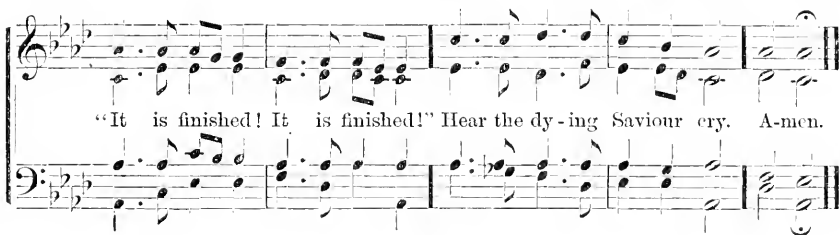
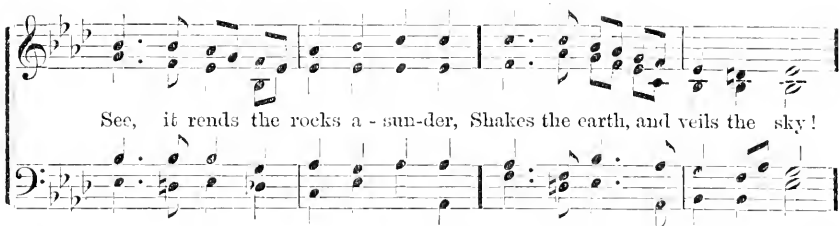
Good Friday.

77

88.

8.7.8.7.4.7

CALVARY.



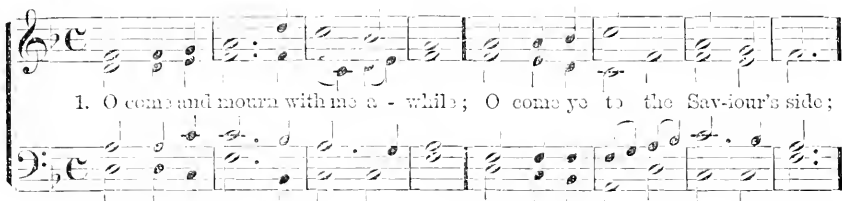
- 2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do the precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints the dying words record.
- 3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd all that God had promised:
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints from hencee your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Emmanuel's name;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Good Friday.

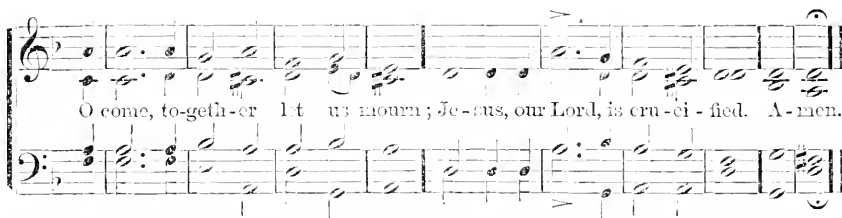
89.

L. M.

ST. CROSS.



1. O come and mourn with me a - while; O come ye to the Sav-iour's side;



O come, to-geth-er let us mourn; Je-sus, our Lord, is cru-ci-fied. A-men.

2 Have we no tears to shed for him.

While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?

Ah! look how patiently he hangs;

Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times he spake, seven words of love;

And all three hours his silence cried

For mercy on the souls of men;

Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,

Ask, and they will not be denied;

Lord Jesu, may we love and weep,

Since thou for us art crucified.

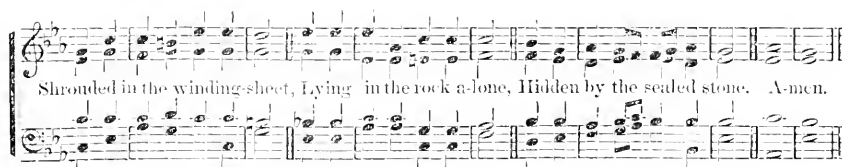
90.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

CUTHBERT.



1. Rest-ing from his work to-day In the tomb the Saviour lay; Still he slept, from head to feet



Shrouded in the winding-sheet, Lying in the rock alone, Hidden by the sealed stone. A-men.

2 Late at even there was seen
Watching long the Magdalene;
Early, ere the break of day,
Sorrowful she took her way
To the holy garden glade,
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with thee, till life shall end,
I would solemn vigil spend;
Let me hew thee, Lord, a shrine
In this rocky heart of mine,
Where in pure embalmed cell
None but thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
True affection's offering;
Close the door from sight and sound
Of the busy world around;
And in patient watch remain
Till my Lord appear again.

91.

7.7.7.7.

PRUEN.

1. Pain and toil are o-ver now; Bring the spice and bring the myrrh,

Fold the limb and bind the brow, In the rich man's se-pul-chre. A-men.

2 Sin has bruised the Victor's heel;
Roll the stone and guard it well;
Bring the Roman's boasted seal,
Bring his boldest sentinel.

3 Yet the morning's purple ray
Shall present a glorious sight,
Stone by earthquake roll'd away,
Angel guards all robed in white.

92.

3.7.8.7.7.7.

KOENIGSBERG.

1. All is o'er, the pain, the sor-row, Hu-man taunts and Satan's spite;

Death shall be despoiled to-mor-row Of the prey he grasps to-night.

Yet once more, his own to save, Christ must sleep within the grave. A-men.

2 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
On the bitter cross he bore;
How did soul and body languish,
Till the toil of death was o'er!
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.
3 Close and still the tomb that holds him
While in brief repose he lies:
Deep the slumber that enfolds him,

Veiled awhile from mortal eyes:
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.
4 So this night, with voice of sadness
Chant the anthem soft and low:
Loftier strains of praise and gladness
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
Death and hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign.

Easter Even.

93.

11.11.11.12.

REST.

1. I would not live al - way: I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter

storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few lu - rid morn-ings that

dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer. A-men.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

Easter Even.

81

94.

L. M.

ANGELUS.

1. God of my life, O Lord most high, To thee by day and night I cry;

Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear, To my distress incline thine ear. A - men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Like those whose strength and hopes are
They number me among the dead; [fled,
Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have.</p> <p>3 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
Shall the mute grave thy love confess,
A mouldering tomb thy faithfulness?</p> | <p>4 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn,
My prayer prevents the early morn:
Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look?</p> <p>5 Companions dear and friends beloved
Far from my sight thou hast removed:
God of my life, O Lord most high,
Vouchsafed to hear my mournful cry!</p> |
|---|--|

95.

C. M.

ABRIDGE.

1. My grate-ful soul shall bless the Lord, Whose pre-cepts give me light;

And pri-vate counsel still af-ford In sor-row's dis-mal night. A - men.

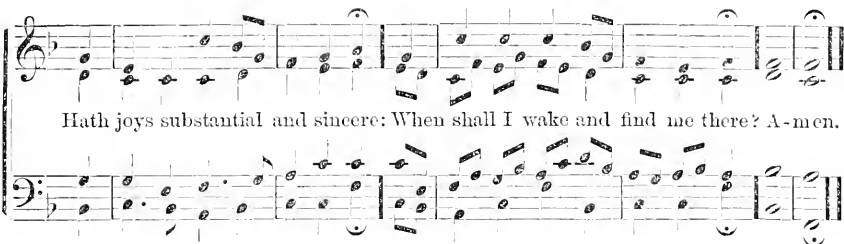
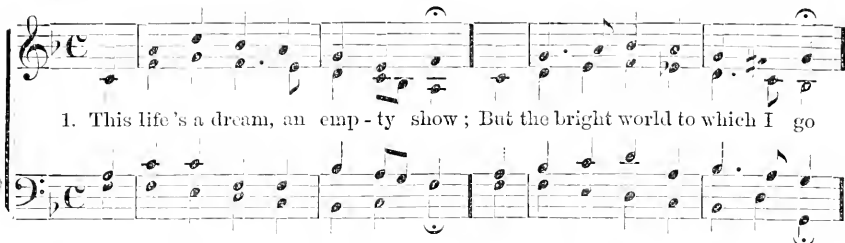
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Waked by his powerful voice.</p> <p>3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;</p> | <p>Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.</p> <p>4 Thou shalt the paths of life display
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without alloy,
And joys that never fade.</p> |
|---|---|

Easter Even.

96.

L. M.

BEXFIELD'S.



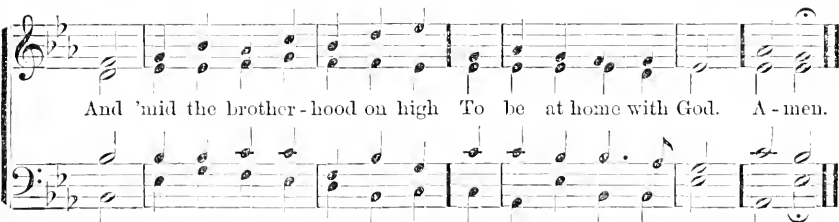
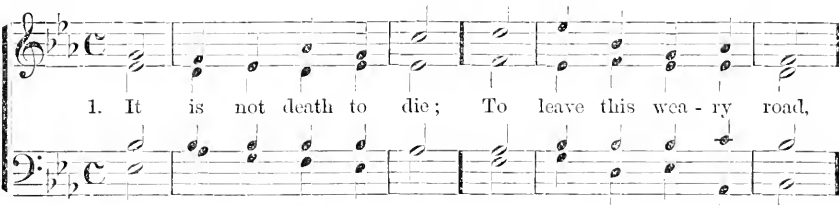
2 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

97.

S. M.

EGHAM.



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

Easter.

85

98. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

LATROBE

1. Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say:

Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns; thou earth, reply. A-men.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

98. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

VIENNA.

1. Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Sons of men and an-gels say:

Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns; thou earth, reply. A-men.

Easter.

99.

7.7.7.7. with Hallelujahs.

WORGAN.

Je - sus Christ is risen to day, Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

Our tri-umph-ant ho - ly day, Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

Who died once up - on the cross, Hal - - - le - lu - jah!

Suf - fer to re-deem our loss. Hal - - - le - lu - jah! A - men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

Hallelujah!

3 But the pains which he endured
Our salvation have secured;
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing,

Hallelujah!

Easter.

85

100.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

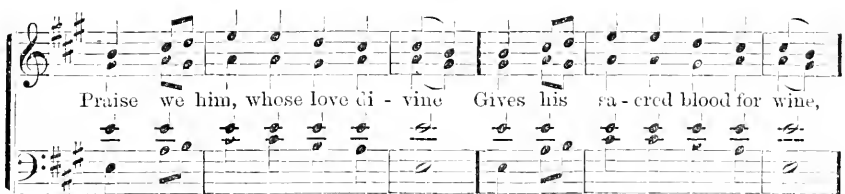
SYRIA.



1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic-to-rious King,



Who hath washed us in the tide Flow-ing from his pierced side;



Praise we him, whose love di-vine Gives his sa-cred blood for wine,



Gives his bod-y for the feast, Christ the Vic-tim, Christ the Priest. A-men.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty Victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthrall;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in thee thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

Easter.

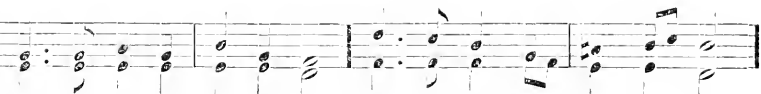
101.

7.7.7.7.8.7.

ANGELICA.



1. An - gels, roll the rock a - way ! Death, yield up the might - y Prey !



See, the Saviour quits the tomb, Glow-ing with im - mor - tal bloom.



Al - le - lu - ia ! Al - le - lu - ia ! Christ the Lord is risen to - day. A-men.



2 Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise
Your eternal song of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo to the blissful sound.

Alleluia ! alleluia !
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

3 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory as of old to thee,
Now and evermore, shall be.
Alleluia ! alleluia !
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

102.

S.S.G.S.S.G.

CARMINE.

1. Come see the place where Je-sus lay, And hear an-gel-ic watchers say,

"He lives, who once was slain : Why seek the liv - ing 'midst the dead?

Re-mem-ber how the Sav-iour said That he would rise a - gain." A-men.

- 2 O joyful sound ! O glorious hour,
 When by his own Almighty power
 He rose, and left the grave !
 Now let our songs his triumph tell,
 Who burst the bands of death and hell,
 And ever lives to save.
- 3 The First-begotten of the dead,
 For us he rose, our glorious Head,
 Immortal life to bring ;
 What though the saints like him shall die,
 They share their Leader's victory,
 And triumph with their King.
- 4 No more they tremble at the grave,
 For Jesus will their spirits save,
 And raise their slumbering dust :
 O risen Lord, in thee we live,
 To thee our ransom'd souls we give,
 To thee our bodies trust.

Easter.

103.

8.8.8. with Hallelujah.

VICTORY.

f Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah. *S. mf* The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done!

ORG.

The vic-to-ry of life is won, The song of triumph has be-gun. *f* Hal-le-lu-jah. *S.* A-men.

- 2 The powers of Death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed:
Let shout of holy joy outburst.
Hallelujah!
- 3 The three sad days are quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead:
All glory to our risen Head!
Hallelujah!
- 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumphs tell!
Hallelujah!
- 5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded thee,
From Death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to thee,
Hallelujah!

104.

7.8.7.8. with Hallelujah.

ST. ALBINUS.

1. Je-sus lives: no longer now Can thy terrors, Death, appal us; Je-sus lives: by

this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thral us. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

- 2 Jesus lives: henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!
- 3 Jesus lives: for us he died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!
- 4 Jesus lives: our hearts know well
Nought from us his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia!
- 5 Jesus lives: to him the throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia!

Easter.

89

105.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

MUNICH.

1. The day of re-sur-rec-tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad.

The Pass-o-ver of glad-ness, The Pass-o-ver of God!

From death to life e-ter-nal, From this world to the sky,

Our Christ hath brought us o-ver, With hymns of vic-to-ry. A-men.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

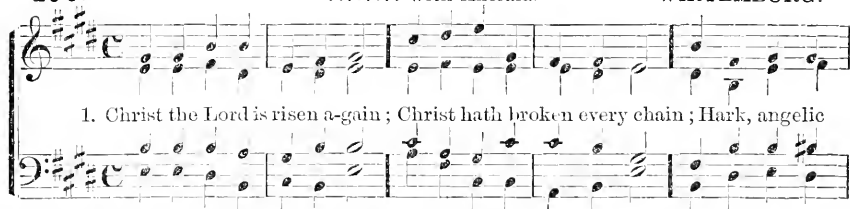
3 Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein!
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

Easter.

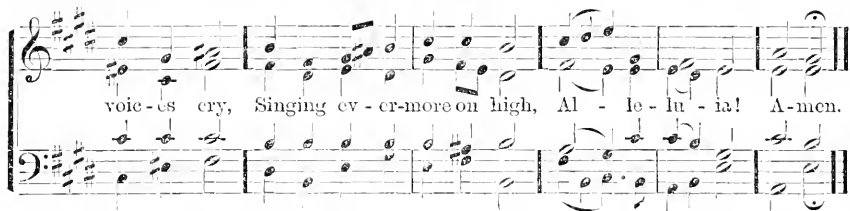
106.

7.7.7.7. with Alleluia.

WIRTEMBERG.



1. Christ the Lord is risen a-gain ; Christ hath broken every chain ; Hark, angelic



voice cry, Singing ev - er more on high, Al - le - lu - ia ! A-men.

- 2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day ;
We too sing for joy, and say Alleluia !
- 3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry ; Alleluia !
- 4 He who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save ;

- Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings. Alleluia !
- 5 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven. Alleluia !
- 6 Then, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ thy ransomed people feed ;
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day Alleluia !

107.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

UNSER HERRSCHER.



1. He is ris - en ! he is ris - en ! Tell it with a joy - ful voice,



He has burst his three days' pris - on, Let the whole wide earth re - joice ;



Death is vanquish'd, man is free, Christ has won the vic - to - ry. A-men.

- 2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping
Over deeds in darkness done,
Weary fast and vigil keeping ;
Brightly breaks their Easter sun ;
Christ has borne our sins away,
Christ has conquer'd hell to-day.

- 3 He is risen ! he is risen !
He has oped the eternal gate ;
We are loosed from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state,
Where a brightening Easter beam
On our longing eye shall stream.

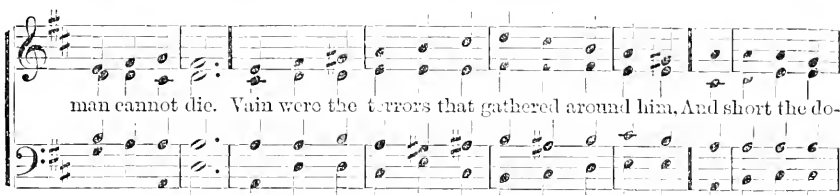
108.

10.11.11.11.12.11.10.11.

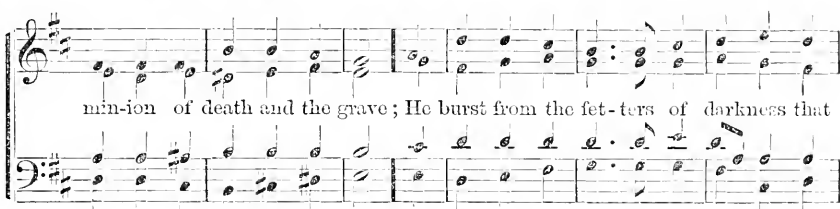
CANTOR.



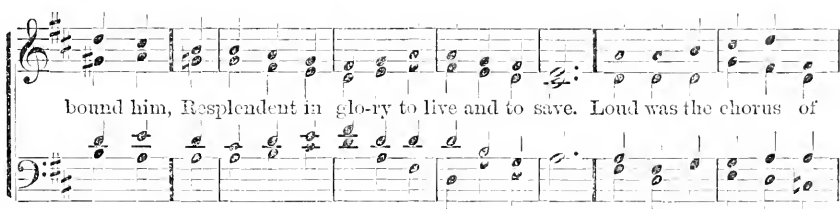
1. Lift your glad voi-ces in triumph on high, For Je-sus hath ris-en, and



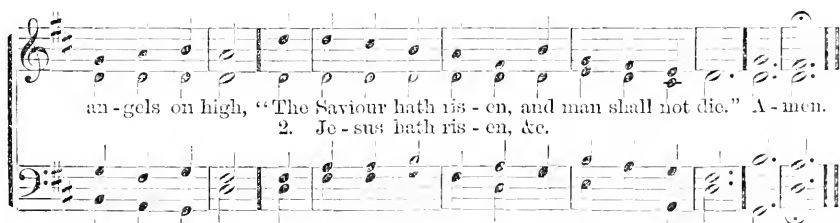
man cannot die. Vain were the terrors that gathered around him, And short the do-



min-ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet-ters of darkness that



bound him, Resplendent in glo-ry to live and to save. Loud was the chorus of



an-gels on high, "The Saviour hath ris-en, and man shall not die." A-men.
2. Je-sus hath ris-en, &c.

- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being he gave us, death cannot destroy;
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end?
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For we hath risen, and man shall not die.

Easter.

109.

3.3.6.8.8.6. with Alleluia.

CANTATE.

1. To him who for our sins was slain, To him for all his dy-ing pain, Sing we Al-le-

lu - ia! To him the Lamb our Sacrifice, Who gave his soul our ransom-price,

Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 To him who died that we might die
To sin, and live with him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
To him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!
To him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

110.

C. M.

ALBANO.

1. Thus God de-claims his sovereign will : "The King that I or-dain,

Whose throne is fixed on Si-on's hill, Shall there se-cure-ly reign." A-men.

2 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree :
"Thou art my Son, this day my heir
Have I begotten thee.

3 "Ask, and receive thy full demand :
Thine shall the heathen be ;
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee."

111.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

SHEPHERDS.

1. Once the an-gel started back, When he saw the blood-stain'd door, Pausing on his vengeful track,

And the dwelling passing o'er, Once the sea from Israel fled, Ere it roll'd o'er Egypt's dead. A-men.

2 Now our Passover is come,
Dimly shadow'd in the past,
And the very Paschal Lamb,
Christ the Lord, is slain at last.
Then, with hearts and hands made
meet,
Our unleaven'd bread we'll eat.

3 Blessed Victim sent from heaven,
Whom all angel hosts obey,
To whose will all earth is given.
At whose word hell shrinks away,
Thou hast conquer'd death's dread
strife,
Thou hast brought us light and life.

Ascension.

112.

C. M.

CHRISTMAS.

1. Joy fills the dwelling of the just, Whom God has saved from harm; For
wondrous things are brought to pass By his Almighty arm, By his Almighty arm. Amen.

- 2 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliverer there.
3 That which the builders once refused,
Is now the Corner-stone:
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

- 4 This day is God's: let all the hands
Exalt their cheerful voice:
"Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice."
5 O then with me give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

113.

D. S. M.

TRINITY CHAPEL.

1. Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies: And round thy throne in-
cess-ant-ly The songs of praise a- rise: But we are lingering here, With sin and
care oppress'd: Lord, send thy promised Comfort-er, And lead us to thy rest. Amen.

- 2 Thou art gone up on high;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

- 3 Thou art gone up on high;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
O by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour
At thy right hand on high.

Ascension.

95

114. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

ROE.

1. Hail the day that sees him rise, Rav-ished from our wish-ful eyes;

Christ, a - while to mor-tals given, Re - as-cends his na - tive heav'n. A - men.

2 There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves:
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 See, he lifts his hands above;
See, he shows the prints of love;
Hark, his gracious lips bestow—
Blessings on his Church below.

5 Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent, he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our peace,
Harbinger of human race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

114. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

DURHAM, or INNOCENTS.

1. Hail the day that sees him rise, Ravished from our wish-ful eyes;

Christ, a while to mor-tals given, Re - as-cends his na - tive heaven. A - men.

Ascension.

115.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

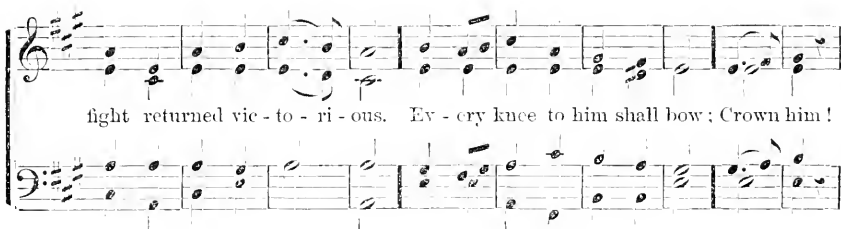
DIADEM.



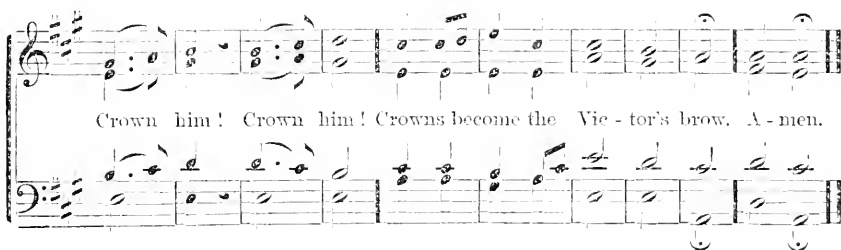
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious ; See the "Man of sorrows" now ; From the



fight returned vic - to - ri - ous. Ev - ery knee to him shall bow ; Crown him !



Crown him ! Crown him ! Crowns become the Vic - tor's brow. A - men.



2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown him ;

Rich the trophies Jesus brings ;
On the seat of power enthroned him,
While the vault of heaven rings ;
Crown him ! Crown him !
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,

Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Crown him ! Crown him !
Spread abroad the Victor's fame !

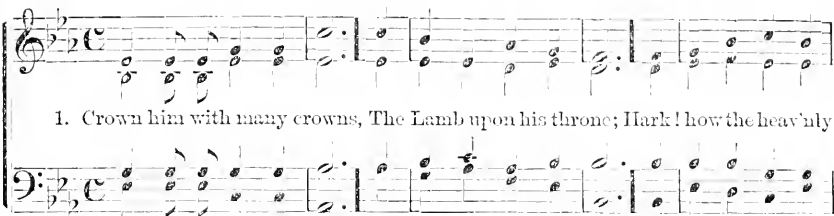
4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !

Hark ! those loud triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
O what joy the sight affords !
Crown him ! Crown him !
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

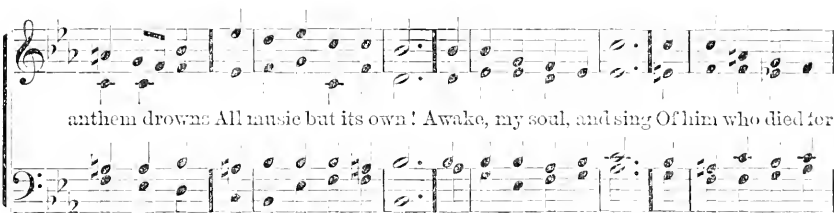
116.

D. S. M.

DIADEMATA.



1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark! how the heavenly



anthem drowns All music but its own! Awake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for



thee; And hail him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

2 Crown him the Virgin's Son!
The God incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn.
Fruit of the Mystic Rose,
True Branch of Jesse's stem,
The Root whence mercy ever flows,—
The Babe of Bethlehem!

3 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,—
Those wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown him the Lord of peace!
Whose power a sceptre sways
In heaven and earth, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end;
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

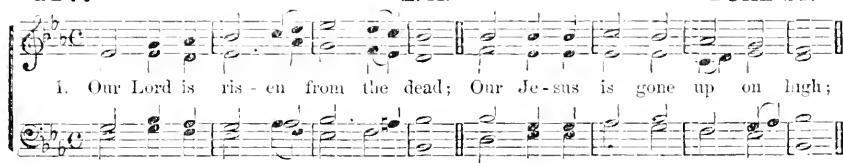
5 Crown him the Lord of heaven!
One with the Father known,—
And the blest Spirit, through him given
From yonder Triune throne!
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me:
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity.

Ascension.

117.

L. M.

DUKE ST.



1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je - sus is gone up on high;



The powers of hell are cap - tive led; Dragg'd to the portals of the sky. A - men.

2 Where his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

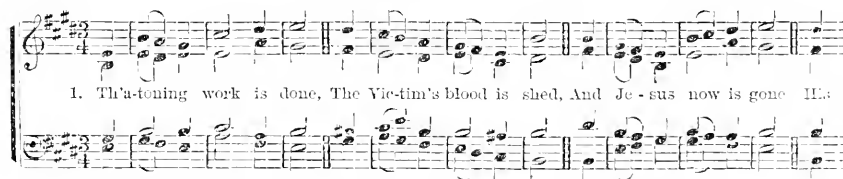
5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

6 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The Lord, of glorious power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd.

118.

G.G.G.8.8.8.

ST. SWITHIN.



1. Th'a-toning work is done, The Vic-tim's blood is shed, And Je - sus now is gone His



people's cause to plead; He stands in heaven, their great High Priest, He bears their names upon his breast. A - men.

2 He sprinkles with his blood
The mercy-seat above;
For justice had withstood
The purposes of love;
But justice now withstands no more,
And mercy yields her boundless store.

3 No temple made with hands,
His place of service is;
In heaven itself he stands,

A heavenly priesthood his.
In him the shadows of the law
Are all fulfill'd, and now withdraw.

4 And though a while he be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great High Priest again;
In brightest glory he will come,
And take his waiting people home.

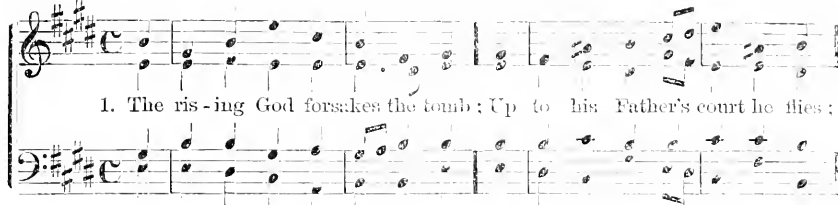
Ascension.

93


119.

L. M.

ST. BERNARD.



1. The ris-ing God forsakes the tomb; Up to his Father's court he flies;



Che-rubic legions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies. Amen.

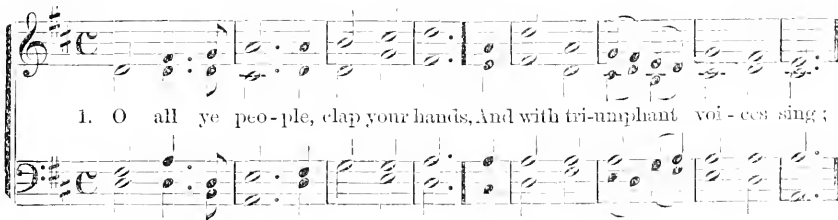
2 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
See how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

3 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O grave?"

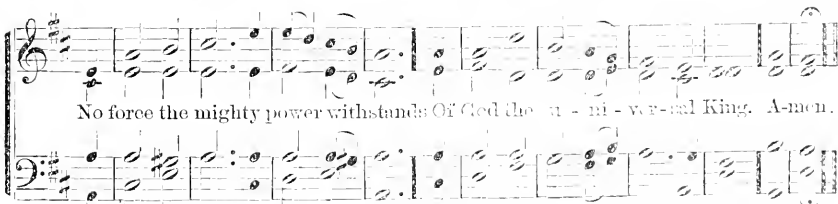
120.

L. M.

TRURO.



1. O all ye peo-ple, clap your hands, And with tri-umphant voi-ces sing;



No force the mighty power withstands Of God the a-mi-ni-ver-sal King. Amen.

2 He shall assaulting foes repel,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight.

3 God is gone up, our Lord and King.
With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.

4 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands:
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

Ascension.


121.

C. M.

TOTTENHAM.



1. Lift up your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Un - fold to en - ter - tain



The King of Glo - ry! see, he comes With his ce - les - tial train. A - men.

2 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord for strength renew'd;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

The King of Glory! see, he comes
With all his shining train.


3 Lift up your heads, ye gates; unfold,
In state to entertain

4 Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

122.

L. M.

BOWEN.



1. The servants of Je - ho - vah's will His favour's gen - tle beams en - joy;



Their upright hearts let gladness fill, And cheerful songs their tongues employ. Amen.

2 To him your voice in anthems raise,
Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

3 His chariots numberless, his powers
Are heavenly hosts, that wait his will;

His presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it honour'd Sinai's hill.

4 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
Thy gifts and graces freely shed.

123.

C. M.

BRISTOL.



Pre - pare new hon - ours for his name, And songs be - fore un - known. A - men.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

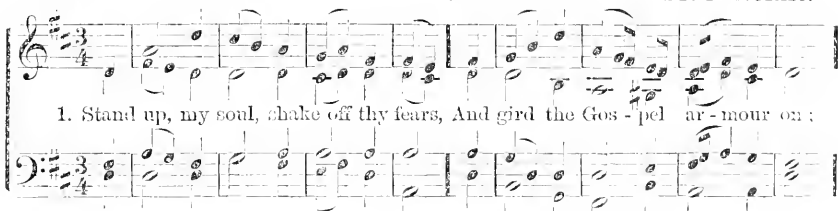
4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

124.

L. M.

ST. PANCRAS.



March to the gates of end - less joy, Where Je - sus thy great Captain's gone. A - men.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Saviour nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;

There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait,
And glittering robes for conquerors

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Whitsuntide.

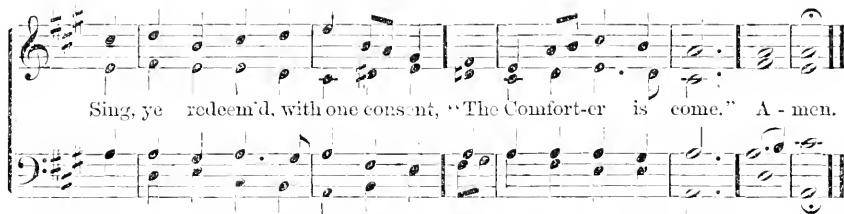
125.

C. M.

NAYLAND.



1. He's come. I t ev - ery knee be bent, All hearts new joy re - sume,



Sing, ye redeem'd, with one consent, "The Comfort-er is come." A - men.

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below.

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;

Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal.

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

126.

L. M.

MELCOMBE.



1. O Spir - it of the liv - ing God, In all thy plen - i - tude and grace,



Where'er the foot of man hath trod, Descend on our a - pos - tate race. A - men.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;

Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

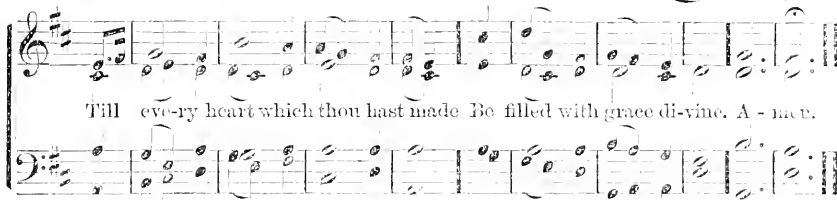
127.

C. M.

MANCHESTER NEW



1. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor, come, In-spire these souls of thine ;



Till eve-ry heart which thou hast made Be filled with grace di-vine. A - men.

- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love ;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart ;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace ;

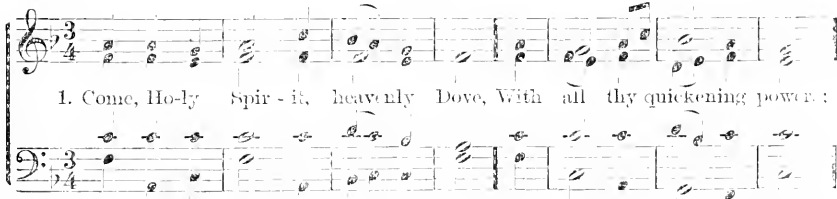
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within ;
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived.
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

128.

C. M.

ALEXANDRIA



1. Come, Ho-ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening power :



Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours. A - men.

- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our lit- less songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;

Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

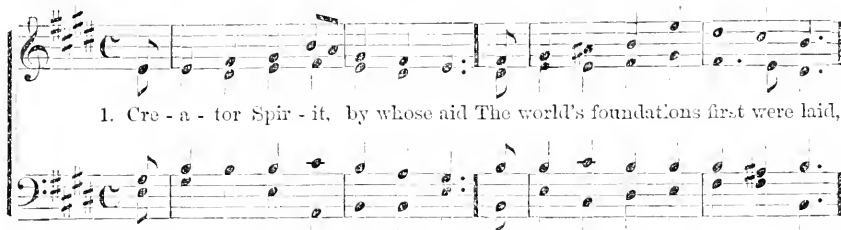
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Whitsuntide.

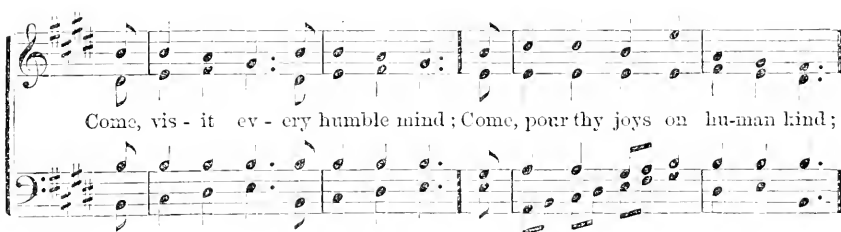
129.

S.S.S.S.S.S.

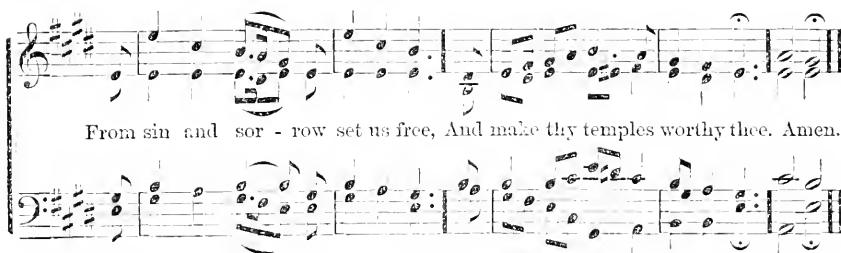
EATON.



1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foundations first were laid,



Come, vis - it ev - ery humble mind ; Come, pour thy joys on hu-man kind ;



From sin and sor - row set us free, And make thy temples worthy thee. Amen.

2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

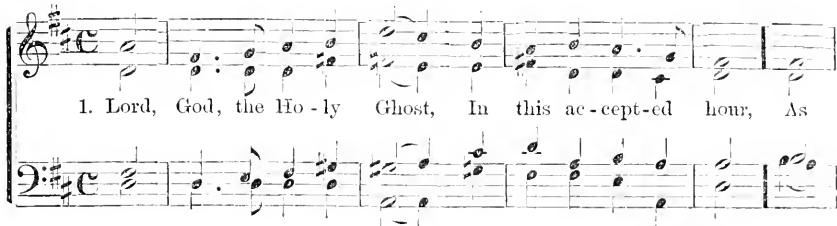
3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy ;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe ;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name ;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

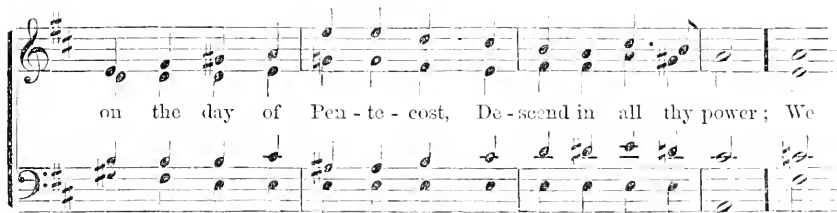
130.

D. S. M.

MOSCOW.



1. Lord, God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour, As



on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all thy power ; We



meet with one ac - cord In our ap - point - ed place, And



wait the promise of our Lord, The Spir - it of all grace. A - men.

2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe :
The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above ;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, to praise, and love.

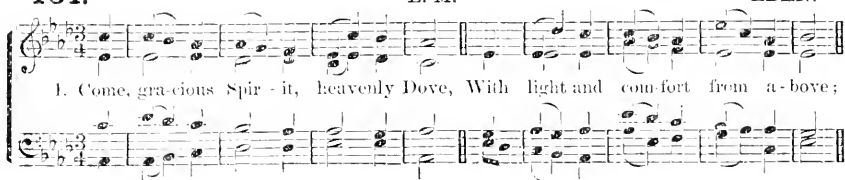
3 Spirit of light, explore
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day :
Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our Guide ;
O Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified.

Whitsuntide.

131.

L. M.

EDEN.



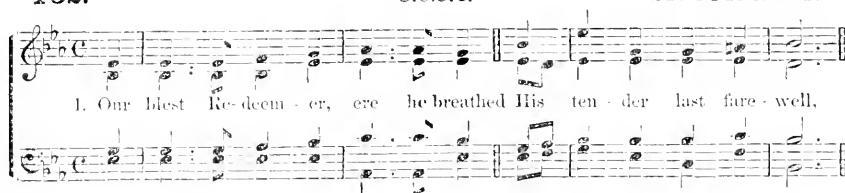
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from thee may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray;

- Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest.

132.

8.6.8.4.

ST. CUTHBERT.



- 2 He came in semblance of a dove
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms
And speaks of heaven. {each fear,

- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And meet for thee.
- 7 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

133.

L. M.

WARRINGTON.

1. Spir - it of mer - cy, truth, and love, O shed thine influence from a - bove ;

And still from age to age con-vey The wonders of this sa - cred day. A - men.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung :
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide
Still o'er thy holy Church preside ;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove ;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

134.

S. M.

UTICA.

1. The Spir - it, in our hearts, Is whispering, Sin - ner, come :

The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims To all his children, Come. A - men.

2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, Come :
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life :
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord ! even so ; I wait thy hour :
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

Whitsuntide.

135. FIRST TUNE.

S. M.

THETFORD.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come; Let thy bright beams a - rise;

Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes. A - men.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God,

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

135. SECOND TUNE.

S. M.

OLMUTZ.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come; Let thy bright beams a - rise;

Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The darkness from our eyes. A - men.

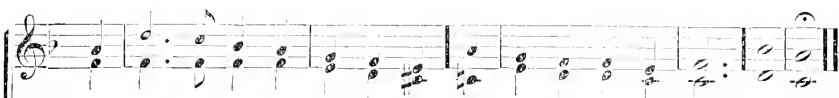
136. FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

OLD WINCHESTER.



1. When God of old came down from heaven, In power and wrath he came ;



Be - fore his feet the clouds were riven, Half darkness and half flame ; A - men.



- 2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered his holy Dove.
- 3 The fires that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.
- 4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud ;

- 5 So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.
- 6 It fills the Church of God ; it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.
- 7 Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and
Open our ears to hear ; [Power,
Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

136. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

STOCKTON.



1. When God of old came down from heaven, In power and wrath he came ;



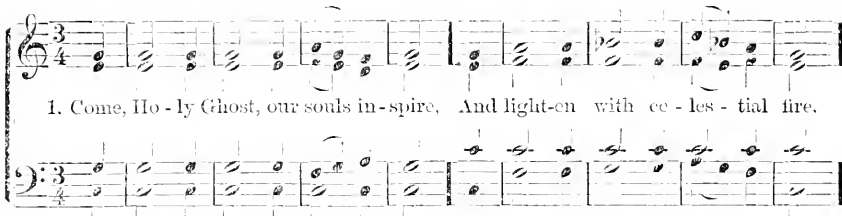
Be - fore his feet the clouds were riven, Half dark-ness and half flame : A - men.

Whitsuntide.

137. FIRST TUNE.

P. M.

VENI CREATOR.




1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce - les - tial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.
The blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blended sight.
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of both to be but One,

That, through the ages all along,
This may be our unending song ;



Praise to thy e - ter - nal merit, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.

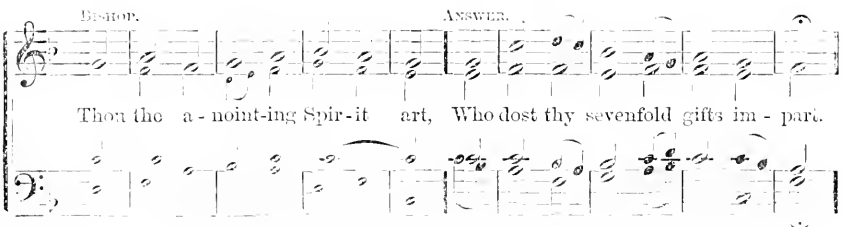
137. SECOND TUNE.

P. M.

VENI CREATOR



1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce - les - tial fire.



Thou the a - noint - ing Spir - it art, Who dost thy sevenfold gifts im - part.

Trinity Sunday.

111

BISHOP. *After the 4th verse.*

ANSWER.

Praise to thy e - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.

138.

11.12.12.10.

NICÆA.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - mighty! Ear - ly in the

morning our song shall rise to thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and mighty! God in Three Persons, blessed Tri - ni - ty! A - men!

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy: there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

Trinity Sunday.

139.

L. M.

WINCHESTER NEW.

1. O ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
For ev - er be thy name a dored, Thy glo - ries let the world proclaim. A-men.

- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified Thou source of cecstasy and love, [heaven.
To take our load of sins away, Thy praises ring through earth and
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.
- 4 O God Triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song ;
And ever may thy praises flow [tongue.
From saint and seraph's burning
- 3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,

140.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

LINDSAY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of hosts, e - ter - nal King, By the heavens and
earth a - dored; An - gels and arch - an - gels sing, Chanting ev - er - last - ing ly,
Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.

- 2 Thousands, tens of thousands, stand,
Spirits blest, before thy throne,
Speeding thence at thy command ;
And when thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.
- 3 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings ;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.
- 4 Thee, apostles, prophets, thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee ;
Thee the Church in every land ;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.
- 5 Alleluia! Lord, to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

Trinity Sunday.

113

141.

G.G.8.4.G.G.8.4.

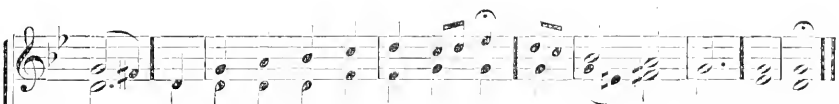
LEONI.



1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthron'd above ; Ancient of ev - er -



last-ing days, And God of love ; Je - hovah, great I AM, By earth and heav'n con -



fess'd ; — I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For ev - er bless'd. A - men.



2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand :
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
'To heaven ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace ;

On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And, glorious with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing ;
And, " Holy, holy, holy," cry,
" Almighty King,
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be :
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high :
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry :
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays :
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Trinity Sunday.

142.

L. M.

WAREHAM.



1. Fa-ther of heav'n, whose love profound A ran-som for our souls hath found.



Be-fore thy throne we sin-ners bend : To us thy pardoning love extend. Amen.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy saving grace extend.

Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us thy quickening power extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,

4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One !
Before thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

143.

G. G. G. G. 8. 8.

ST. MILDRED.



1. We give im-mor-tal praise To God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, And



bet-ter hopes above : He sent his own E-ter-nal Son To die for sins that man had done. Amen.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe :
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God, the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power

Makes the dead sinner live :
His works completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God to thee
Be endless honours done ;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One :
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

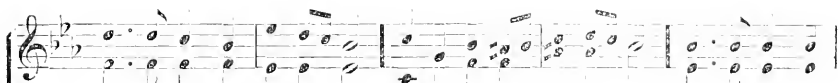
144.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.


SANCTUS.



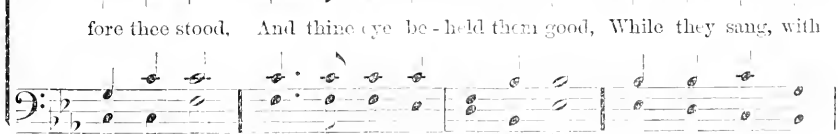
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of hosts! When heav'n and earth,

Out of darkness, at thy word, Issued in - to glorious birth, All thy works be-

fore thee stood, And thine eye be-held them good, While they sang, with




one ac-cord. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! A - men



2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore;
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by thee redeemed,
 Sing we here, with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!


3 Holy, holy, holy! All
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
 When the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King:
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,
 Round the throne with full accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Trinity Sunday.

145.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

REGENT SQUARE.



1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love, and peace,



Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with his right - eous - ness ;



Heavenly Fa - ther, Heavenly Fa - ther, Thro' the Saviour hear and bless. A - men.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,
 Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
 While we hear thy wondrous story,
 Meet and worship in thy name,
 Dear Redeemer,
 In our hearts thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,
 Come with unction from above,
 Raise our hearts to rapture higher,
 Fill them with the Saviour's love !
 Source of comfort,
 Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation
 Let thy wondrous mercies shine !
 In the song of thy salvation
 Every tongue and race combine !
 Great Jehovah,
 Form our hearts and make them thine.

146.

G. G. 4. G. G. 6. 4.

ORIENT.



1. Thou, whose Almighty word Chaos and darkness heard, And took their flight; Hear us, we humbly pray,



And, where the Gos-pel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light. A - men.



2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
O now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,

Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and Blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light!

147.

S. M.

TRENTON.



1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come to



this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes. A - men.



2 The King himself comes near
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day of prayer and praise
His sacred courts within,

Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

The Lord's Day.

148.

C.G.G.G.S.S.

COLLIPRIEST.

1. A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail this sa - cred day, In

lof - tiest songs of praise Your joy - ful hom-age pay: Wel-come the day that

God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

- 2 On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose ;
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquish'd all our foes :
 And now he pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruits of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
 Heaven with hosannas rings,
 And earth, in humbler strains,
 Thy praise responsive sings :
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 Through endless years to live and reign.
- 4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
 Ascend thy conquering car ;
 While justice, truth, and love
 Maintain thy glorious war :
 This day let sinners own thy sway,
 And rebels cast their arms away.

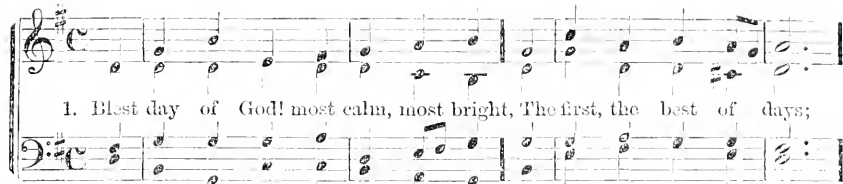
The Lord's Day.

119

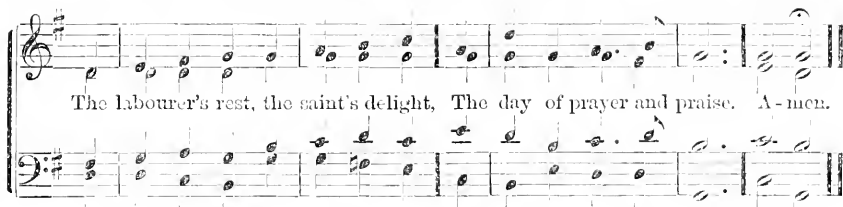
149.

C. M.

JARVIS



1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days;



The labourer's rest, the saint's delight, The day of prayer and praise. A-men.

- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;

And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

- 4 This day I must with God appear ;
For, Lord, the day is thine ;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

150.

L. M.

TRINITY.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;



To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night. A - men.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
His works of grace, how bright they
How deep his counsels, how divine ! [shine !

- 4 I then shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart.
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

The Lord's Day.

151.

8.8.8.8.8.

EATON.

1. Great God, this sa - cred day of thine De-mands the soul's col-lected powers :

Glad-ly we now to thee re-sign These sol-enn, con - se-crat-ed hours :

O may our souls a-dor-ing own The grace that calls us to thy throne! Amen.

3 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore ;
 May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
 And where thou art intrude no more :
 O may thy grace our spirits move,
 And fix our minds on things above !

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
 And bid thy word, with life divine.
 Engage the ear and warm the heart :
 Then shall the day indeed be thine ;
 Then shall our souls adoring own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.

The Lord's Day.

121

152.

G.G.G.G.S.S.

PEYTON.

1. In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of Glo - ry I raise; O'er

heav'n and earth he reigns, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; But Si - on, with his

presence blest, Is his de-light, his cho - sen rest. A - men.

2 O King of Glory, come;
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
'This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies:
Now let thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

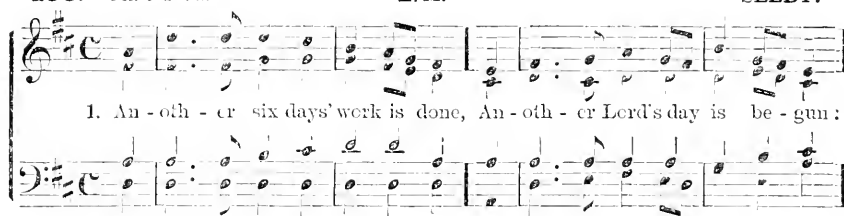
4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
'Till all who humbly seek thy face
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

The Lord's Day.

153. FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

SELBY.



1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day is be - gun :



Re - turn, my soul, un - to thy rest, En - joy the day thy God hath blest. Amen.

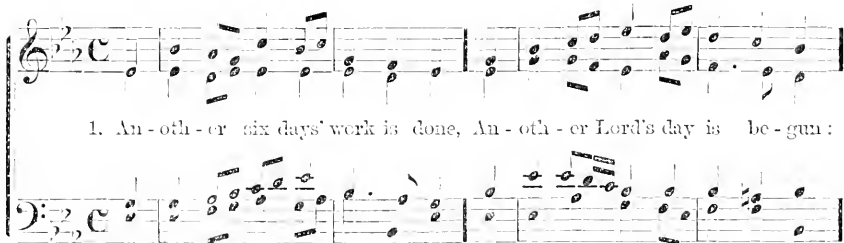
2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise | 3 That heavenly calm within the breast!
 As grateful incense to the skies ! It is the pledge of that dear rest.
 And draw from heaven that calm repose, Which for the Church of God remains, —
 Which none but he who feels it knows. The end of cares, the end of pains

4 In holy duties, let the day,
 In holy pleasures pass away :
 How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

153. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

ALFRETON.



1. An - oth - er six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day is be - gun :



Return, my soul, un - to thy rest, En - joy the day thy God hath blest. Amen.

The Lord's Day.

123

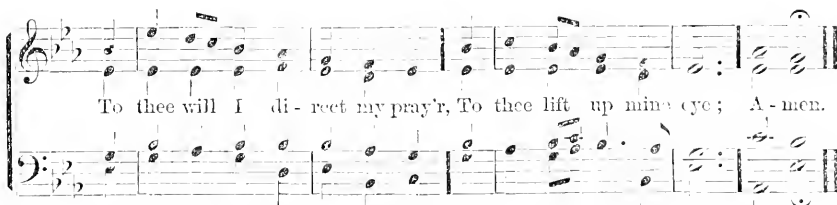
154. FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

BENEDICTION.



1. Lord! in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;



To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye; A - men.

- 2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

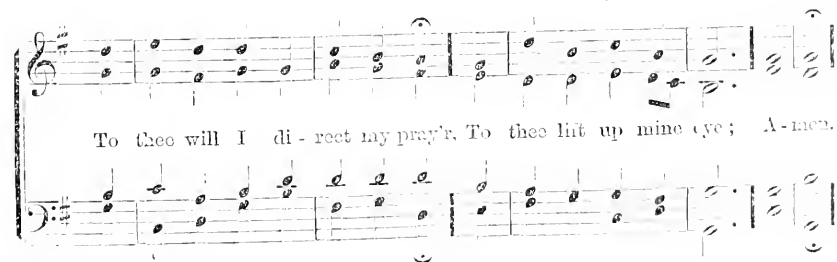
154. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

MEAR.



1. Lord! in the m rning thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high;



To thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye; A - men.

The Lord's Day.

155. FIRST TUNE.

10.10.10.10.

CALLCOTT.

1. As pants the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs, That

sinks ex - haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for

thee, great King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwell - ing - place. A - men.

2 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
 My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
 And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
 To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
 Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
 Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
 Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.

GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
 To God the Holy Spirit Three in One,
 Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
 As was, and is, and ever shall be given. AMEN.

The Lord's Day.

125

155. SECOND TUNE.

10.10.10.10.

RUSSIAN HYMN.

1. As pants the wearied hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks ex -
haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for thee, great
King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwell - ing - place. A - men.

2 Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.

156.

C. M.

ST. GEORGE.

1. A - gain the Lord of life and light A - wakes the kind - ling ray,
Un - seals the eye - lids of the morn, And pours in - creas - ing day. A - men.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
A heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
By his expiring breath.

4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;

Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand differing voices join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

The Lord's Day.

157.

G.G.G.G.4.4.4.4.

CHRIST CHURCH.

1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair The

dwellings of thy love, Thy earth - ly tem - ples are! To thine a -

bode My heart as - pires With warm de - sires To see my God. A - men.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still : That love the way
And happy they To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat ; Shall thither bring
When God our King Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts his hands are fill'd.
We draw our blessings thence :
Thrice happy he, Whose spirit trusts,
O God of hosts, Alone in thee.

158.

FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

ST. OLAVE.

1. My op - ening eyes with rap - ture see The dawn of

thy re - turn - ing day ; My thoughts, O God, as - cend to

thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay. A - men.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King ! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

158. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

GRISWOLD.

1. My opening eyes with rapture see The dawn of thy re - turning day ;

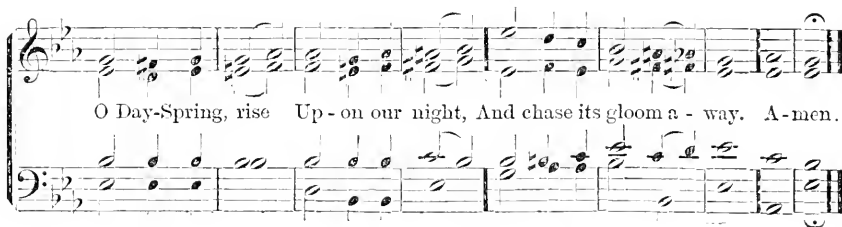
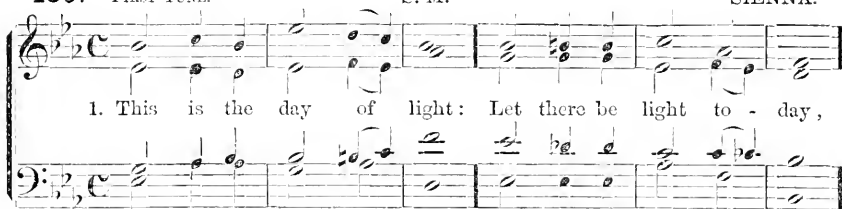
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay. A - men.

The Lord's Day.

159. FIRST TUNE.

S. M.

SIENNA.



2 This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill ;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

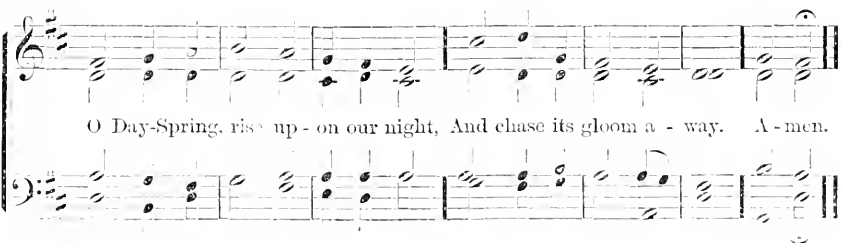
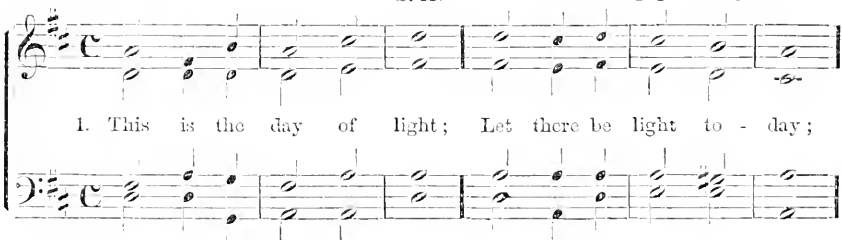
4 This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near :
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days :
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death !

159. SECOND TUNE.

S. M.

HUDDERSFIELD.



The Lord's Day.

129

160. FIRST TUNE.

T.C.T.C.T.C.T.C.

DANESTRE.

1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,

O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;

On thee, the high and low - ly, Thro' a - ges joined in tune,

Sing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A - men.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

The Lord's Day.

160. SECOND TUNE.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

ST. MARGARET.

1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright ;

On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,

Sing, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A-men.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious.
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna fall:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

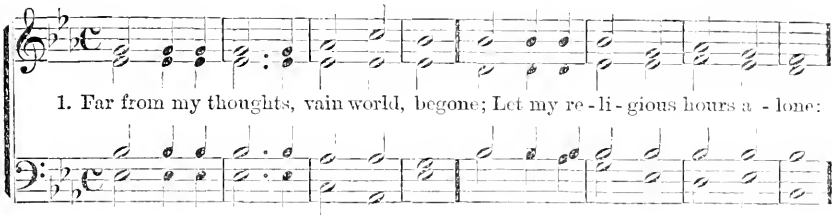
The Lord's Day.

131

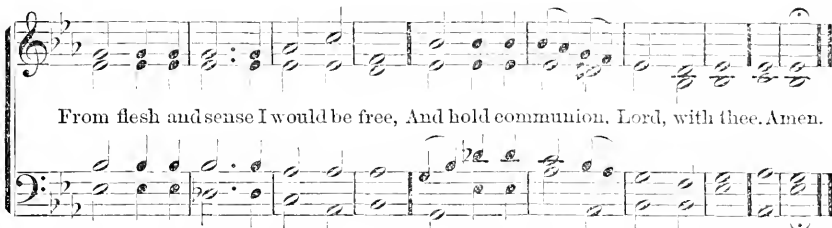
161.

L. M.

SUMNER.



1. Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone; Let my re - li - gious hours a - lone;



From flesh and sense I would be free, And hold communion, Lord, with thee. Amen.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,

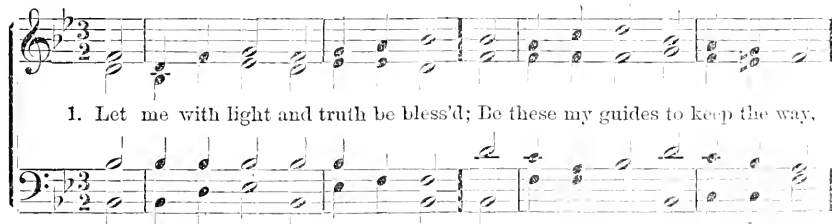
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

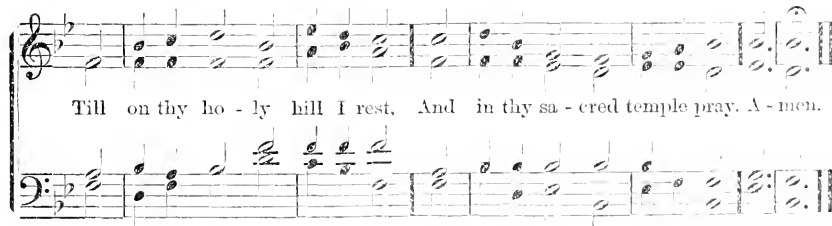
162.

L. M.

HEBRON.



1. Let me with light and truth be bless'd; Be these my guides to keep the way,



Till on thy ho - ly hill I rest, And in thy sa - cred temple pray. A - men.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

The Lord's Day.


163.

7.7.7.7.

ST. LUCIAN.



1. To thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor-ship there;



While thy glo-rious praise is sung. Touch my lips, un-loose my tongue. A - men.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads:
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy Gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.


4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.

5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walk'd with God to-day."

164.

7.7.7.7.

POSEN.



1. Now may he who from the dead Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,



Je - sus Christ, our King and Head, All our souls in safe - ty keep. A - men.

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God!

The Lord's Day.

133

165. FIRST TUNE.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

SICILY, or MARINERS.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;

Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace ;

O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Travelling thro' this wilderness. A-men.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruit of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

GLORIA PATRI.

Great Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne :
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

The Lord's Day.

165.

SECOND TUNE.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

DISMISSION.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with thy blessing. Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and a - dor - a - tion, For thy Gos-pel's joy-ful sound;

Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re - deem-ing grace;
May the fruit of thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound:

O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travelling thro' this wil - der - ness.
May thy presence, May thy presence, With us ev - er - more be found. Amen.

166.

L. M.

GOWER ST.

1. Al-might-y Father, bless the word, Which thro' thy grace we now have heard;
2. We praise thee for the means of grace, Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:

O may the precious seed take root, Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here May all, at last, in heav'n appear. A-men.

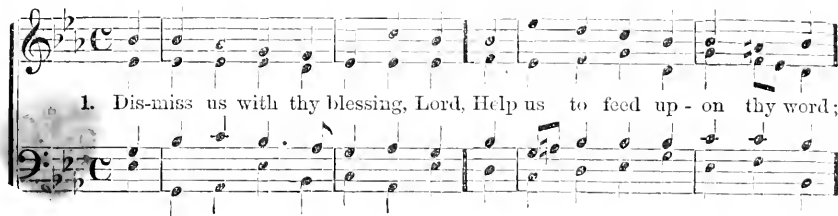
The Lord's Day.

135

167.

L. M.

MELCOMBE.



1. Dis-miss us with thy blessing, Lord, Help us to feed up - on thy word;



All that has been a - miss for-give, And let thy truth with-in us live. A-men.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
Give each fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

168.

8.7.8.7.

DEBENHAM.



1. May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love,



With the Ho - ly Spir-it's fa - vour, Rest up - on us from a - bove. A-men.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

The Lord's Day.

169.

10.10.10.10.

PAX DEL.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one ac -

cord our part-ing hymn of praise ; We stand to bless thee

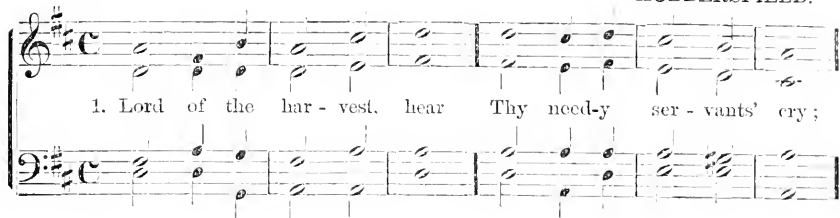
ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait thy word of peace. A-men.

- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way ;
 With thee began, with thee shall end the day ;
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;
 From harm and danger keep thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
 Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

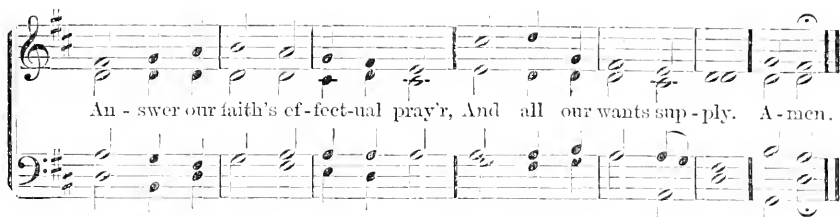
170.

S. M.

HUDDERSFIELD.



1. Lord of the har-vest, hear Thy need-y ser-vants' cry;



An-swer our faith's ef-fect-u-al pray'r, And all our wants sup-ply. A-men.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest, Lord, is truly great,
The labourers are few.

3 Anoint and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,

Thy Spirit on their spirits pour,
And make them strong for God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-deeming love.

171.

S. M.

CAMBRIDGE.



1. Ye ser-vants of the Lord, Each in your of-fice, wait,



Ob-serv-ant of his heavenly word, And watchful at his gate. A-men.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And train the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak he's near;

Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see
And be with honour crown'd.

Rogation Days.

172.

C. M.

ST. AGNES.

1. Lord, in thy name thy ser - vants plead, And thou hast sworn to hear;

Thine is the har - vest, thine the seed, The fresh and fad - ing year. A - men.

- 2 Grant us, with precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
A place in thy new heavens and earth,
Where richer harvests grow.

173.

C. M.

CLARENDON.

1. Lord, spare and save our sin - ful race From death in dir - est form;

From pes - ti - lence that flies apace, From earthquake, fire, and storm. A - men.

- 2 Let every land bemoan its sin,
That wars and crimes may cease;
And may thy pardoning grace bring in
Sweet times of health and peace.

Rogation Days.

139

174. FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

GLOUCESTER.



1. Great is our guilt, our fears are great ; But naught shall prompt despair,



While op - en is the mer - cy - seat To pen - i - tence and pray - er. A - men.



2 Kind Intercessor ! to thy love
This blest resource we owe :
Thy merits plead for us above,
While we implore below.

174. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

BELMONT.



1. Great is our guilt, our fears are great ; But naught shall prompt despair,



While op - en is the mer - cy - seat To pen - i - tence and prayer. A - men.



Other Holy Days.

175.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.C.

ALL SAINTS.

1. From all thy saints in war - fare, for all thy saints at rest,

To thee, O bless - ed Je - su, all prais - es be ad - dress'd.

Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle, that they might conquerors be ;

Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry are lit with rays from thee. A - men.

SAINT ANDREW.

2 Praise, Lord, for thine Apostle, the first to welcome thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ to see.
With hearts for thee made ready, watch we throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own thine advent near.

SAINT THOMAS.

3 All praise for thine Apostle, whose short lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of thy love.
On all who wait thy coming shed forth thy peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know thee, true Man, true God, adored.

SAINT STEPHEN.

1 Praise for the first of Martyrs, who saw thee ready stand
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summon'd by death our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the martyr crown.

SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

5 Praise for the loved Disciple, exile on Patmos' shore ;
Praise for the faithful record he to thy God-head bore ;
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to us reveal'd.
May we, in patience waiting, with thine elect be seal'd.

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

- 6 Praise for thine infant Martyrs, by thee with tenderest love
 Call'd early from the warfare to share the rest above.
 O Rachel! cease thy weeping, they rest from pains and cares
 Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and crowns as bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

- 7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for the voice of awe,
 Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor saw:
 Thee, Lord, for his Conversion, we glorify to-day:
 So lighten all our darkness with thy true Spirit's ray.

SAINT MATTHIAS.

- 8 Lord, thine abiding presence directs the wondrous choice;
 For one in place of Judas the faithful now rejoice.
 Thy Church from false Apostles for evermore defend,
 And by thy parting promise be with her to the end.

SAINT MARK.

- 9 For him, O Lord, we praise thee, the weak by grace made strong,
 Whose labours and whose Gospel enrich our triumph-song.
 May we in all our weakness find strength from thee supplied, [abide.
 And all, as fruitful branches, in thee, the Vine,

SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES.

- 10 All praise for thine Apostle, bless'd guide to Greek and Jew,
 And him surnamed thy brother; keep us thy brethren true,
 And grant the grace to know thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life: [strife.
 To wrestle with temptations till victors in the

SAINT BARNABAS.

- 11 The Son of Consolation, moved by thy law of love,
 Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches from above.
 As earth now teems with increase, let gifts of grace descend,
 That thy true consolations may through the world extend.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST.

- 12 We praise thee for the Baptist, forerunner of the Word,
 Our true Elias, making a highway for the Lord.
 Of prophets last and greatest, he saw thy dawning ray.
 Make us the rather blessed, who love thy glorious day.

SAINT PETER.

- 13 Praise for thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold;
 Thrice failing, yet repentant, thrice charged to keep thy fold.
 Lord, make thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,
 And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will.

SAINT JAMES.

- 14 For him, O Lord, we praise thee, who, slain by Herod's sword,
 Drank of thy cup of suffering, fulfilling thus thy word.
 Curb we all vain impatience to read thy veil'd decree,
 And count it joy to suffer, if so brought nearer thee.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

- 15 All praise for thine Apostle, the faithful, pure, and true,
 Whom underneath the fig tree thine eye all-seeing knew.
 Like him may we be guileless, true Israelites indeed,
 That thy abiding presence our longing souls may feed.

SAINT MATTHEW.

- 16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel thy human life declared,
 Who, worldly gains forsaking, thy path of suffering shared.
 From all unrighteous mammon O give us hearts set free, [follow thee.
 That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and

SAINT LUKE.

- 17 For that "Beloved Physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
 The Healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.
 Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour. [more.
 And with true balm of Gilead anoint us ever

SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE.

- 18 Praise, Lord, for thine Apostles, who seal'd their faith to-day:
 One love, one zeal impell'd them to tread the sacred way.
 May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
 And, bound in love as brethren, at length thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

- 19 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
 Who wear the spotless raiments, who raise the ceaseless song:
 For these, pass'd on before us, Saviour, we thee adore.
 And, walking in their footsteps, would serve thee more and more.

20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
 And God the Holy Spirit, Eternal Three in One;
 Till all the ransom'd number fall down before the throne,
 And honour, power, and glory ascribe to God alone.

Other Holy Days.

176.

D. C. M.

OLD 81ST.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;

His blood-red ban - ner streams a - far : Who fol - lows in his train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, And tri - umph o - ver pain,

Who pa-tient bear his cross be - low— He fol - lows in his train. A - men.

- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And call'd on him to save :
 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain.
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong :
 Who follows in his train ?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came :
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
 And mock'd the cross and flame : [knew.

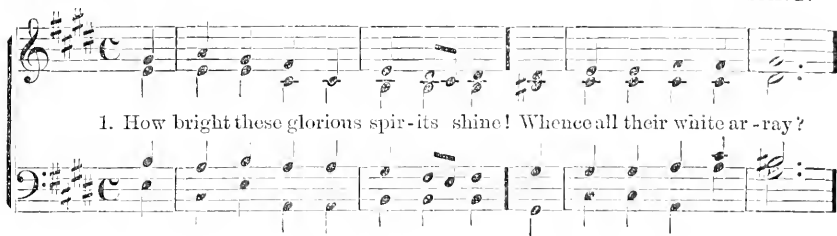
- They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
 The lion's gory mane ;
 They bow'd their necks the death to feel :
 Who follows in their train ?
- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd :
 They climb'd the dizzy steep of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
 O God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train !

Other Holy Days.

177. FIRST TUNE.

D. C. M.

CASTLE RISING.



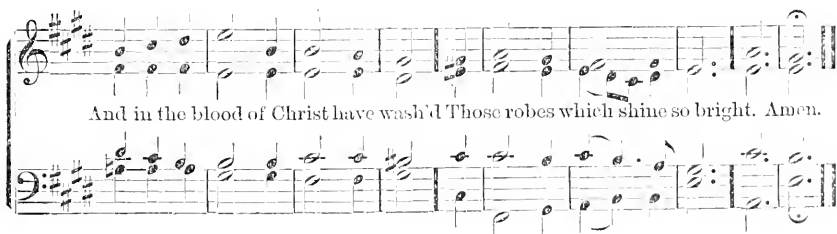
1. How bright these glorious spir-its shine! Whence all their white ar-ray?



How came they to the bliss-ful seats Of ev-er-last-ing day?



Lo, these are they from sufferings great, Who came to realms of light:



And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright. Amen.

2 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

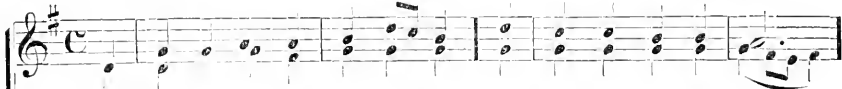
3 The Lamb which reigns upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

Other Holy Days.

177. SECOND TUNE.

D. C. M.


GIORNIVICHI.




1. How bright these glorious spir-its shine! Whence all their white ar-ray?



How came they to the bliss-ful seats Of ev-er-last-ing day?



Lo, these are they from sufferings great, Who came to realms of light:



And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright. Amen.

2 Now with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love amidst
 The glories of the sky.
 His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every mouth to sing;
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannas ring.

3 The Lamb which reigns upon the throne
 Shall o'er them still preside;
 Feed them with nourishment divine,
 And all their footsteps guide.
 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
 Where living streams appear;
 And God the Lord from every eye
 Shall wipe off every tear.

Other Holy Days.

115

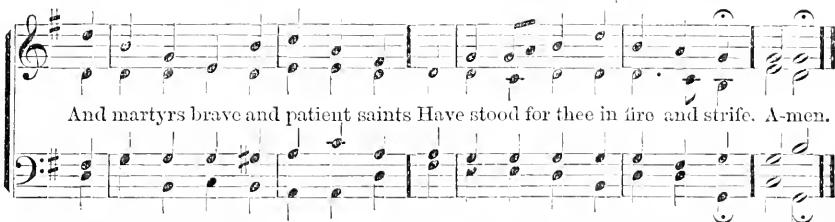
178.

L. M.

CLARKE.



1. O Lord, the Ho-ly In-no-cents Laid down for thee their in-fant life,



And martyrs brave and patient saints Have stood for thee in fire and strife. A-men.

2 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learn'd like vows to make;
We need not die: we cannot fight;
What may we do for Jesus' sake?

3 O day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

4 When deep within our swelling hearts,
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

5 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

6 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good-humour brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

7 There's not a child so weak and small
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise,
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

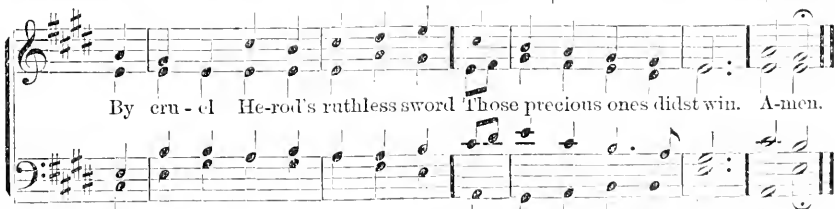
179.

S. M.

ST. HELENA.



1. Glo-ry to thee, O Lord, Who from this world of sin,



By cru-el He-rod's ruthless sword Those precious ones didst win. A-men.

2 Glory to thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard thy call,
And reach'd the quiet land.

3 O that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright;

O that, as free from deeds of sin,
We shrank not from thy sight.

4 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim;
In life to glorify thy power.
In death to praise thy name.

Other Holy Days.

180.

S. M.

ST. ETHELWALD.

1. Be - hold a lam - ble train The courts of God draw near;

A Vir-gins Mother and her babe Be - fore the Lord ap - pear. A - men.

- 2 O wondrous, blessed sight!
To faithful eyes made known,
That lowly babe—the mighty God,
The Prince of Peace, they own.
- 3 And now this temple shines
With glory far more bright
Than e'er the former temple saw,
E'en at its greatest height.

- 4 The cloud indeed was there,
The symbol of the Lord;
But here the Lord himself appears,
The true, incarnate Word.
- 5 Blest Saviour, come once more
With power and grace divine;
Our hearts thy living temples make,
Wholly and ever thine.

181.

S. M.

BENEDICTUS.

1. Praise we the Lord this day, This day so long fore - told,

Whose promise shone with cheering ray On wait-ing saints of old. A - men.

- 2 The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A virgin born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.
- 3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

- 4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.
- 5 Blessed shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The incarnate Saviour's birth.

182.

7.7.7.7.

LUBECK.

1. Praise to God who reigns a - bove, Bind-ing earth and heaven in love;
All the ar-mies of the sky Wor-ship his dread sovereignty. A - men.

2 Seraphim his praises sing,
Cherubim on fourfold wing,
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
Ranks of Might that never cowers.

3 Angel hosts his word fulfil,
Ruling nature by his will:
Round his throne archangels pour
Songs of praise for evermore.

4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
And that bright celestial state,
For true Man their Lord they see,
Christ, the incarnate Deity.

5 On the throne our Lord who died
Sits in manhood glorified,
Where his people faint below
Angels count it joy to go.

183.

C. M.

COVENTRY.

1. Lo! what a cloud of wit-ness-es En - com-pass us a - round!
Men once like us with suffering tried, But now with glo-ry crown'd. A-men.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path—
Jesus, the Author, Finisher,
Rewarder of our faith:

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand:
There, with the Saviour and his saint
Triumphantly to stand.

The Communion of Saints.

184. FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

ST. JAMES.

1. Not to the ter-rors of the Lord, The tem-pest, fire, and smoke :

Not to the thunder of that word Which God on Si - nai spoke ; A - men.

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God ;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven ;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.

5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make :
And join in Christ, their living Head
And of his love partake.

184. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

ST. ANN'S.

1. Not to the ter - rors of the Lord, The tem-pest fire, and smoke :

Not to the thunder of that word Which God on Si - nai spoke, A - men.

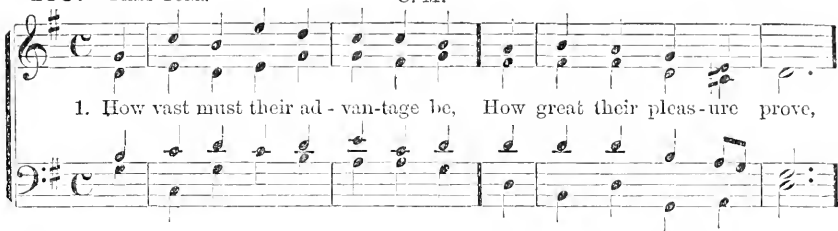
The Communion of Saints.

149

185. FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

CLOISTERS.



1. How vast must their ad - van-tage be, How great their pleas-ure prove,



Who live like brethren, and con-sent In of - fi - ces of love! A - men.

2 True love is like the precious oil,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly fragrance shed.

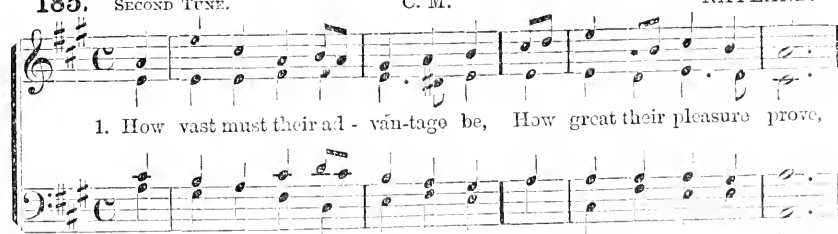
3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's favour'd hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat
Where the Almighty King
The promised blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring.

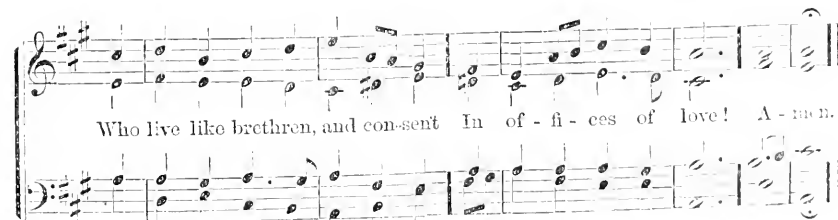
185. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

NAYLAND.



1. How vast must their ad - van-tage be, How great their pleasure prove,



Who live like brethren, and con-sent In of - fi - ces of love! A - men.

The Communion of Saints.

186.

10.10.10.4.

BARNEYS.

mf

1. For the A - pos - tles' glo - rious com - pa - ny, Who, bear - ing
 forth the cross o'er land and sea, Shook all the might - y
 world, we sing to thee, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

f

2 For the Evangelists, by whose blest word,
 Like fourfold streams, the garden of the Lord
 Is fair and fruitful, be thy name adored. Alleluia.

3 For Martyrs, who, with rapture-kindled eye,
 Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,
 And died to grasp it, thee we glorify. Alleluia.

187.

10.10.10.4.

BARNEYS.

- 1 For all the saints, who from their labours rest,
 Who thee by faith before the world confess'd,
 Thy name, O Jesu, be forever bless'd. Alleluia.
- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light. Alleluia.
- 3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia.

- 4 O blest Communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluia.

- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia.

- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the bless'd.

Alleluia.

- 7 But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of Glory passes on his way.

Alleluia.

- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Alleluia.

188.

C. M.

DUNFERMLINE.

1. Come, let us join our friends a - bove That have made sure the prize,

And on the ea - gle wings of love To joys ce - les - tial rise. A - men.

- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven are one.

- 3 One family, we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;

Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

- 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crown'd ;
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound.


- 6 Then, Lord of hosts, be thou our guide.
And we, at thy command,
Through waves that part on either side,
Shall reach thy bless'd land.

The Communion of Saints.

189.

8.7.8.7.8.7.9.7.


LANGRAN'S.



1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces, Chanting o'er the crys - tal sea,



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to thee :



Mul - ti - tude, which none can number, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,



Cloth'd in white ap - parel, holding Palms of victory in their hands. A - men.

- 2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist,
Sainly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 They have come from tribulation,
And have wash'd their robes in blood.
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

- 4 Marching with thy cross their banner,
They have triumph'd, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King,
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffer'd;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died;
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.
- 5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

190. FIRST TUNE.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

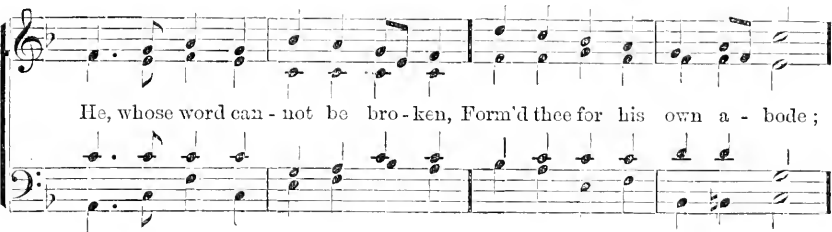
AUSTRIA.



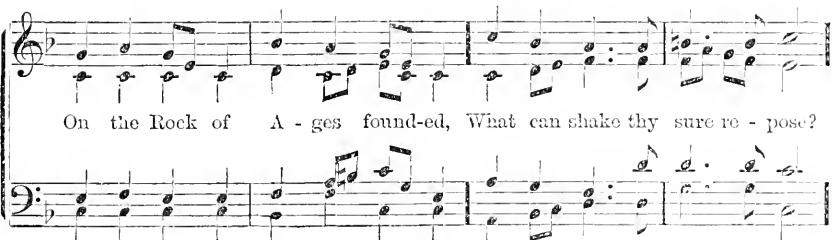
1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God:



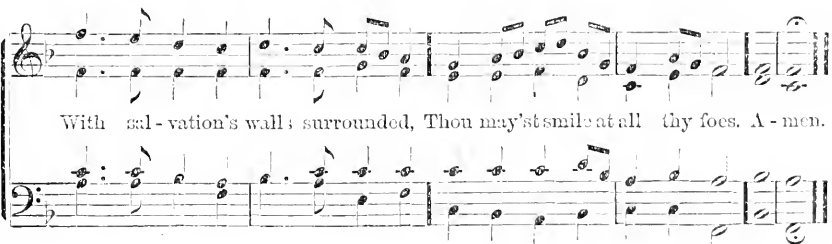
He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for his own a-bode;



On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re- pose?



With sal-va-tion's wall; surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-men.



2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

The Church.

190. SECOND TUNE.

8.7.8.7.

WORTHING.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y

of our God: He, whose word can - not be brok - en,

Form'd thee for his own a - bode. A - men.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;

4 Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

5 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

6 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

The Church.

155

191. FIRST TUNE.

S. M.

CONNINGTON.

1. I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,

The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With his own pre-cious blood. A - men.

- 2 I love thy Church, O God :
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,

- Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

191. SECOND TUNE.

S. M.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,

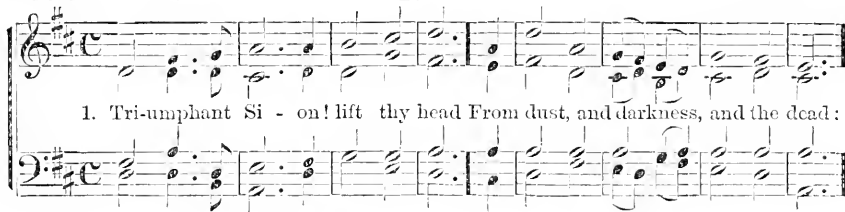
The Church our blest Re-deemer saved With his own precious blood. A - men.

The Church.

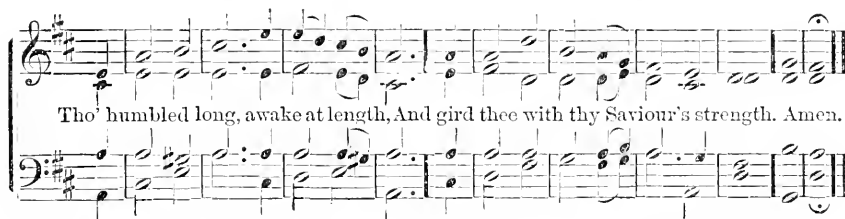
192. FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

TRURO.



1. Tri-umphant Si - on! lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead :



Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. Amen.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

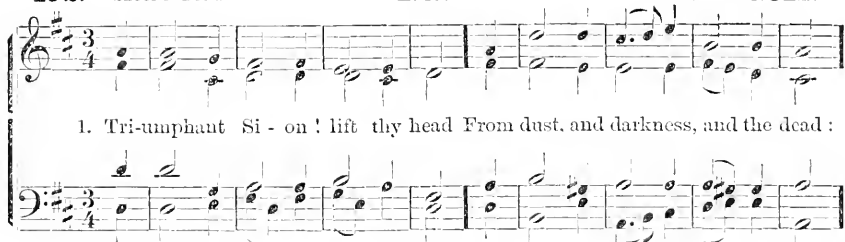
3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

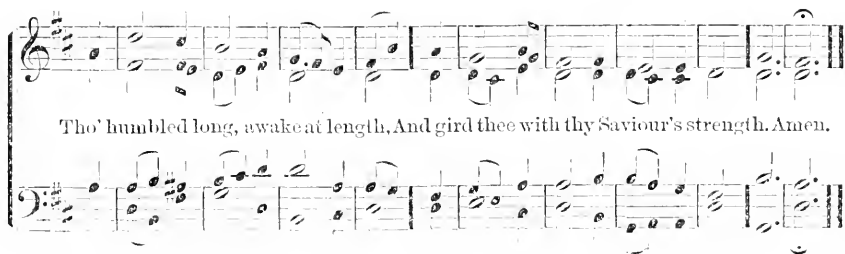
192. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

EMMANUEL.



1. Tri-umphant Si - on! lift thy head From dust, and darkness, and the dead :



Tho' humbled long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength. Amen.

The Church.

157

193.

8.8.3.3.8.8.

CREATION.

1. God's tem - ple crowns the ho - ly mount, The Lord there con - de -

seends to dwell: His Si - on's gates, in his ac - count, Our

Is - rael's fair - est tents ex - cel: Yea, glo - rious things of

thee we sing, O cit - y of th'Al-might-y King. A - men.

2 Of honour'd Sion we aver,
 Illustrious throngs from her proceed:
 The Almighty shall establish her,
 And shall enrol her holy seed:
 Yea, for his people he shall count
 The children of his favour'd mount.

3 He'll Sion fill with numbers fill'd
 Who celebrate his matchless praise;
 Who, here in hallelujahs skill'd,
 In heaven their harps and hymns shall
 O Sion, seat of Israel's King, [raise:
 Be mine to drink thy living spring!

The Church.

194.

S.S.S.S.S.S.

DARMSTADT.

1. God is our ref - uge in dis - tress, A pres - ent help when

dan - gers press, In him, un - daunt - ed, we'll con - fide;

Though earth were from her cen - tre tost, And mount - ains in the

o - cean lost, Torn piec - eal by the roar - ing tide. A - men.

2 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high :
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While his Almighty aid is nigh.

3 Submit to God's Almighty sway,
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess :
The God of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

The Church.

159

195.

S. M.

ST. THOMAS.

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soar'd the earth a - round,

But not a rest-ing-place a - bove The cheerless wa - ters found ; A-men.

- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

- 4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.
- 5 And, when the waves of fire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

196.

C. M.

DUNDEE.

1. The Lord, the on - ly God, is great, And great-ly to be praised

In Si - on, on whose hap-py mount His sa - cred throne is raised. A - men.

- 2 In Zion we have seen perform'd
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.
- 3 Let Zion's mount with joy resound ;
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliverance wrought.
- 4 Compass her walls in solemn pomp,
Your eyes quite round her cast :

- Count all her towers, and see if there
You find one stone displaced.
- 5 Her forts and palaces survey,
Observe their order well,
That to the ages yet to come
His wonders you may tell.
- 6 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide ;
Who, as he has preserved us now,
Till death will be our guide

The Church.

197.

G.G.G.G.S.S.

BICKLEIGH.

1. One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord, be - low, a - bove, One

faith, one hope di - vine, One on - ly watchword—Love : From different temples

though it rise, One song as - cend - eth to the skies. A - men.

2 Our sacrifice is one,
 Our Priest before the throne,
 The slain, the risen Son,
 Redeemer, Lord alone !
 And sighs from contrite hearts that spring
 Our chief, our choicest offering.

4 Head of thy Church beneath,
 The catholic, the true,
 On all her members breathe,
 Her broken frame renew !
 Then shall thy perfect will be done,
 When Christians love and live as one.

The Church.

161

198.

7.7.4.6.6.4.

CAPUT.

1. Head of the hosts ' in glo - ry ! We joy - ful - ly a - dore thee, Thy

Church be - low, Blend - ing with those on high—Where thro' the a - zure sky

Thy saints in ec - sta - sy For ev - er glow. A - men.

2 Angels ! archangels ! glorious
Guards of the Church victorious !
Worship the Lamb !
Crown him with crowns of light,
One of the Three by right—
Love, majesty, and might—
The great I AM !

3 Martyrs ! whose mystic legions
March o'er yon heavenly regions
In triumph round :
Wave high your banners, wave !
Your God, our Saviour, gave
For death itself a grave,
In hell profound !

4 Saints ! in fair circles, casting
Rich trophies everlasting
At Jesus' feet,
Amidst our rude alarms,
We stretch forth suppliant arms,
That we, too, safe from harms,
In heaven may meet !

5 Saviour ! in glory beaming,
With radiance brightly streaming,
Enthroned in power,
Grant, by thy awful name,
That we through flood and flame
The Gospel may proclaim,
Till life's last hour.

The Church.

199.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

HARWOOD.

1. With joy shall I be - hold the day That calls my

will - ing soul a - way, To dwell a - mong the blest:

For lo! my great Re - deem - er's power Un - folds the

ev - er - last - ing door, And points me to his rest. A - men.

2 Ev'n now, to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ,
Before th' Almighty King.

4 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
For evermore shall dwell:
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
And bid the world farewell.

The Church.

163

200.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

MAIDSTONE.

1. Pleas-ant are thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love ;

Pleas-ant are thy courts be - low, In this land of sin and woe.

O my spir - it longs and faints For the con-verse of thy saints,

For the brightness of thy face, King of glo - ry, God of grace! A - men.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round thy altars, O Most High !
Happier souls that find a rest,
In a heavenly Father's breast !
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls ! their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies ;

On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length ;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by thy saving grace,
Give me at thy side a place :
Sun and shield alike thou art ;
Guide and guard my cying heart ;
Grace and glory flow from thee :
Shower, O shower them. Lord on me.

The Church.

201.

S.S.S.S.S.S.

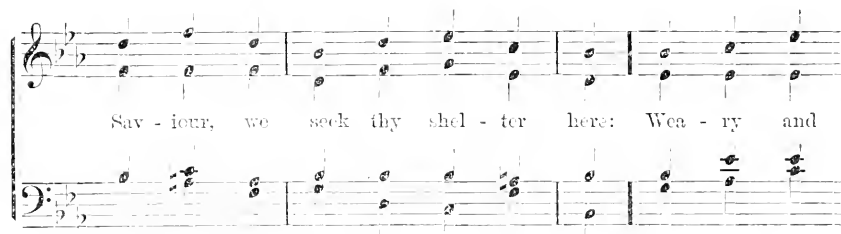
CHRIST CHURCH (Guseley).



1. Forth from the dark and storm - y sky, Lord, to thine



al - tar's shade we fly; Forth from the world, its hope and fear,



Sav - iour, we seek thy shel - ter here: Wea - ry and



weak, thy grace we pray; Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a - way. A - men.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost;
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
 Turn not, O Lord! thy guests away.

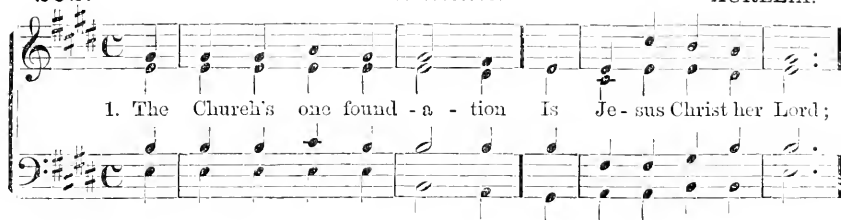
The Church.

165

202.

7.C.7.C.7.C.7.C.

AURELIA.



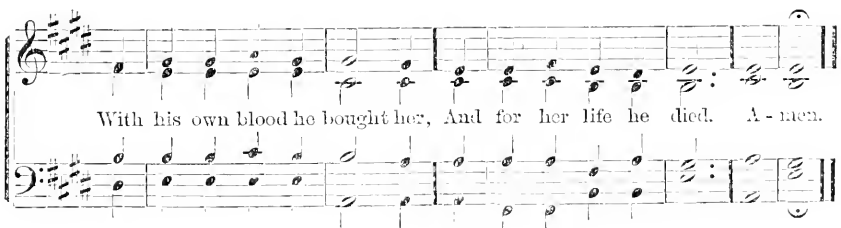
1. The Church's one found - a - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord ;



She is his new ere - a - tion By wa - ter and the word :



From heav'n he came and sought her To be his ho - ly bride ;



With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died. A - men.

- 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth :
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed ;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, " How long ?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

- 4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.
- 5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won :
O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

The Lord's Supper.

203.

FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

ST. MARTINS.

1. Thou, God, all glo - ry, hon - our, power Art wor - thy to re - ceive ;

Since all things by thy power were made. And by thy boun - ty live. A - men.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd
And ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be given.

203.

SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

ARLINGTON.

1. Thou, God, all glo - ry, hon - our, power Art wor - thy to re - ceive ;

Since all things by thy pow'r were made. And by thy bonn - ty live. A - men.

The Lord's Supper.

167

204.

L. M.

ANGELS.

1. To Je - sus, our ex - alt - ed Lord, That name in heav'n and earth a - dor'd,

Fain would our hearts and voices raise A cheerful song of sacred praise. A - men.

2 But all the notes which mortals know
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,

O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love, and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more ;
And, whilst we take the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

205.

FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

WAREHAM.

1. My God, and is thy ta - blespread, And does thy cup with love o'er-flow?

Thither be all thy children led, And let them all thy sweetness know. A - men.

2 Hail ! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood :
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

4 Draw by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come ;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

5 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

The Lord's Supper.

205. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

TRINITY.

1. My God, and is thy ta-ble spread, And does thy cup with love o'er-flow?
 Thither be all thy children led, And let them all thy sweetness know. A-men.

- 2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood:
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 O let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests:
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its holy pledges tastes.

- 4 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
 In countless numbers let them come;
 And gather from their Father's board
 The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 5 Nor let thy spreading Gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run;
 Till with this bread all men be blest,
 Who see the light or feel the sun.

206.

C. M.

NAYLAND.

1. And are we now brought near to God, Who once at dis-tance stood?
 And, to ef-fect this glorious change, Did Je-sus shed his blood? A-men.

- 2 O for a song of ardent praise,
 To bear our souls above!
 What should allay our lively hope,
 Or damp our flaming love?
- 3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
 To praise our heavenly King:

- O may that love which spread this board,
 Inspire us while we sing:
 4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will from heaven to men is come,
 And let it never cease."

The Lord's Supper.

169

207. FIRST TUNE.

9.8.9.8.

GOUDIMEL.

1. Bread of the world, in mer - cy brok-en, Wine of the soul, in mer-cy shed,

By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A-men.

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

207. SECOND TUNE.

9.8.9.8.

SIEBOTH'S.

1. Bread of the world, in mer-cy brok-en, Wine of the soul, in mer-cy shed,

By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead: Amen.

The Lord's Supper.

208.

C. M.

BRISTOL.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne.

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-men.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus ;"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise!

5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

209.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

RATISBON.

1. Bread of heav'n, on thee we feed, For thy flesh is meat in- deed : Ev-er may our souls be fed

With this true and living bread : Day by day with strength supplied. Thro' the life of him who died.
 A-men.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice,
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
 To thy cross we look and live :
 Jesus, may we ever be
 Grafted, rooted, built in thee.

The Lord's Supper.

171

210.

C. M.

DEDHAM.

1. Shepherd of souls, re - fresh and bless Thy cho - sen pil - grim flock,
With man - na in the wil - der - ness, With wa - ter from the rock. A - men.

- 2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from thy sorrows flow.
- 3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

- 4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.
- 5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

211.

C. M.

TALLIS' ORDINAL.

1. Ac - cord - ing to thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,
This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber thee. A - men.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy sacramental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Can I Gethsemane forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary.

- O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

Baptism.

212.

S. M.

SCHUMANN.

1. The gen - tle Sav - iour calls Our chil - dren to his breast

He folds them in his gracious arms, Himself declares them blest. A-men.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble claim;
 The heirs of heaven are such as these,
 For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
 Devoting them to thee,
 Imploring that, as we are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.

213.

S. 7. S. 7.

TRANBY.

1. Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing, With the shepherd's kind - est care,

All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bo - som share; A-men.

2 Now, *these little ones* receiving,
 Fold *them* in thy gracious arm;
 There, we know, thy word believing,
 Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from thy pasture roving,
 Let *them* be the lion's prey;

Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
 Let *them* find a resting-place;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

Baptism.

173

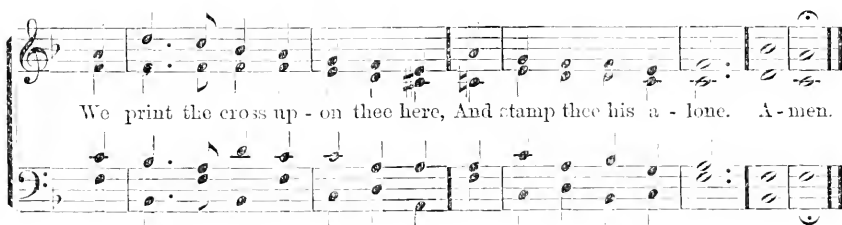
214.

C. M.

OLD WINCHESTER.



1. In to-ken that thou shalt not fear Christ cru - ci - fied to own,



We print the cross up - on thee here, And stamp thee his a - lone. A-men.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front,
His glory and his shame.

3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

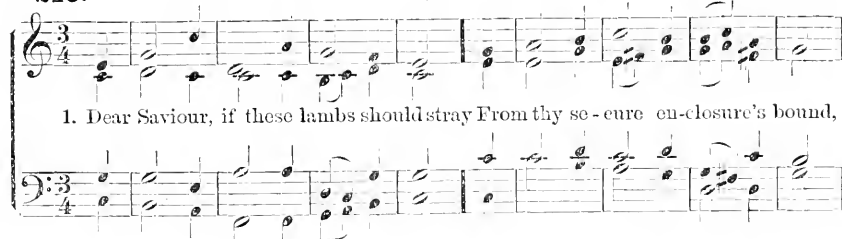
4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travell'd by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

5 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own :
And may the brow that wears his cross
Hereafter share his crown.

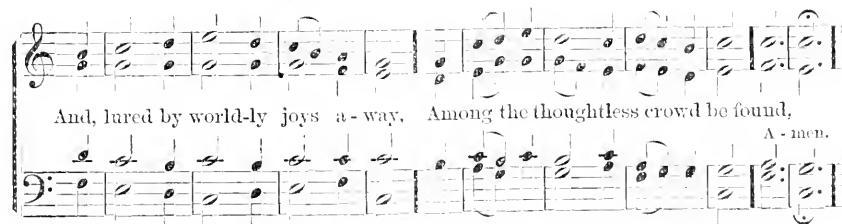
215.

L. M.

ST. VINCENT.



1. Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray From thy se - cure en-closure's bound,



And, lured by world-ly joys a - way. Among the thoughtless crowd be found,
A - men.

2 Remember still that they are thine,
That thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years
O let them ne'er forgotten be :

Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way ;
The wanderers to thy fold restore.

Baptism.

216.

S. M.

SILVER ST.

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mour on;

Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro his e - ter - nal Son. A-men.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;

- And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

217.

C. M.

REDHEAD, 66.

1. My God! the cove-nant of thy love A - bides for ev - er sure;

And in its matchless grace I feel My hap - pi - ness se - cure. A - men.

- 2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus, my Guardian and my Friend,
And heaven my final home.
- 3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love;

- And when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.
- 4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
Shall heavenly rays impart,
Which, when my eyelids close in death,
Shall warm my chilling heart.

Baptism.

175

218. FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

MELCOMBE.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of thee?

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days? Amen.

2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star ;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus ! O as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun ;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus ! sinful pride ;
I'll boast a Saviour crucified ;
And O may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

218. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

SACRAMENT.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of thee?

Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days? Amen.

219.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. with Chorus.

SALVATION.



1. When, his sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The



children all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to his name ; Nor did their zeal of -



fend him, But as he rode a - long, He let them still at - tend him,



And smiled to hear their song. Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to Jesus they sang. Amen.



2 The loving Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill ;
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal Son :
Hosanna to Jesus we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words ?
No ; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.
Hosanna to Jesus our King.


220.

7.7.7.7.

INNOCENTS, or DURHAM.



1. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther give, God in whom we move and live ;



Children's prayers he deigns to hear, Children's songs delight his ear. A-men.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost ;

Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessèd Trinity,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that " God is love."

221.

C. M.

ST. JAMES.



1. How bless'd are they who al - ways keep The pure and per - fect way ;



Who nev - er from the sa - cred paths Of God's commandments stray. A-men.

2 How bless'd, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been ;
And have with fervent, humble zeal
His favour sought to win !

4 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed ;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will ;
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside ;
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide !

Catechism.

222.

C. M.

BALERMA.

1. O hap - py is the man who hears Re - li - gion's warn - ing voice,

And who ce - les - tial wis - dom make; His ear - ly, on - ly choice. A - men.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;

Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

223.

S. 7. S. 7.

STUTTGARD.

1. What a strange and wondrous sto - ry From the book of God is read; —

How the Lord of life and glo - ry Had not where to lay his head; A - men.

2 How he left his throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high!

3 Father! let thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,

And prepare me to inherit
Glory where he reigns above.

4 There, with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of his name.

224

C. M.

HOLY CROSS.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows!

How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dew - y rose. A - men.

2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age

Will shake the soul with scrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue
Were all alike divine: [crown'd,

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

225.

G.5.G.5.

STAINY.

1. Je - su, meek and gen - tle Son of God most high,

Pit - ying, lov - ing Sav - iour. Hear thy children's cry. A - men.

2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesu,
To the realms above.

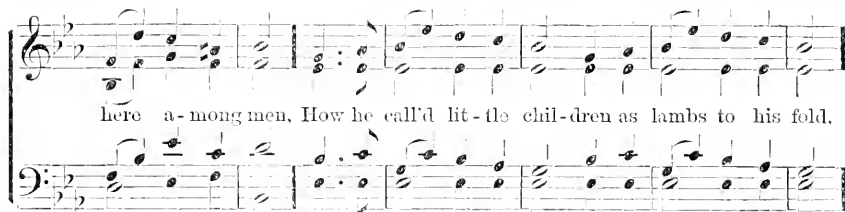
4 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness,
To celestial day.

5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear thy Children's cry.

226.

11.8.12.9.

AGNUS.



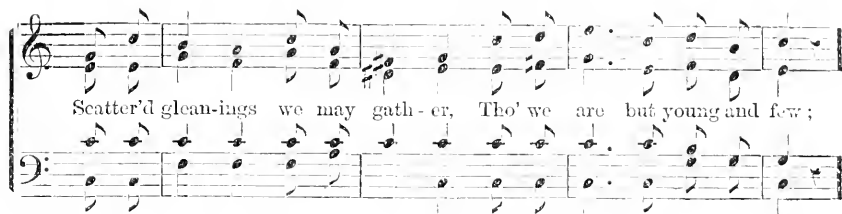
- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
Let the little ones come unto me.
- 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children shall be with him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus had bid them to come.

227.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

LITTLE CLUSTERS.





Scat-ter'd glean-ings we may gath-er, Tho' we are but young and few ;



Lit-tle clus-ters, lit-tle clus-ters, Help to fill the gar-ners too. A-men.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorned
While we work, and watch, and pray ;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till—sin's dominion falling—
Christ shall in his kingdom come,
And his children
Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be ;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to thee :
Hallelujah
Singing, all eternity.

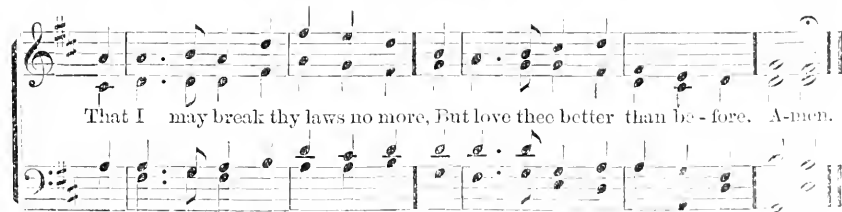
228.

L. M.

ALSTONE.



1. O write up-on my memory, Lord, The text and doc-trine of thy word ;



That I may break thy laws no more, But love thee better than be-fore. A-men.

2 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine ;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

Catechism.

229.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

HEMANS.



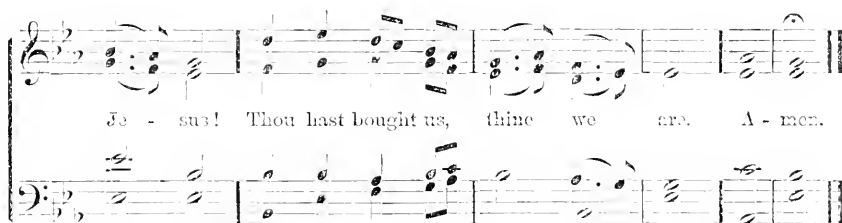
1. Sav - iour, Like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy



ten - der care : In thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us,



For our use thy folds pre - pare : Bless - ed Je - sus ! bless - ed



Je - sus ! Thou hast bought us, thine we are. A - men.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be ;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us ;
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
 Blessèd Jesus !
 Let us early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favour,
 Early let us learn thy will ;
 Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosoms fill :
 Blessèd Jesus !
 Thou hast loved us, —love us still.

230.

C. M.

MANCAH.

1. When Je - sus left his Fa-ther's throne, He chose an hum-ble birth;

Like us, un-honour'd and unknown, He came to dwell on earth. A-men.

- 2 Like him may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,
When mothers round him press'd;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom bless'd.
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,

- Thus in the circle of his arms
May we for ever lie.
- 5 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and
Their garments on the ground. [strow'd
- 6 Hosanna our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King!
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.

231.

C. M.

HORSLEY.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y-wall,

Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied Who died to save us all. A-men.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven.
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.
- 5 O, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

Catechism.

232.

FIRST TUNE.

G.5.G.5.G.5.G.5. with Chorus.

ONWARD

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe ;

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go. Onward, Christian soldiers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

CHORUS.—Voices in Unison.

- 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.
- 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

- 5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song ;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King ;
Th'is through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, &c.

232.

SECOND TUNE.

G.5,G.5.G.5,G.5. with Chorus.


MILBURN.



1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus




Go - ing on be - fore. Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads against the foe ;



CHORUS.—*Voices in Unison.*

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See his ban - ners go. Onward, Christian soldiers,



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
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Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, &c.

233.

3.7.3.7.7.7.

IRBY.



2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall ;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all his wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms he lay ;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

4 For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew ;
He was little, weak, and helpless.
Tears and smiles like us he knew ;
And he feebleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above ;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him ; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high ;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

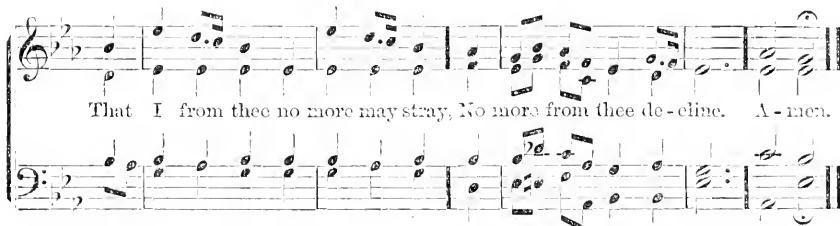
234.

C. M.

BURLINGTON.



That I from thee no more may stray, No more from thee de-cline. A-men.



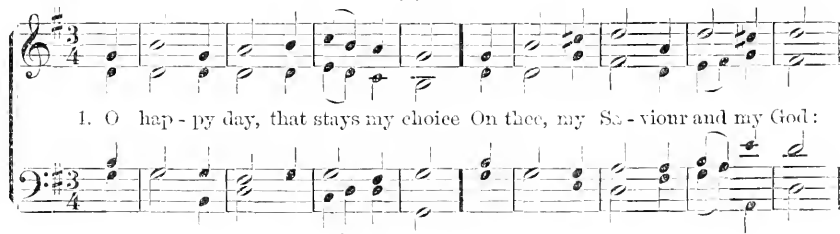
- 2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.
- 3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for thine own;

- That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship near thy throne.
- 4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

235.

L. M.

ANGELS.



1. O hap-py day, that stays my choice On thee, my Sa-viour and my God:



Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell thy goodness all abroad. A-men.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.
- 3 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest:

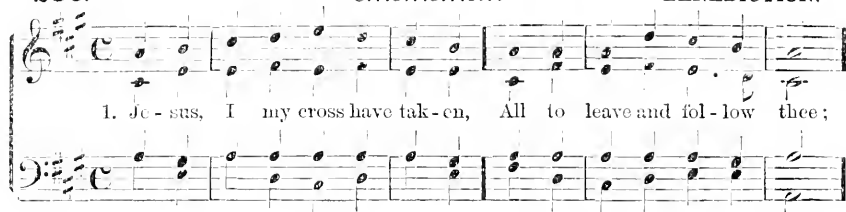
- Who with the world would grieve to part
When call'd on angels' food to feast?
- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Confirmation.

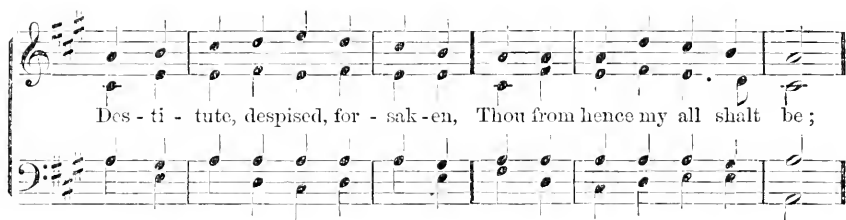
236.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

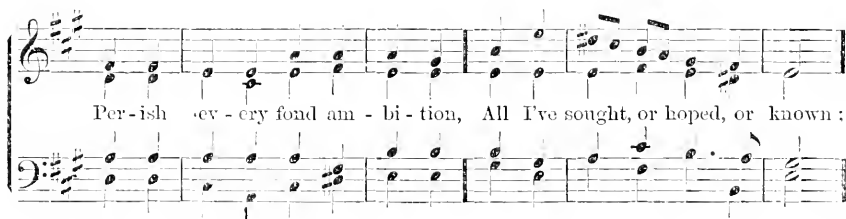
BENEDICTION.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee ;



Des - ti - tute, despised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be ;



Per - ish - ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known :



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

- 2 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me;
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.
- 3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear;

- Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 What a Father's smile is thine;
 What a Saviour died to win thee;
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?
- 4 Haste then on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Confirmation.

189

237.

G.C.4.G.C.G.4.

FIDELIS.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di -

vine! Now hear me while I pray: Take all my guilt a - way;

O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine. A - men.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

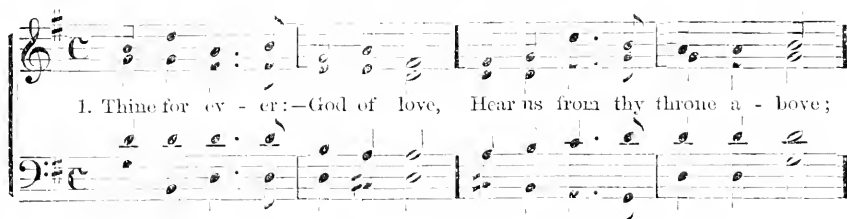
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransom'd soul.

Confirmation.

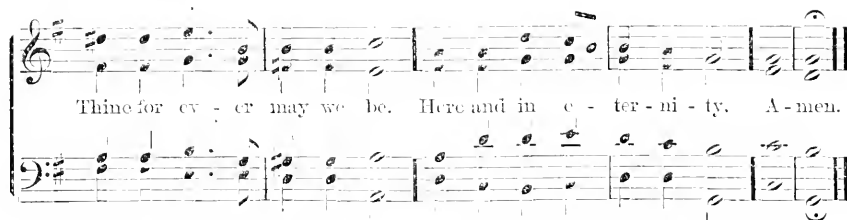
238.

7.7.7.7.

EVERMORE.



1. Thine for ever:—God of love, Hear us from thy throne above;



Thine for ever may we be. Here and in eter-ni-ty. A-men.

2 Thine for ever:—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou the life, the truth, the way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine for ever:—O how bless'd
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine for ever:—Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep:
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

5 Thine for ever:—thou our guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

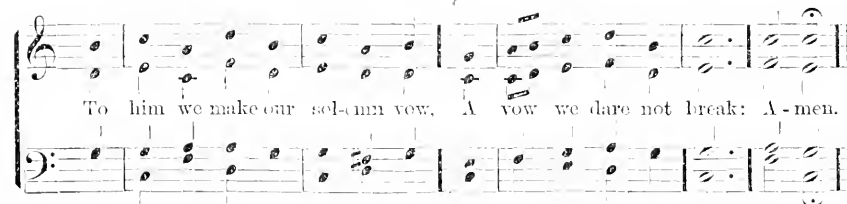
239.

C. M.

ST. ANN'S.



1. Wit-ness, ye men and an-gels: now Be-fore the Lord we speak;



To him we make our sol-emn vow, A vow we dare not break: A-men.

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,

That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

240.

L. M.

MELCOMBE.



1. Draw, Ho - ly Ghost, thy seven-fold veil Be-tween us and the fires of youth;



Breathe, Ho - ly Ghost, thy fresh'ning gale Our fevered brow in age to soothe. A-men.

2 For ever on our souls be traced
This blessing from the Saviour's hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land.

241.

S. S. S. S. S. S.

RALEIGH.



1 Lord, shall thy children come to thee? A boon of love di-vine we seek:



Brought to thine arms in in-fan-cy, Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,



Thy children pray for grace, that they May come themselves to thee to-day. A men.

2 Lord, shall we come? and come again.

Of as we see thy table spread,

And, tokens of thy dying pain,

The wine pour'd out, the broken bread?

Bless, thee, O Lord, thy children's prayer,

That they may come and find thee there.

3 Lord, shall we come? not thus alone

At holy time, or solemn rite;

But every hour till life be flown,

Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,

Come to thy throne of grace, that we

In faith, hope, love, confirm'd may be.

4 Lord, shall we come? come yet again?

Thy children ask one blessing more;

To come, not now alone;—but then.

When life, and death, and time are o'er.

Then, then to come, O Lord, and be

Confirm'd in heaven, confirm'd by thee.

Confirmation.

242.

D. L. M.

HAYES.

1. Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith and Spir-it's sword ;

Forth to the bat-tle may they go, And bel-d-ly fight a-against the foe,

With ban-ner of the cross un-fur'd, And by it o-ver-come the world ;

And so at last re-ceive from thee The palm and crown of vic-to-ry. A-men

2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
 And make thy servants' hearts thy home ;
 May each a living temple be,
 Hallow'd for ever, Lord, to thee ;
 Enrich that temple's holy shrine
 With sevenfold gifts of grace divine ;
 With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
 Strength counsel, fear, and godliness.

243.

S. M.

MCUNT EPHRAIM.



1. His mer - cy and his truth The right-eous Lord dis - plays, In



bring - ing wander-ing sin - ners home, And teach - ing them his ways. A - men.

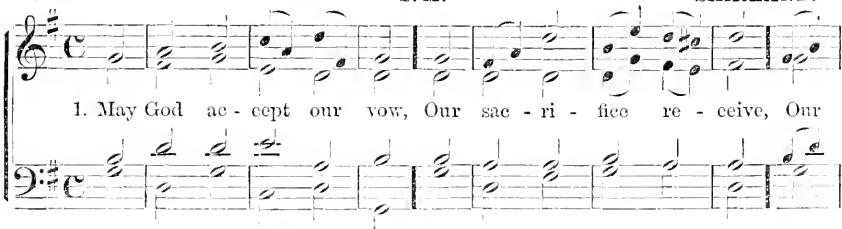
- 2 He those in justice guides
Who his direction seek ;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.
- 3 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,

- To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.
- 4 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts,
And does his gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts.

244.

S. M.

SHIRLAND.



1. May God ac - cept our vow, Our sac - ri - fice re - ceive, Our



heart's de - vout re - quest al - low, Our ho - ly wish-es give! A - men.

- 2 O Lord, thy saving grace
We joyfully declare ;
Our banner in thy name we raise—
"The Lord fulfil our prayer!"

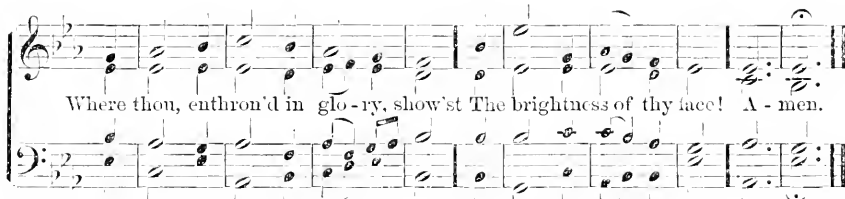
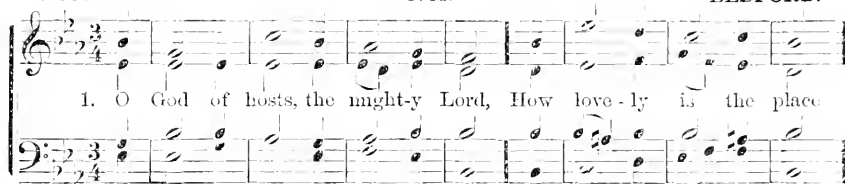
- 3 Now know we that the Lord
His chosen will defend ;
From heaven will strength divine afford,
And will their prayer attend.

Confirmation.

245.

C. M.

BEDFORD.



2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 Thrice happy they whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead.

4 Thus they proceed from strength to
And still approach more near; [strength,

Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

5 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

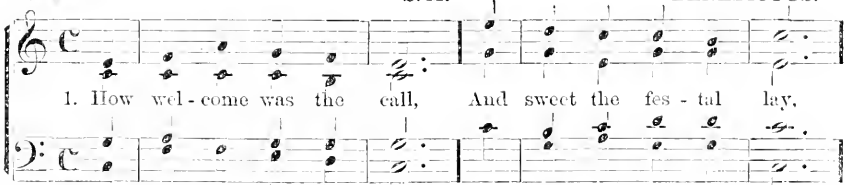
6 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly bless'd is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Are still reposed on thee!

Holy Matrimony.

246.

S. M.

BENEDICTUS.



2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart
For he who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 O Lord of life and love,
Come thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

4 O bless, as erst of old,
The bridegroom and the bride;
Bless with the holier stream that flow'd
Forth from thy pierc'd side.

5 Before thine altar throne
This mercy we implore;
As thou dost knit them. Lord, in one,
So bless them evermore.

247.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

DEVON.



1. Deign this union to approve, And confirm it, God of love, Bless thy servants: on their head



Now the oil of gladness shed; In this nuptial bond to thee Let them consecrated be. Amen.

2 In prosperity, be near,
To preserve them in their fear;
In affliction, let thy smile
All the woes of life beguile;
And when every change is past,
Take them to thyself at last.

248.

7.6.7.6.

OLD GERMAN TUNE.



1. The voice that breath'd o'er El - den, That ear - liest wed - ding - day,



The pri - mal mar - riage bless - ing, It hath not pass'd a - way. A - men.

2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.
3 Be present, awful Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:
4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly spouse dost seal!
6 O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace,
7 To cast their crowns before thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own bride they rise.

Visitation of the Sick.

249.

L. M.

WAREHAM.

1. Our hearts to thee in pray'r we bow, Je - sus, the heav'nly Bridegroom thou;

A - bide with us, and deign to bless Thy suppliant ones with happiness. A-men.

- 2 Be present, as at Cana's board,
With high and awful blessings stored;
To ask is ours, but only thine
To turn the water into wine.
- 3 Call'd to the marriage, thou dost shed
New grace upon the newly wed;
Be thine to seek thy presence dear,
And seeking, find it ever near.
- 4 O Christ, do thou to us impart
The blessing of the pure in heart:

- That we henceforth in thee abide,
True members of the spotless bride.
- 5 More bright that crown, than bridal wreath,
Which waits the faithful unto death;
And brighter than the bridegroom's joy
The bliss which never hath alloy.
- 6 Lord, grant us so to watch and guard
That this may be our great reward:
With virgin souls to follow thee,
And where thou art for aye to be.

250.

S.S.S.S.S.S.

CAREYS.

1. When gather-ing clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and

friends are few, On him I lean, who not in vain

Ex - pe - rienced ev - ery hu - man pain; He sees my wants, al -

lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears. A - men.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Still he who once vouchsafed to bear
Such bitter conflict with despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

251.

C. M.

ST. ANN'S.

1. Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be forgiven,

So let thy life our pattern be, And form our souls for heaven. A - men.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven.

Visitation of the Sick.

252. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

REDHEAD.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit-ter tears o'er-flow,

When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je-su, Son of Ma-ry, hear. A-men.

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,

Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known.
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

252. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

GUISEBOROUGH.

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit-ter tears o'er-flow,

When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je-su, Son of Ma-ry, hear. A-men.

Visitation of the Sick.

199

253.

D. C. M.

ST. MATTHEWS.



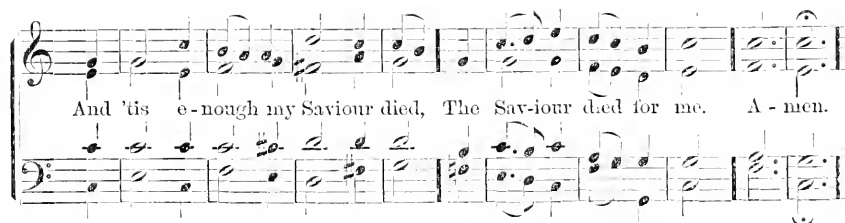
1. Thou art my hid - ing - place, O Lord! In thee I put my trust,



En - couraged by thy ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of du t.



I have no ar - gu - ment be - side, I urge no oth - er plea ;



And 'tis e - nough my Saviour died, The Sav - iour died for me. A - men.

2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil,
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flies to thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

3 Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body rack'd with pain,—
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

4 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away,—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
O give me strength in death to speak,
My Saviour died for me.

Visitation of the Sick.

254.

G.G.G.G.G.G.G.G.

ST. MARGARET.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord How-ev - er dark it be: Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me. Smooth let it be or rough, It will be
still the best; Wind-ing or straight, it leads Right on-ward to thy rest. A-men.

2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God;
So shall I walk aright.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem:
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

255.

C. M.

ARLINGTON.

1. When mis - ing sor - row weeps the past, And mourns the pres - ent pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last, And feel that death is gain! A-men.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will,
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still;
3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.
4 It is that hope with ardour glows
To see him face to face,

Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.
5 It is that tortur'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.
6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night
My Saviour's bliss to share!

Visitation of the Sick.

201

256. FIRST TUNE.

S.S.S.4.

TROYTES CHANT.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray, Far from my home, on life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - men.

2 Tho' dark my path, and | sad my | lot, ||
Let me be still and | murmur | not,
Or breathe the prayer di- | vinely | taught,
"Thy | will be | done."

3 What though in lonely | grief I | sigh ||
For friends beloved no | longer | nigh,
Submissive still would | I re- | ply,
"Thy | will be | done."

4 If thou shouldst call me | to re- | sign ||
What most I prize—it | ne'er was | mine ;

I only yield thee | what is | thine—
"Thy | will be | done."

5 Let but my fainting | heart be | blest ||
With thy sweet Spirit | for its | guest,
My God, to thee I | leave the | rest ;
"Thy | will be | done."

6 Renew thy will from | day to | day, ||
Blend it with thine, and | take a- | way
All that now makes it | hard to | say,
"Thy | will be | done."

256. SECOND TUNE.

S.S.S.4.

SUBMISSION.

1. My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray, Far from my home, on life's rough way,

O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - men.

Visitation of the Sick.

257.

8.6.8.6.4.1.8.8.

VARICK STREET.

1. Whate'er my God or-dains is right; His will is ev - er just; Howe'er he

or-ders now my cause, I will be still and trust, He is my God; Tho' dark my road,

He holds me that I shall not fall, Wherefore to him I leave it all. Amen.

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 He never will deceive ;
 He leads me by the proper path,
 And so to him I cleave,
 And take content
 What he hath sent ;
 His hand can turn my griefs away,
 And patiently I wait his day.

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 Though I the cup must drink
 That bitter seems to my faint heart,
 I will not fear nor shrink ;
 Tears pass away
 With dawn of day ;
 Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
 And pain and sorrow all depart.

4 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 My Light, my Life is he,
 Who cannot will me aught but good ;
 I trust him utterly ;
 For well I know,
 In joy or woe,
 We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
 How faithful was our Guardian here.

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right ;
 Here will I take my stand,
 Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
 For me a desert land.
 My Father's care
 Is round me there,
 He holds me that I shall not fall ;
 And so to him I leave it all.

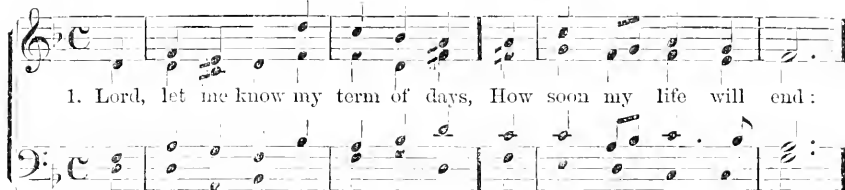
Burial of the Dead.

263

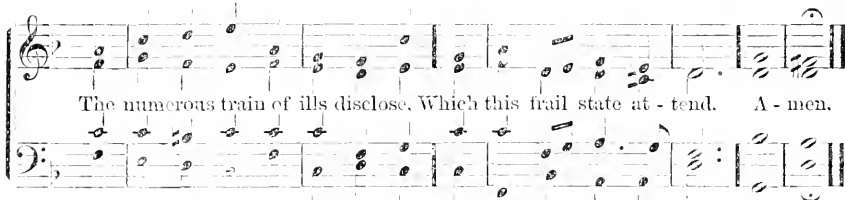
258.

C. M.

ST. MARYS.



1. Lord, let me know my term of days, How soon my life will end :



The numerous train of ills disclose, Which this frail state at - tend. A - men.

2 My life, thou know'st, is but a span,

A cipher sums my years ;

And every man, in best estate,

But vanity appears.

3 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,

With fruitless cares oppress'd ;

He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell

By whom 'twill be possess'd.

4 Why then should I on worthless toys

With anxious cares attend ?

On thee alone my steadfast hope

Shall ever, Lord, depend.

5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,

And listen to my prayer,

Who sojourn like a stranger here,

As all my fathers were.

6 O spare me yet a little time ;

My wasted strength restore,

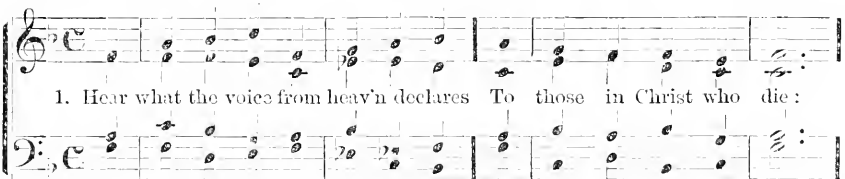
Before I vanish quite from hence

And shall be seen no more.

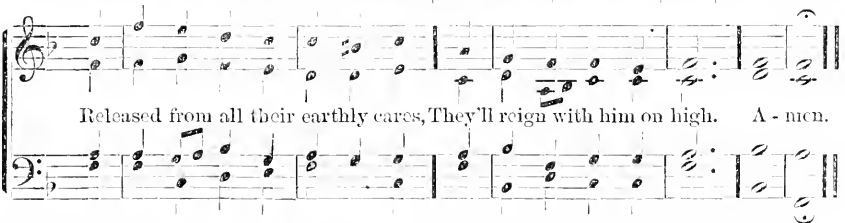
259.

C. M.

DUNDEE.



1. Hear what the voice from heav'n declares To those in Christ who die :



Released from all their earthly cares, They'll reign with him on high. A - men.

2 Then why lament departed friends,

Or shake at death's alarms ?

Death's but the servant Jesus sends

To call us to his arms.

3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,

Death hath no sting beside ;

The law gave sin its strength and power,

But Christ, our ransom, died.

4 The grave of all his saints he bless'd,

When in the grave he lay :

And, rising thence, their hopes he rais'd

To everlasting day.

5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,

To Christ, our life, we'll sing,

"Where is thy victory, O grave ?

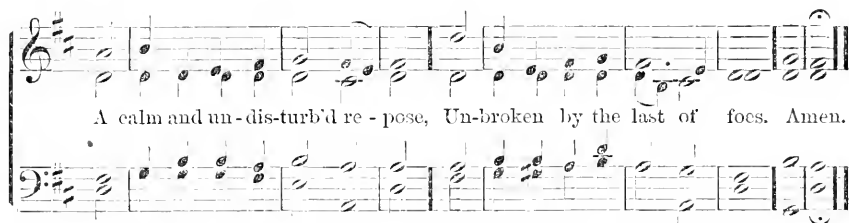
And where, O death, thy sting ?"

Burial of the Dead.

260.

L. M.

RAYMOND.



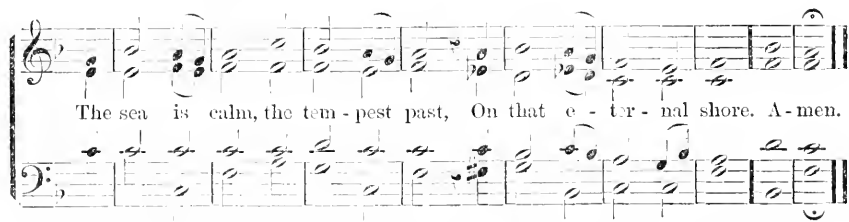
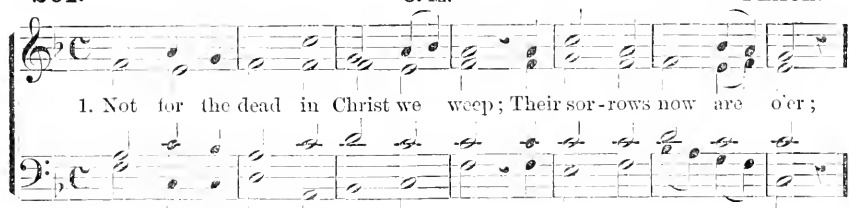
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

261.

C. M.

PEACE.



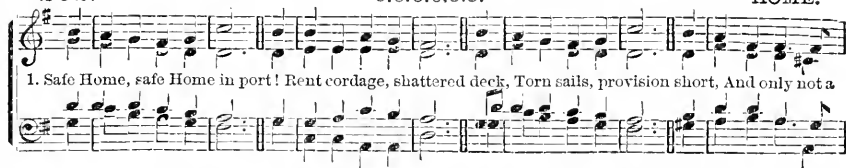
- 2 Their peace is seal'd, their rest is sure,
Within that better home;
A while we weep and linger here,
Then follow to the tomb.
- 3 And though no vision'd dream of bliss
Nor trance of rapture show

- Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest from human woe;
- 4 Jesus! our shadowy path illumine,
And teach the chaste'n'd mind
To welcome all that's left of good,
To all that's lost resign'd.

262.

G.G.G.G.8.8.

HOME.



2 The prize, the prize secure!
The warrior nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on!

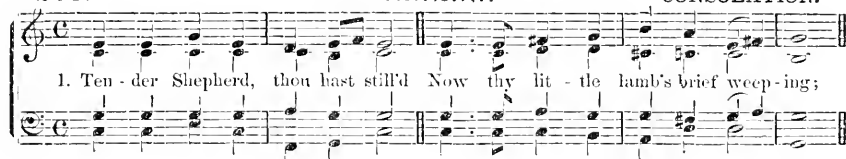
3 No more the foe can harm:
No more of leaguer'd camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he fail'd,—
How nearly had that foe prevail'd!

4 The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penn'd;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

263.

7.8.7.8.7.7.

CONSOLATION.



2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love

Churching Office.

264.

C. M.

ABRIDGE.

1. My soul with grate-ful thoughts of love En - tire - ly is pos-sessed

Be-cause the Lord vouchsafed to hear The voice of my re-quest. A - men.

- 2 Since he has now his ear inclined,
I never will despair;
But still in each event of life
To him address my prayer.

For those at Sea.

265.

G.4.G.4.5.4.G.4.

TINSLEY.

1. Fierce was the wild billow, Dark was the night, Oars labored heavily, Foam glimmer'd white;

Mariners trembled, Peril was nigh! Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I." A - men.

- 2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest;
Wail of the tempest-wind,
Be thou at rest;
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly—
Where saith the Light of light,
"Peace! It is I."

- 3 Jesu, Deliverer,
Come thou to me:
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth—
"Peace! It is I!"

266.

12.12.12.12.

SULLIVANS.

Not too fast. p

1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is stream-ing, When

o'er the dark wave the red light-ning is gleam-ing, Nor

Cres. *f*
hope lends a ray the poor sea-man to cher-ish, We

Dim. *p*
fly to our Mak-er: "Save, Lord, or we per-ish." A-men.

2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

3 And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish."

For those at Sea.

267.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

MELITA.

1. E - ter - nal Father ! strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,

Who bid'st the mighty o - cean deep Its own ap - point - ed lim - its keep ;

O hear us when we cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea. Amen.

2 O Christ! whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;

O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 Most Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,

And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power !
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
Thus evermore shall rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

268.

S. M.

MOUNT EPHRAIM.

1. O thou who didst pre - pare The o - cean's sound - ing deep, And



bid the gath-er-ing wa - ters there In migh - ty con - course sweep: A-men.

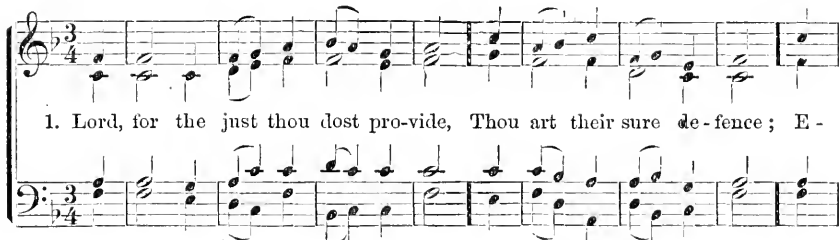
- 2 Toss'd in our reeling bark
On this tumultuous sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And lift our hearts to thee.
- 3 Jesus is nigh, who trod
Of old that foaming spray,

- Whose billows own'd the incarnate God,
And died in calm away.
- 4 Though swells the threatening tide,
Mounting to heaven above,
We know in whom our souls confide,
And fearless trust his love.

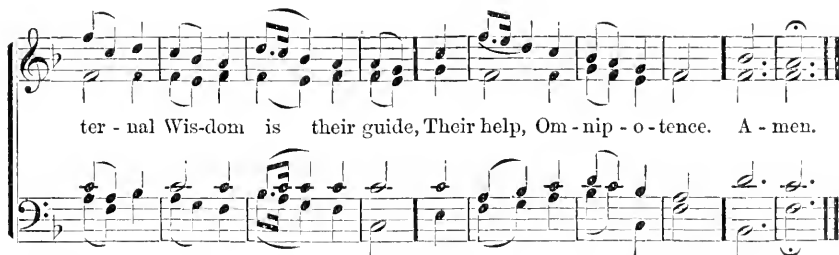
269.

C. M.

IRISH.



1. Lord, for the just thou dost pro-vide, Thou art their sure de-fence; E -



ter - nal Wis-dom is their guide, Their help, Om - nip - o - tence. A - men.

- 2 Though they through foreign lands should
And breathe the tainted air [roam
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.
- 3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,
Makes every country please;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas.
- 4 When waves on waves, on heaven uprear'd,
Defied the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;
- 5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave:
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save.
- 6 Thou gav'st the word, the winds did cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And every wave was still.
- 7 For this, my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

Ordination.

270.

L. M.

FEDERAL STREET.

1. Lord, pour thy Spir-it from on high, And thine or-dain-ed servants bless;

Gra-ces and gifts to each sup-ply, And clothe thy priests with righteousness. A-men.

2 Within thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand
Let all thy Church's pastors be.

3 Wisdom, and zeal, and love impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love;

4 To love, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, form the saint,
To feed thy lambs, and tend thy sheep.

5 So, when their work is finish'd here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
So, when their Master shall appear,
They may with crowns of glory shine.

271.

L. M.

GRACE CHURCH.

1. Fa-ther of mercies, bow thine ear, At-ten-tive to our ear-nest prayer:

We plead for those who plead for thee; Successful pleaders may they be. A-men.

2 How great their work, how vast their charge;
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;

Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distress'd souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Sion rear her drooping head.

272.

S. S. 7. S. S. 7.

EVANGELISTS.

1. Come pure hearts, in sweet-est mea-sures Sing of those who

spread the trea-sures In the ho - ly Gos - pels shrined ;

Bless - ed ti - dings of sal - va - tion, Peace on earth their

pro - cla - ma - tion, Love from God to lost man - kind. A - men.

2 See the Rivers four that gladden
 With their streams the better Eden
 Planted by our Lord most dear ;
 Christ the fountain, these the waters ;
 Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
 Drink and find salvation here.

3 O that we, thy truth confessing,
 And thy holy word possessing,
 Jesu, may thy love adore ;
 Unto thee our voices raising,
 Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
 Ever and for evermore.

Ordination.

273.

L. M.

MISSIONARY CHANT.

1. Go forth, ye her-alds, in my name, Sweetly the Gos-pel trum-pet sound ;

The glorious ju - bi-lee pro-claim, Where'er the human race is found. A-men.

- 2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes
- 3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;

- And let your heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commission'd from above.
- 4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give ;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

Consecration of Bishops.

274.

D. C. M.

COMPTON.

1. How beau - ti - ful the feet that bring The glad-some ti - dings here !

What gra - cious mes - sen - gers e'en now To our blest eyes ap - pear !

These are the stars which God ap - points For guides in - to our way.



To lead to the true Beth-le-hem, Where Christ is found al - way. A-men.

- 2 These are our God's ambassadors,
By whom his mind we know ;
God's angels in his nether heaven ;
His heralds here below !
Sprinkled by them, the souls arise
That did in Adam die,
And, fed by them with bread from heaven,
Were train'd for rest on high.
- 3 Thy servants speak ; thou only dost
The hearing ear bestow ;
They smite the rock, but thou alone
Dost bid the waters flow.
They seek, but only thou hast skill
To bring the wanderers home :
They call, but thy love must compel,
And then the invited come.

- 4 Lord, thou art in them of a truth,
Lest we should go astray ;
The twelve bright banners march before,
And show us Canaan's way.
Bless we thy name who grants us here
To sing in Sion's ways,
And then, on heavenly Sion's hill,
To sing eternal praise.

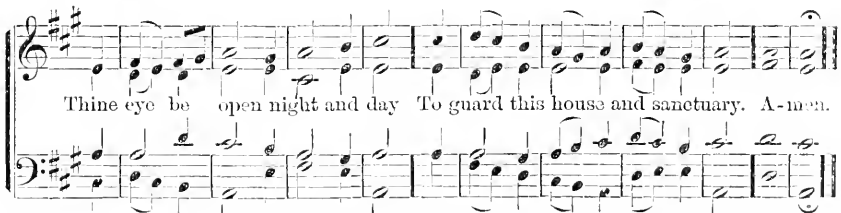
275.

L. M.

WAREHAM.



1. This stone to thee in faith we lay ; We build the tem - ple, Lord, to thee ;



Thine eye be open night and day To guard this house and sanctuary. A-men.

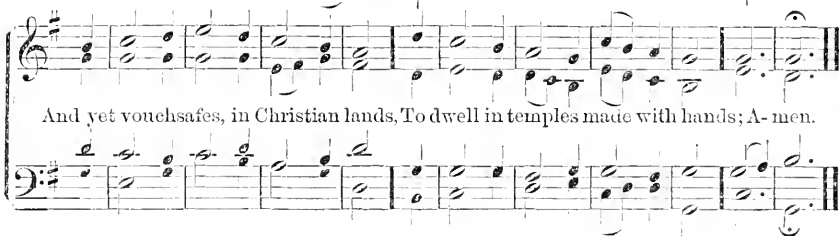
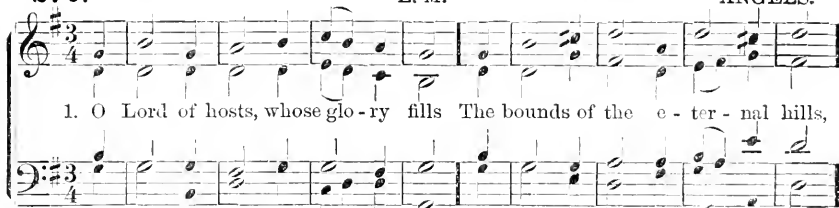
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, O forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna ! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song,
Hosanna ! let their angels sing [long.
And heaven with earth the strain pro-
- 5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign ?
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?
- 6 That glory never hence depart ;
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone :
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

Laying of a Corner Stone.

276.

L. M.

ANGELS.



- 2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.
- 3 Endue the creatures with thy grace
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

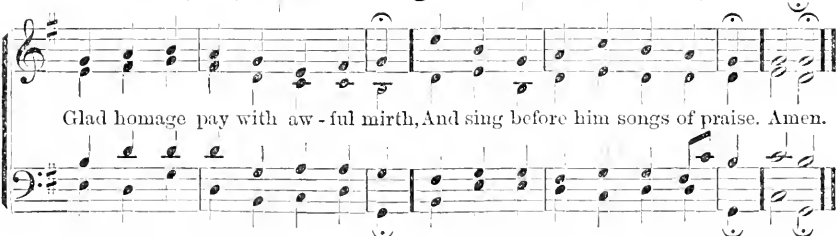
- 4 To thee they all pertain; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne
We but present thee with thine own.
- 5 The heads that guide endue with skill;
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

Consecration of Churches and Chapels.

277.

L. M.

OLD 100th.



- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;

- And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

278. FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

OLD ST. MARTINS.

1. I'll wash my hands in in - no-cence, And round thine al - tar go ;

The musical score for the first tune is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the first staff.

Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence, And thence thy wonders show. A-men.

The second system of the first tune continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the first staff.

2 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels ;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thine honour dwells.

278. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

ST. FULBERT.

1. I'll wash my hands in in - no-cence, And round thine al - tar go ;

The musical score for the second tune is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in common time (C) with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the first staff.

Pour the glad hymn of triumph thence, And thence thy wonders show. A - men.

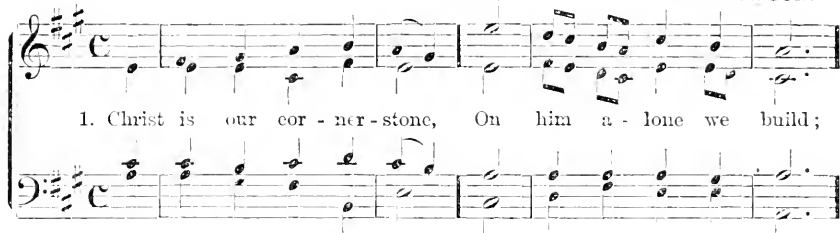
The second system of the second tune continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are printed below the first staff.

Consecration of Churches.

279.

G.G.G.G.4.4.4.4.


HAREWOOD.



1. Christ is our cor - ner - stone, On him a - lone we build;



With his true saints a - lone The courts of heaven are filled:



On his great love Our hopes we place Of present grace And joys a - bove. Amen.

2 O then with hymns of praise
 These hallowed courts shall ring,
 Our voices we will raise
 The Three in One to sing;
 And thus proclaim
 In joyful song
 Both loud and long
 That glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do thou
 For evermore draw nigh;
 Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh:
 In copious shower
 On all who pray
 Each holy day
 Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
 The grace which we implore;
 And may that grace, once given,
 Be with us evermore,
 Until that day
 When all the blest
 To endless rest
 Are called away.

Consecration of Churches.

217

280.

C. M.

COVENTRY.

1. O with due reverence let us all To God's a-bode re-pair;

And prostrate at his foot-stool fall, To breathe our humble pray'r. A-men.

2 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence bless'd.

3 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy anointed's voice.

281.

C. M.

MEAR.

1. O 'twas a joy-ful sound to hear Our tribes de-vout-ly say,

Up, Is-rael! to the tem-ple haste, And keep your fes-tal day. A-men.

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

3 O ever pray for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosp'rous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

4 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;

With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crown'd.

5 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray, May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

6 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

Consecration of Churches.

282.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

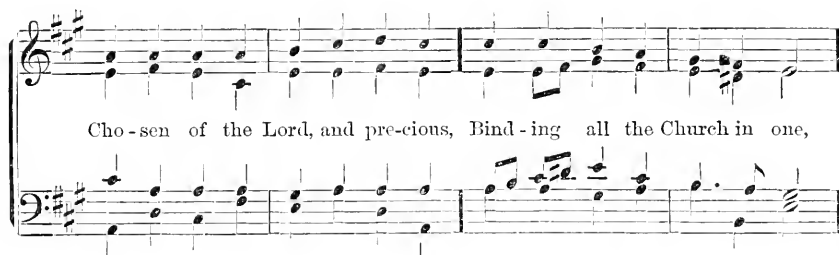
ORIEL.



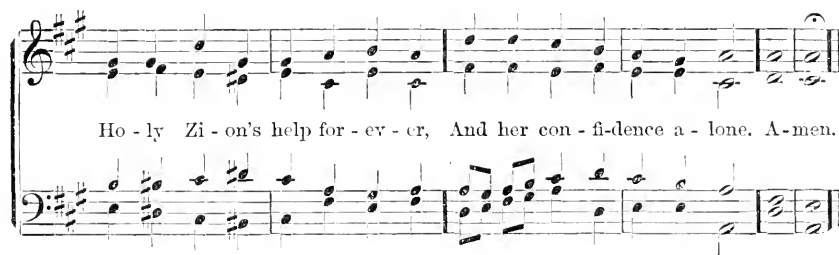
1. Christ is made the sure found-a-tion, Christ the head and cor-ner-stone,



Cho-sen of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the Church in one,



Ho-ly Zi-on's help for-ev-er, And her con-fi-dence a-lone. A-men.



- 2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody ;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day :
With thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear thy servants as they pray ;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

- 4 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee for ever
With the bless'd to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.
- 5 Praise and honour to the Father,
Praise and honour to the Son,
Praise and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory.
While eternal ages run.

283.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

MISSIONARY HYMN.



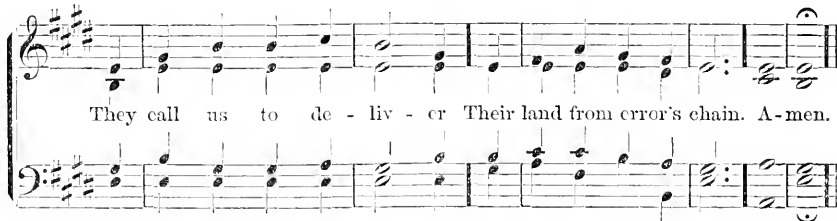
1. From Greenland's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain. A-men.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Missions and Charities.


284. FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

HAMBURG.



1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run ;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. Amen.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

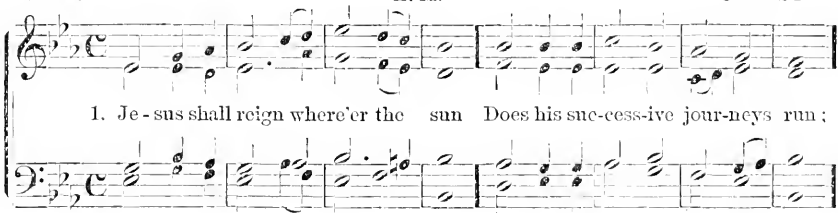
4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

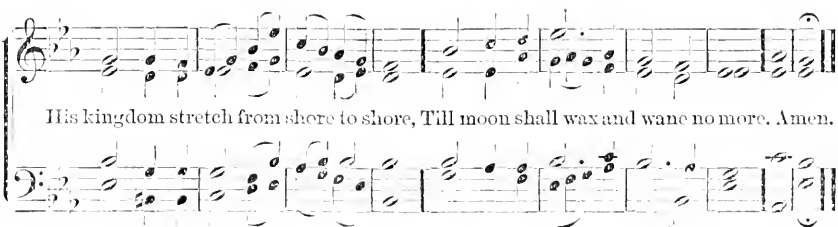
284. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

DUKE ST.



1. Je-sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run ;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moon shall wax and wane no more. Amen.

285.

S. M.

ST. THOMAS.



1. To bless thy cho-sen race, In mer-cy, Lord, in-cline;
And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine: A-men.

- 2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.
- 3 O let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

- 4 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.
- 5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

286.

C. M.

BELGRAVE.



1. On Si-on and on Le-ba-non, On Car-mel's blooming leight, On
Sharon's fertile plains, once shone The glo-ry, pure and bright. A-men.

- 2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Stream'd forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day;
And still its beams expand.
- 3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illumine;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom.
- 4 But ah! our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light;

- No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.
- 5 Thou, who didst lighten Sion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.
- 6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,
May all our forests smile;
And may our borders blossom wide
Like Sharon's fruitful soil.

Missions and Charities.

287.

L. M.

TRURO.

1. Arm of the Lord, a-wake, a-wake, Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;

And let the world a-dor-ing see Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee. Amen.

2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone :
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home ;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name ;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

288.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

ST. LOUIS.

1. O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;

All the prom-is-es do trav-ail With a glo-rious day of grace.

Bless - ed ju - bi - lee, Let thy glo - rious morning dawn. A - men.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light,
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night :
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, eternal Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease :
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase :
May thy sceptre
Sway the enlighten'd world around.

289.

L. M.

OLD 100th.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;

Je - ho - vah's glorious name be sung Through every land, by every tongue. Amen.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Missions and Charities.

290.

L. M.

MISSIONARY CHANT.

1. Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim Sal - va - tion in Em - manuel's name:

To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there. A-men.

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then may we meet to part no more,—
Meet, with the ransomed throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

291.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

ENDSLEIGH.

1. And is the time ap - proach - ing, By proph - ets long fore - told,

When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One shep - herd and one fold?

Shall ex - ery i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown.

And ev-ry pray'r be of-fered, To God in Christ a-lone? A-men.

- 2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?
- 3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?

- Shall war be learn'd no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?
- 4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray, and hope, and labour,
Till the dark night be gone.

292.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

ST. ENOCH.

1. Souls in heathen dark-ness ly-ing, Where no light has brok-en thro',

Souls that Je-sus bought by dy-ing, Whom his soul in tra-vail knew—

Thousand voic-es, thousand voic-es Call us, o'er the wa-ters blue. Amen.

- 2 Christians, hearken! None has taught
Of his love so deep and dear; [them]
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.
- 3 Haste, O haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings


- Rise against us when we stand
In the judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.
- 4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiteen,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations! lead us o'er;
When we seek them,
Let thy Spirit go before.

Missions and Charities.


293.

S.S.6.S.8.6.

MISSION.



1. When, Lord, to this our western land, Led by thy pro - vi - den - tial hand,



Our wandering fa - thers came, Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,



Sent forth the heralds of thy truth, To keep them in thy name. A-men.

2 Then, through our solitary coast.
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And O may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land:
There, brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam;
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour, we own this debt of love:
O shed thy spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name,
Through all our desert west.

294.

L. M.

WARRINGTON.



1. O why should Is - rael's sons once bless'd, Still roam the scorn - ing



world a - round; Dis-own'd of heaven, by man op - press'd,



Out - casts from Zi - on's hal - low'd ground? A - men.

- 2 O God of Israel, view their race;
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain, [light;
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious

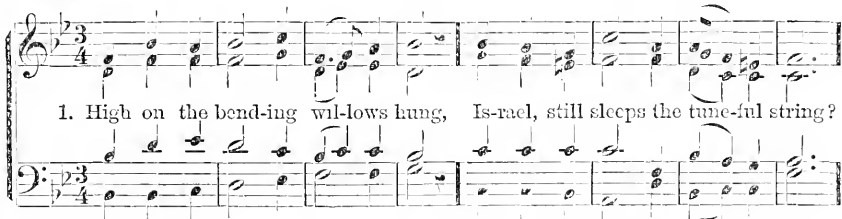
The sever'd olive-branch again
To its own parent stock unite.

- 4 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall
With eager feet one temple throng, [raise
One God with grateful rapture praise.

295.

L. M.

GERMANY.



1. High on the bend-ing wil-lows hung, Is-rael, still sleeps the tune-ful string?



Still mute remains the sul-len tongue, And Si-on's song de-nies to sing? A - men.

- 2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.
- 3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

- 4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.
- 5 Then why, on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Sion's song delays to sing?

Missions and Charities.

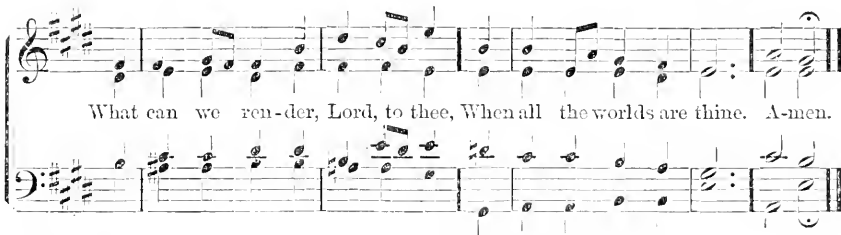
296.

C. M.

RUSSELL.



What can we ren-der, Lord, to thee, When all the worlds are thine. A-men.



2 But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face,

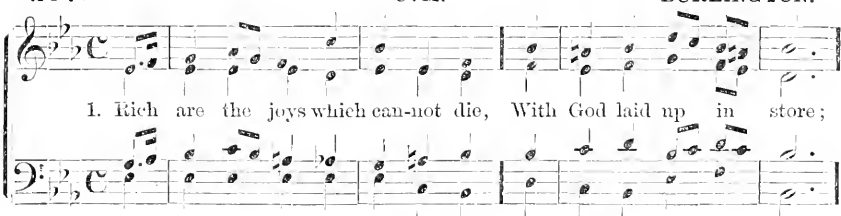
3 In their sad accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard ;
In them thou may'st be clothed, and fed :
And visited, and cheer'd.

4 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in thy poor would see ;
For, while we minister to them,
We do it, Lord, to thee.

297.

C. M.

BURLINGTON.



Treasures be-yond the churning sky, Brighter than gold-en ore. A-men.



2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 All that my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay ;
Grace shall the humble gitt receive
Abounding grace repay.

298.

S. M.

SILCHESTER.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed; At eve hold not thy hand; To
doubt and fear give thou no heed, Broad-cast it o'er the land. A-men.

2 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the chosen germ alive,
When and wherever srown.
3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,

The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full eorn at length.
4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

299.

S. M.

MOUNT EPHRAIM.

1. We give thee but thine own, What-e'er the gift may be: All
that we have is thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee. A-men.

2 May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blestest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.
3 O! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.
4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,

To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angel's work below.
5 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.
6 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be:
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

Missions and Charities.

390.

D. C. M.

ST. LEONARD.

p

1. Lord, lead the way the Sav-iour went, By lane and cell ob-seure,

p

And let love's trea-sures still be spent, Like his, up-on the poor;

Like him thro' scenes of deep dis-tress, Who bore the world's sad weight,

We, in their crowded lone-li-ness, Would seek the des-o-late. A-men.

2 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill,
And, that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

Mean are all offerings we can make,
But thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

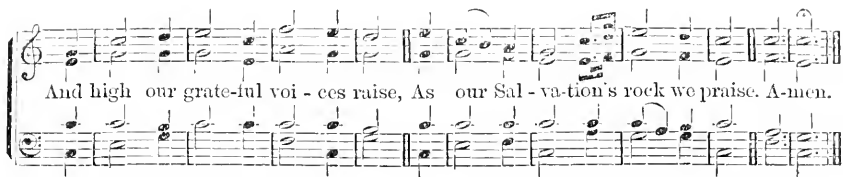
Thanksgiving and Harvest-Home.

301.

L. M.

WINCHESTER NEW.

1. O come, loud anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al-migh-ty King,



2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;

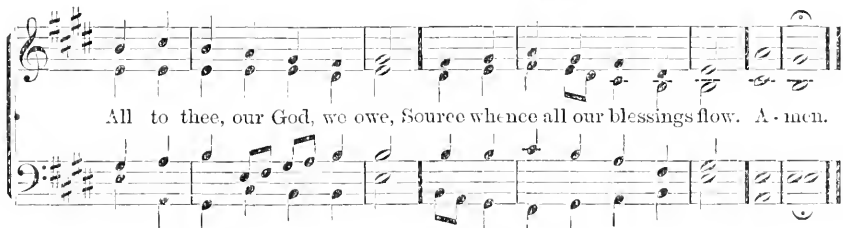
The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command.

4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Low on our kne s with reverence fall,
And on the Lord our Maker call.

302. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

MARTINIS.



2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain :
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores ;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams :
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Thanksgiving.

302. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

DIX.

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;

Bounteous source of ev - ery joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy :

All to thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow. A - men.

- 2 All the blessings of the fields,
 All the stores the garden yields,
 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
 All the plenty summer pours,

Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores:
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

- 4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
 Private bliss and public wealth,
 Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
 Pure religion's holier beams:
 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

303.

6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

NUN DANKET.

1. Now thank we all our God, With hearts and hands and voice - es,

Who wondrous things hath done, In whom his world re - joice - es;

Thanksgiving.

293



Who from our moth-er's arms Hath bless'd us on our way



With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to-day. A-men.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his graee,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

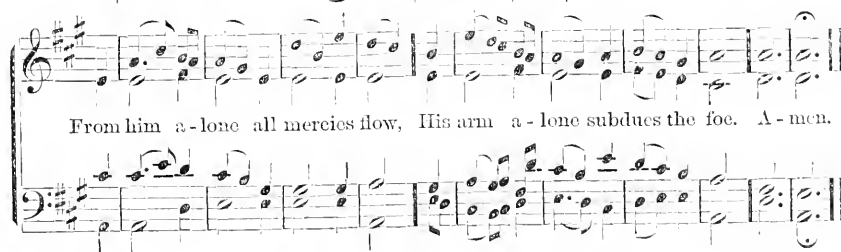
304.

L. M.

ATLANTIC.



1. Sal-va-tion doth to God be-long, His pow'r and grace shall be our song ;



From him a-lone all mercies flow, His arm a-lone subdues the foe. A-men.

2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer ;
And though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

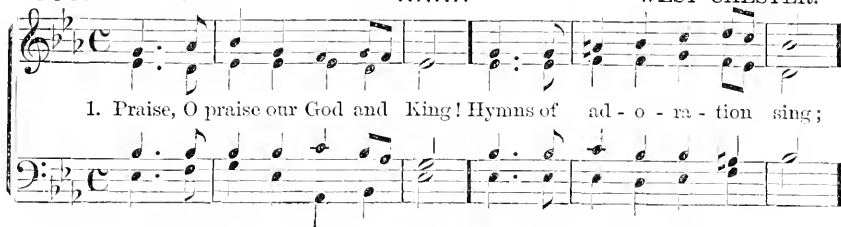
3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King.

Thanksgiving.

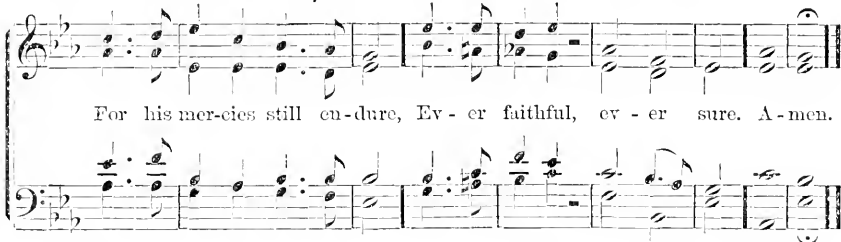
305. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

WEST CHESTER.



1. Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad-o-ra-tion sing;



For his mer-cies still en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure. A-men.

2 Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;

For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise him for our harvest-store
He has fill'd the garner-floor;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

7 And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

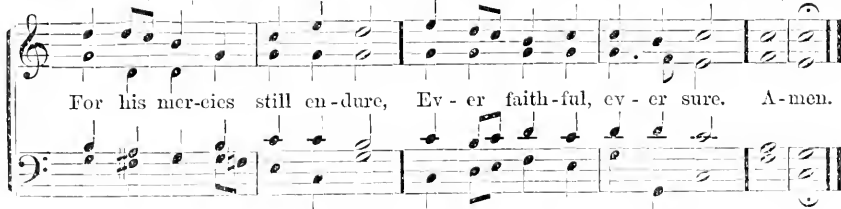
305. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

MARKLAND.



1. Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad-o-ra-tion sing;



For his mer-cies still en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure. A-men.

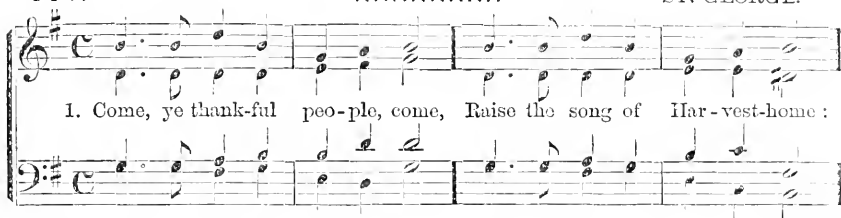
Thanksgiving.

235

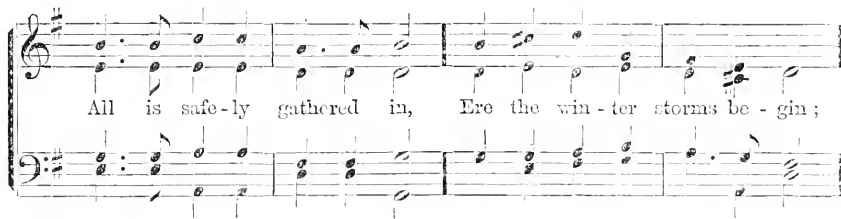
306. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

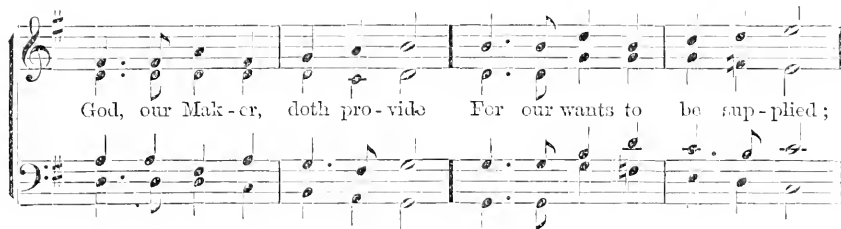
ST. GEORGE.



1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home :



All is safe-ly gathered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin ;



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied ;



Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home. A-men.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown :
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home :
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away ;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home :
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide :
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

Thanksgiving.

306. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

THANKSGIVING.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-home :

All is safe-ly gathered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin ;

God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vid- For our wants to be sup-plied :

Come to God's own tem-ple, come. Raise the song of Har-vest-home. A-men.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown :
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

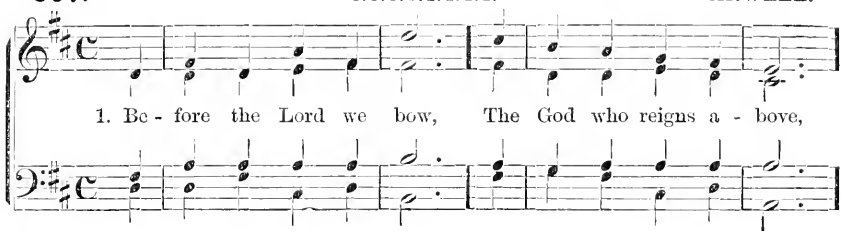
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And shall take his harvest home :
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away ;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To thy final Harvest-home :
Gather thou thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There for ever purified,
In thy presence to abide :
Come with all thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

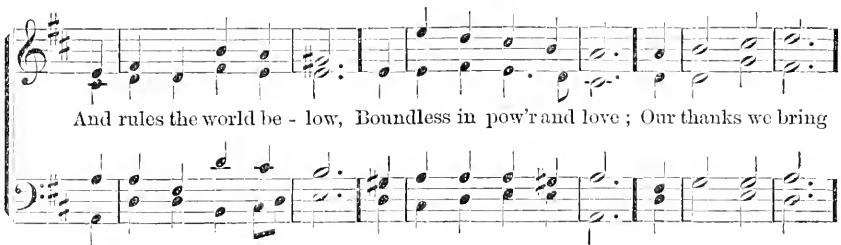
307.

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

DARWELL.



1. Be - fore the Lord we bow, The God who reigns a - bove,



And rules the world be - low, Boundless in pow'r and love ; Our thanks we bring



In joy and praise, Our hearts we raise, To heaven's high King. A - men.

2 The nation thou hast blest
May well thy love declare,
From foes and fears at rest,
Protected by thy care.
For this fair land,
For this bright day,
Our thanks we pay—
Gifts of thy hand.

3 May every mountain height,
Each vale and forest green,
Shine in thy word's pure light,
And its rich fruits be seen !
May every tongue
Be tuned to praise,
And join to raise
A grateful song.

4 Earth ! hear thy Maker's voice,
The great Redeemer own,
Believe, obey, rejoice,
And worship him alone ;
Cast down thy pride,
Thy sin deplore,
And bow before
The Crucified.


5 And when in power he comes,
O may our native land,
From all its rending tombs,
Send forth a glorious band ;
A countless throng
Ever to sing
To heaven's high King
Salvation's song.

National Festivals.

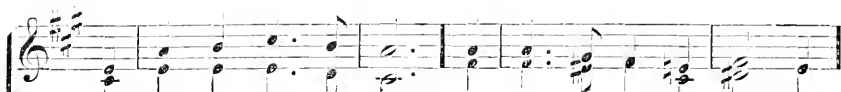
308.

G.7.G.7.G.G.G.G.

ROSE ST.



1. Lord God we wor-ship thee! In loud and hap-py cho-rus;



We praise thy love and power, Whose good-ness reign-eth o'er us.



To heaven our song shall soar, For ev-er shall it be Re-



sound-ing o'er and o'er, Lord God, we wor-ship thee! A-men.

2 Lord God, we worship thee!
 For thou our land defendest;
 Thou pourest down thy grace,
 And strife and war thou endest.
 Since golden peace, O Lord,
 Thou grantest us to see,
 Our land, with one accord,
 Lord God, gives thanks to thee!

3 Lord God, we worship thee!
 Thou didst indeed chastise us,
 Yet still thy anger spares,
 And still thy mercy tries us:
 Once more our Father's hand
 Doth bid our sorrows flee,
 And peace rejoice our land:
 Lord God, we worship thee!

National Festivals.

239

309.

G.G.4.G.G.G.4.

AMERICA.

1. God bless our na - tive land ! Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and
 night ; When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of winds and wave,
 Do thou our coun - try save By thy great night. A - men.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies ;
 On him we wait ;
 Thou who art ever nigh
 Guarding with watchful eye
 To thee aloud we cry,
 God save the state !

National Fasts.

310.

G.7.2.7.

BATTY.

1. Dread Je - ho - vah, God of na - tions, From thy tem - ple in the skies,
 Hear thy peo - ple's sup - pli - ca - tions, Now for their de - liverance rise. A - men.

2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
 Humbly at thy feet we bend ;
 Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.
 3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call.

Thou hast mercy more abounding,
 Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.
 4 Let that love veil our transgression,
 Let that blood our guilt efface ;
 Save thy people from oppression,
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

311.

C. M.

NORTHAMPTON.

1. Al - night - y Lord, be - fore thy throne Thy mourning peo - ple bend ;

'Tis on thy pardoning grace a-lone Our dy - ing hopes de-pend. A - men.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name !

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord !

Convert us by thy grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not yield to fear,
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When thou, O God, art near.

312.

L. M.

PROAL.

1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease ;

The wrath of sin-ful man restrain, Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain. A-men.

2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told ;
Remember not our sin's dark stain ;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord ?
Where rest but on thy faithful word ?

None ever called on thee in vain ;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

5 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love ;
O bind us in that heavenly chain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

313. FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

WELLS.

1. Now may the God of grace and power At - tend his peo - ple's hum - ble cry ;

Defend them in the needful hour, And send deliverance from on high. A - men.

2 In his salvation is our hope :

And in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,

And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,

And let our trust be firm and strong.

Till thy salvation shall appear,

And hymns of peace conclude our song.

313. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

ST. LUKE.

1. Now may the God of grace and power At - tend his peo - ple's hum - ble cry ;

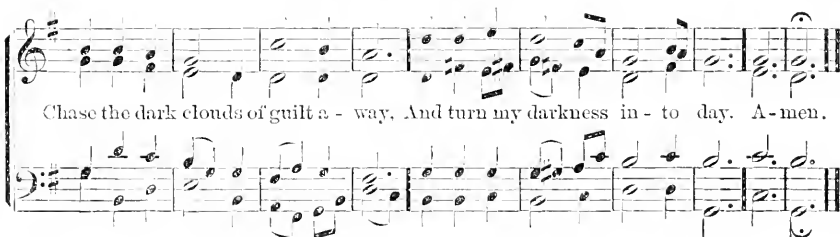
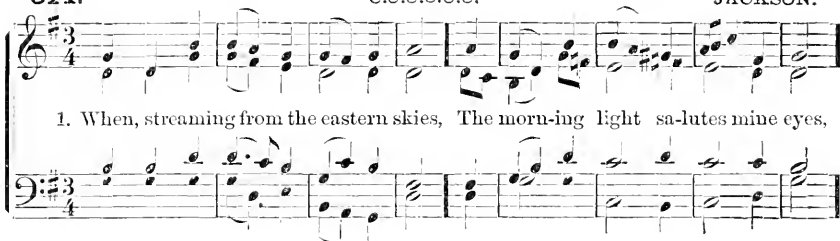
De - fend them in the needful hour, And send deliverance from on high. A - men.

Family Worship.

314.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

JACKSON.



2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend :
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart ;
When on my bed, diseased, oppress,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest ;
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's consuming blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low ;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer ;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou on earth wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its various blessings on my store ;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state :
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

315.

S. M.

BOYLSTON.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Je - sus' love: The

fel - low-ship of Christian minds Is like to that a - love. A - men.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one;
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

316.

C. M.

BISHOPSTHORP.

1. To Si - on's hill I lift my eyes, From thence ex - pect - ing aid,

From Si - on's hill, and Si - on's God, Who heav'n and earth has made. A - men.

2 He will not let thy foot be moved,
Thy guardian will not sleep;
Behold, the God who slumbers not
Will favour'd Israel keep.

3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,

Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

Family Worship.

317.

G.G.G.G.G.G.G.

PAX.

1. There is a bless - ed home Be - yond this land of woe,

Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow ;

Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd,

And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round. A - men.


- 2 There is a land of peace,
 Good angels know it well ;
 Glad songs that never cease
 Within its portals swell ;
 Around its glorious throne
 Ten thousand saints adore
 Christ, with the Father One,
 And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 O joy all joys beyond,
 To see the Lamb who died,
 And count each sacred wound
 In hands and feet and side ;

- To give to him the praise
 Of every triumph won,
 And sing through endless days
 The great things he hath done.
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,
 Nor fear to tread below
 The path your Saviour trod
 Of daily toil and woe ;
 Wait but a little while
 In uncomplaining love,
 His own most gracious smile
 Shall welcome you above.

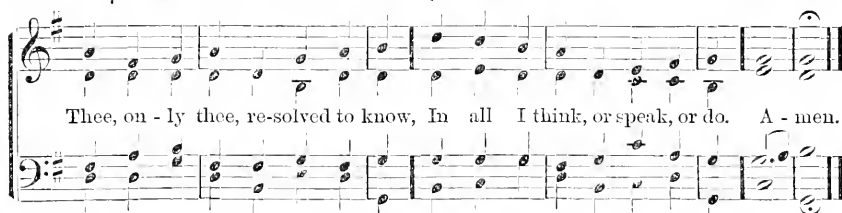
318.

L. M.

NORFOLK.



1. Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bour to pur - sue,



Thee, on - ly thee, re-solved to know, In all I think, or speak, or do. A - men.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

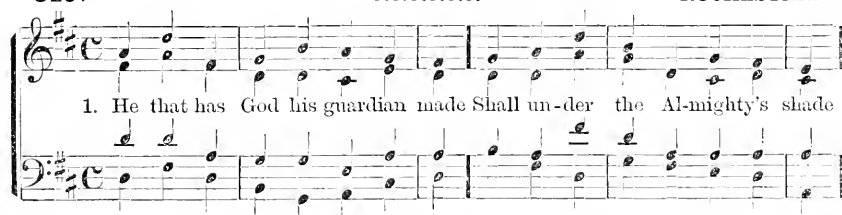
4 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

5 Fain would I still for thee employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
Would run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

319.

S. S. S. S. S. S.

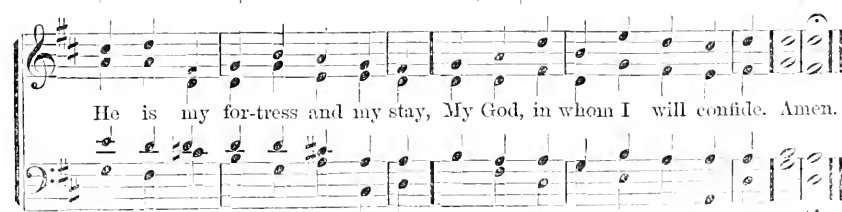
ROCHESTER.



1. He that has God his guardian made Shall un-der the Al-mighty's shade



Se-secure and un-dis-turb'd a - bide: Thus to my soul of him I'll say,



He is my for-ress and my stay, My God, in whom I will confide. Amen.

Family Worship.

2 His tender love and watchful care
 Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
 And from the noisome pestilence;
 He over thee his wings shall spread,
 And cover thy unguarded head;
 His truth shall be thy strong defence.

3 Because, with well-placed confidence,
 Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
 Thy refuge, even God most high;
 Therefore no ill on thee shall come,
 Nor to thy heaven-protected home
 Shall overwhelming plagues draw nigh.

320.

S. S. S. S. S. S.

CHRIST CHURCH (Ouseley).



1. O God, my gracious God, to thee My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be,



For thee my thirs-ty soul doth pant; My faint-ing flesh implores thy grace,



As in a dry and bar-ren place, Where I re-freshing waters want. Amen.

2 O to my longing eyes once more
 That view of glorious power restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays;
 Because to me thy wondrous love
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.

3 My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ,
 With lifted hands adore his name:
 As with its choicest food supplied,
 My soul shall be full satisfied,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.

4 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
 And when I wake in dead of night,
 Because thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

321.

L. M.

ST. GABRIEL.



1. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, Th'e - ter - nal hills be - yond the skies ;



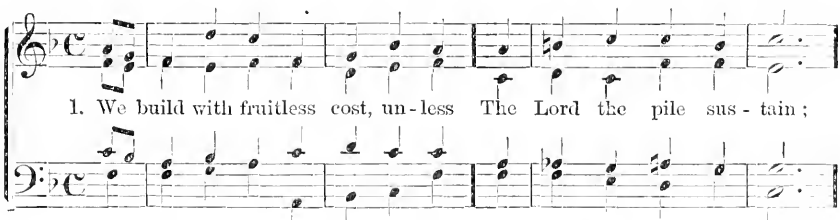
Thence all her help my soul de-rives, There my al-mighty refuge lives. Amen.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 He lives—the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.</p> | <p>3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day :
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.</p> |
| <p>4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.</p> | |

322.

C. M.

HOLY INNOCENTS.



1. We build with fruitless cost, un-less The Lord the pile sus - tain ;



Un - less the Lord the cit - y keep, The watchman wakes in vain. A-men.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.</p> | <p>3 Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows :
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with sweet repose.</p> |
|--|--|

Family Worship.

323.

S.G.S.G.S.S.

RESIGNATION.

1. When I can trust my all with God, In tri-al's fear-ful hour,

Bow, all re-sign'd, be-neath his rod, And bless his chastening power,

A joy springs up a-mid dis-tress, A fountain in the wil-der-ness. A-men.

2 O blessèd be the hand that gave,
Still blessèd when it takes ;
Blessèd be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks :
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

324.

L. M.

EXMOUTH.

1. My God, how end-less is thy love! Thy gifts are ev-ery eve-ning new,

And morning mercies from a-bove Gen-tly dis-til, like ear-ly dew. A-men.

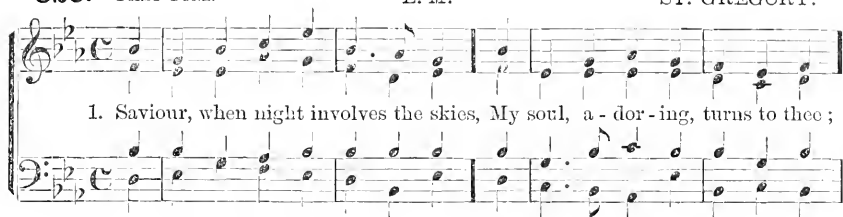
2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

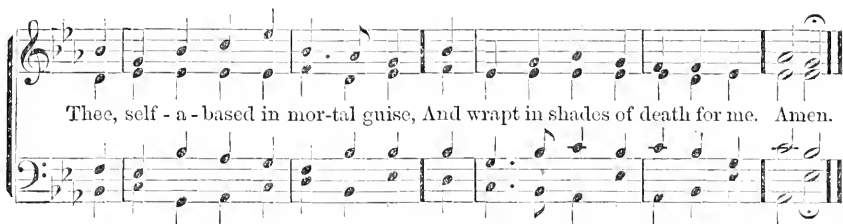
325. FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

ST. GREGORY.



1. Saviour, when night involves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing, turns to thee ;



Thee, self - a - based in mor - tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me. Amen.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

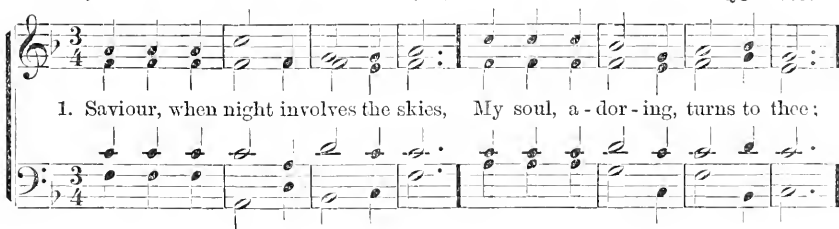
3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

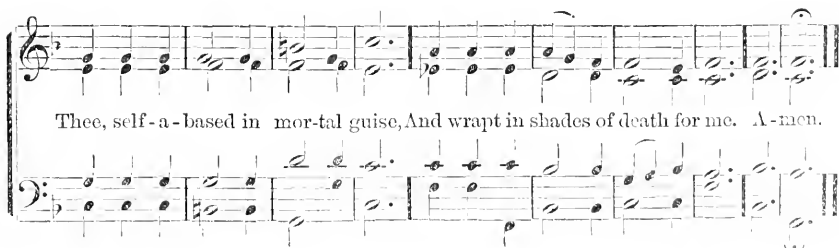
325. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

QUEBEC.



1. Saviour, when night involves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing, turns to thee :



Thee, self - a - based in mor - tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me. A - men.

Family Worship.

326.

C. M.

WARWICK.

1. God of our fa - thers, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are blest,

Be with us thro' our pil - grim - age; Con - duct us to our rest. A - men.

- 2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,

- And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

327.

S. M.

SHAWMUT.

1. To - mor - row, Lord, is thine, Lodged in thy sovereign hand;

And if its sun a - rise and shine It shines by thy command. A - men.

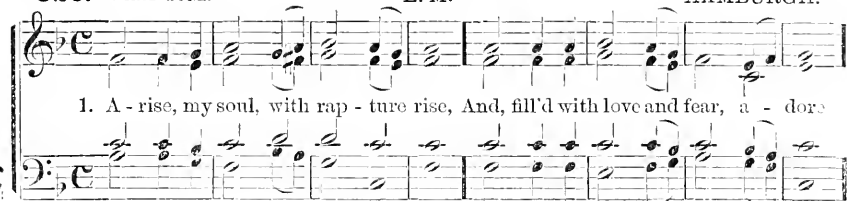
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

- 4 One thing demands our care;
O be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

328. FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

HAMBURGH.



1. A - rise, my soul, with rap - ture rise, And, fill'd with love and fear, a - dore



The aw - ful Sovereign of the skies, Whose mercy lends me one day more. Amen.

2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be ;
But may each swiftly-flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to thee.

3 But can it be? That power divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise.

4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor sinful mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase :
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

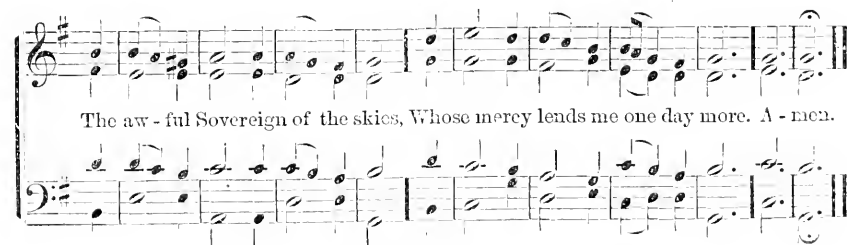
328. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

WHITELAND.



1. A-rise, my soul, with rap - ture rise, And, fill'd with love and fear, a - dore



The aw - ful Sovereign of the skies, Whose mercy lends me one day more. A - men.

Morning.

329.

L. M.

MELCOMBE.

1. New ev - ery morning is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove ;

Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and thought. Amen.

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

- 4 The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask :
 Room to deny ourselves : a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.
- 5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above :
 And help us this, and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray.

330.

8.4.7.8.4.7.

COURTLAND.

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing

O'er the earth an - oth - er day : Come, to him who made this splen - dour



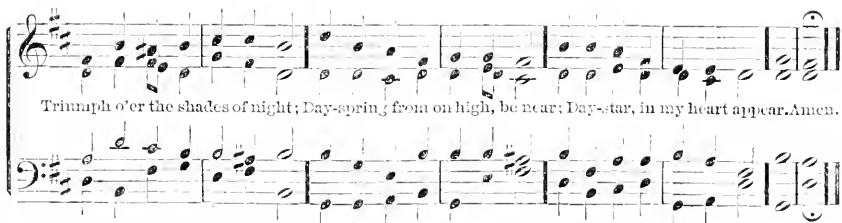
- 2 Gladly hail the sun returning :
 Ready burning
 Be the incense of thy powers :
 For the night is safely ended ?
 God hath tended
 With his care thy helpless hours.
- 3 Pray that he may prosper ever
 Each endeavour,
 When thine aim is good and true ;
 But that he may ever thwart thee,
 And convert thee.
 When thou evil wouldst pursue.
- 4 Think that he thy ways beholdeth,
 He unfoldeth
 Every fault that lurks within :
 He the hidden shame glossed over
 Can discover,
 And discern each deed of sin.

- 5 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
 Free from sorrow,
 Pass away in slumber sweet ;
 And, released from death's dark sadness,
 Rise in gladness,
 That far brighter Sun to greet.
- 6 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
 Light refuse not,
 But his Spirit's voice obey ;
 Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
 Light enfolding
 All things in unclouded day.
- 7 Glory, honour, exaltation,
 Adoration,
 Be to the eternal One :
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Laud and merit,
 While unending ages run.

331.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

RATISBON.



- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

- 3 Visit then this soul of mine ;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
 Fill me, radiancy divine ;
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

Morning.

332.

L. M.

MORNING HYMN.

1. A-wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run ;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Thy precious time mis-spent redeem :
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.</p> <p>3 By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.</p> <p>4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the eternal King.</p> <p>5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend.
Like you may on my God attend.</p> | <p>6 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refresh'd me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
I may of endless light partake. [wake,</p> <p>7 Lord, I my vows to thee renew :
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.</p> <p>8 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.</p> <p>9 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> |
|---|---|

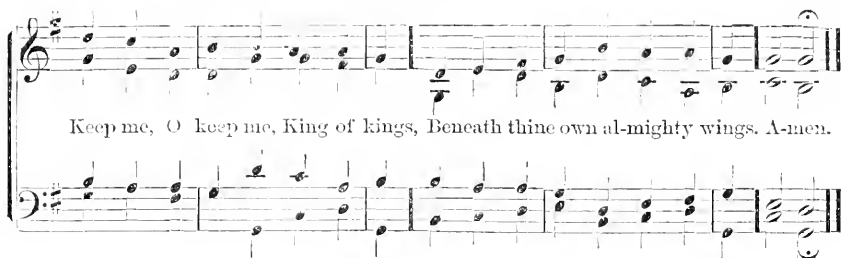
Evening.

333.

L. M.

EVENING HYMN.

1. All praise to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light :



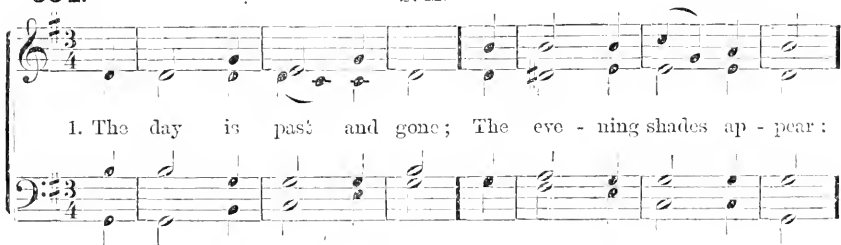
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath thine own al-mighty wings. A-men.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.</p> | <p>4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close :
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.</p> |
| <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.</p> | <p>5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.</p> |
| <p>6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> | |

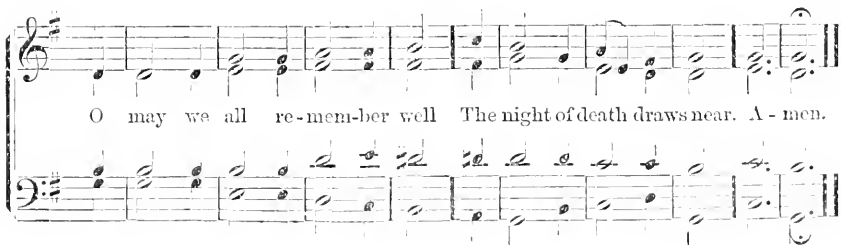
334.

S. M.

MARSHALL.



1. The day is past and gone; The eve - ning shades ap - pear :



O may we all re-mem-ber well The night of death draws near. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.</p> | <p>3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.</p> |
|--|---|

Evening.

335.

10.10.10.10.

EVENTIDE.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deep - ens;

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts

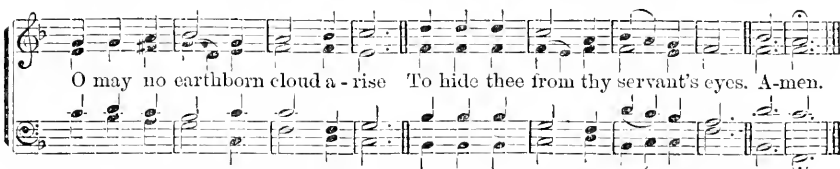
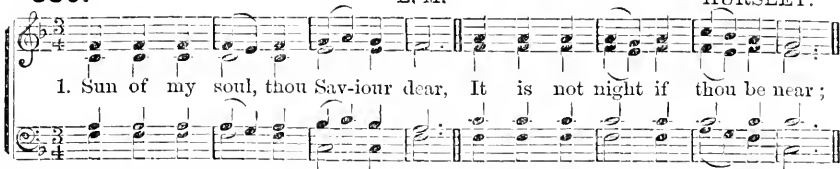
flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me. A - men.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

336.

L. M.

HURSLEY.



2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

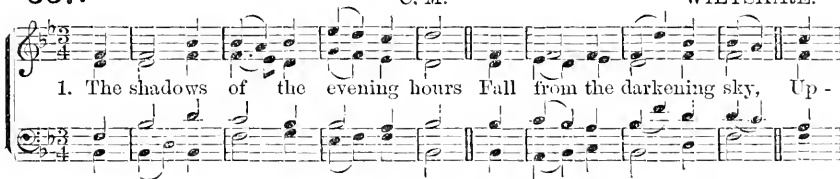
5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

337.

C. M.

WILTSHIRE.



2 Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven
We kneel at close of day ;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

3 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise ;

4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls ;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
So fade within our heart

The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart ;

6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine :—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

7 Let peace, O Lord ! thy peace, O God !
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend :

8 Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose !

Evening.

338. FIRST TUNE.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

ST. MATTHIAS.



1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;



And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.



Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - su, be our light. A-men.



2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall,
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

4 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toil'd;
And care is light, for thou hast cared;
Ah! never let our works be soil'd
With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

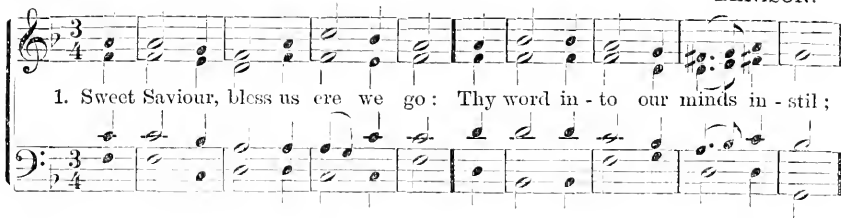
5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

6 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

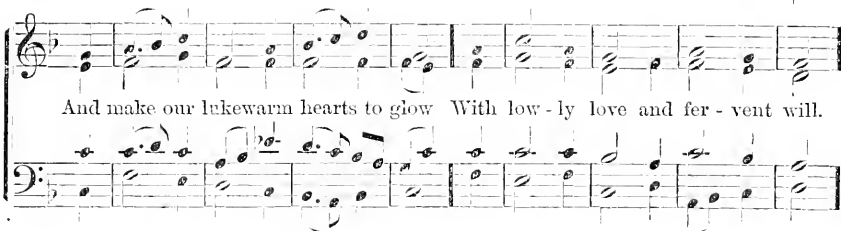
338. SECOND TUNE.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

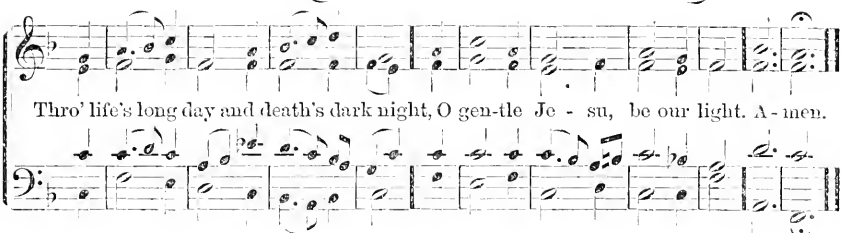
BENISON.



1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;



And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.

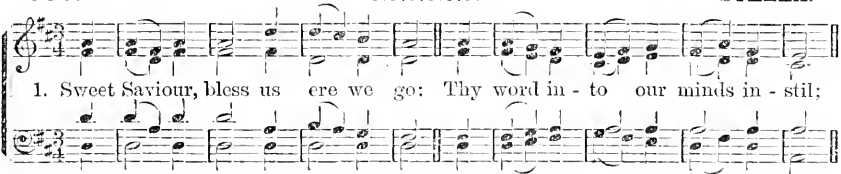


Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - su, be our light. A - men.

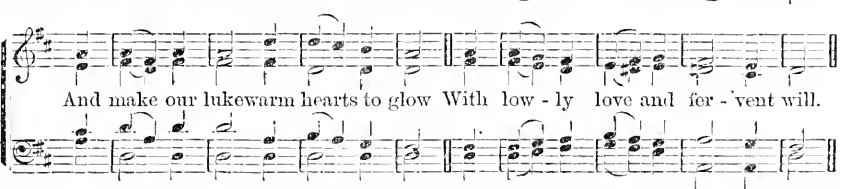
338. THIRD TUNE.

8.8.8.8.8.8.


STELLA.



1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go: Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;



And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.



Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gentle Je - su, be our light. A - men.

Evening.

339. FIRST TUNE.

S.S.S.S.

DEVOTION.

1. In-spir - er and Hearer of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy cov - e - nant care, I, sleeping or waking, re - sign. A - men.

2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend
The heirs of salvation to keep.

4 Thy worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And, while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.

5 I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love, and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

339. SECOND TUNE.

S.S.S.S.

TABOR.

1. In - spir - er and Hear - er of prayer, Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy cov - e - nant care, I, sleeping or waking, re - sign. A - men.

340. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

VESPERS.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way ;

Free from care, from la - bour free, Lord, I would commune with thee : A - men.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away ;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity ;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

340. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

WEBER.

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way ;

Free from care, from la - bour free, Lord, I would commune with thee. A - men.

Evening.

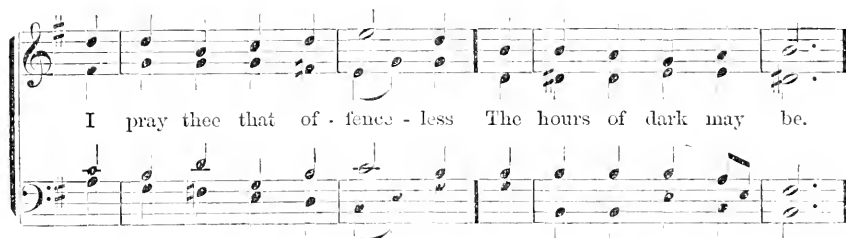
341.

7.6.7.6.8.8.

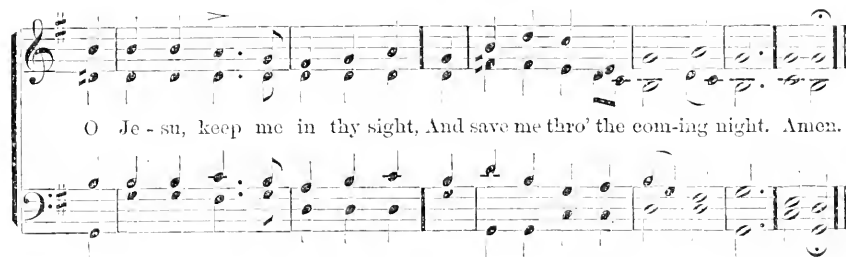
ST. ANATOLIUS.



1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to thee!



I pray thee that of - fence - less The hours of dark may be.



O Je - su, keep me in thy sight, And save me thro' the com-ing night. Amen.

2 The joys of day are over :

I lift my heart to thee ;

And call on thee that sinless

The hours of gloom may be.

O Jesu, make their darkness light,

And save me through the coming night !

4 Lighten mine eyes. O Saviour,

Or sleep in death shall I,

And he, my wakeful tempter,

Triumphantly shall cry

“Against him I have now prevailed :

Rejoice ! the child of God has failed.”

3 The toils of day are over ;

I raise the hymn to thee,

And ask that free from peril

The hours of fear may be :

O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,

And guard me through the coming night.

5 Be thou my soul's Preserver,

O God ! for thou dost know

How many are the perils

Through which I have to go.

Lover of men, O hear my call,

And guard and save me from them all !

342.

8.7.8.7.7.7.

DRETZEL.

1. Through the day thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the si-lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace no-lest;
Je-sus, thou our guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in thee. A-men.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose;
And when life's short day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

343.

L. M.

GRACE CHURCH.

1. Great God, to thee my evening song, With humble grat-i-tude I raise;
O let thy mer-cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live-ly praise. A-men.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

Evening.

344.

8.4.8.1.8.8.1.

SOUTHGATE.

1. God that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light ;

Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night :

May thine an - gel-guards de - fend us, Slumber sweet thy mer - cy send us,

Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live-long night. A - men.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And, when we die,
 May we in thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie :
 When the last dread call shall wake us,
 Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us
 With thee on high.

345.

G.4.G.6.

ST. COLUMBA.

1. The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies ;

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve-ning sac - ri - fice. A-men.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resign'd;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that his will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside,

6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but he,
In all his power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One Sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine.

346.

S. M.

OLMUTZ.

1. The day of praise is done ; The eve-ning sha - dows fall :

Yet pass not from us with the sun, True light that lightenest all. A-men.

2 Around thy throne on high
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless songs to thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire;
But oh! the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir.

4 Yet, Lord, to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart.

We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our daily life a psalm
Of glory to thy name.

6 Shine thou within us, then,
A day that knows no end,
Till songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

Evening.

347.

C. M.

HOLY TRINITY.

1. Now from the al - tar of our hearts, Let flames of love a - rise ;

As - sist us, Lord, to of - fer up Our evening sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

348.

Verse 1.

Irregular Metre.

GLADDENING LIGHT.

f 1. Hail, gladdening Light, of his pure glo - ry poured,

p Who is th'im - mor - tal Fa - ther, heav'n - ly, blest,

Cres. Ho - liest of ho - lies, Je - sus Christ, our Lord.

Evening.

257

Verse 2.

mf *p*

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, The lights of evening round us

mf *p* *Cres.*

shine, We hymn the Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it di - vine.

Verse 3.

f

Wor-thiest art thou at all times to be sung With un - de - fil - ed

p *f*

tongue, Son of our God, Giv-er of life, a - lone; There - fore in

Dim.

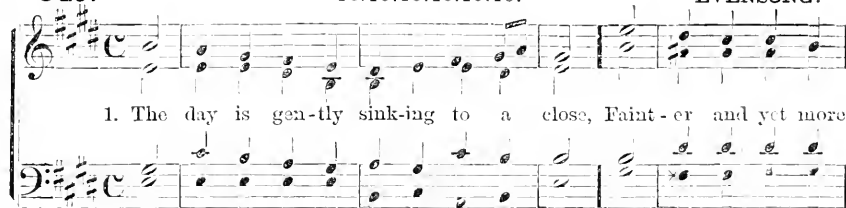
all the world thy glo - ries, Lord, they own. A - - - men.

Evening.

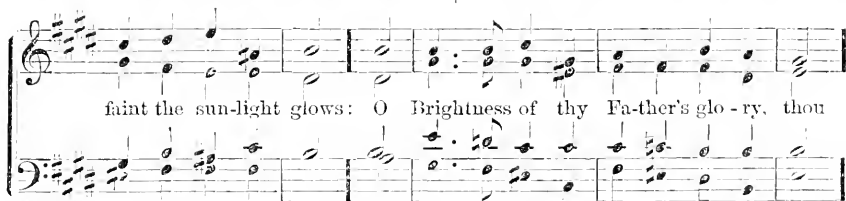
349.

10.10.10.10.10.10.

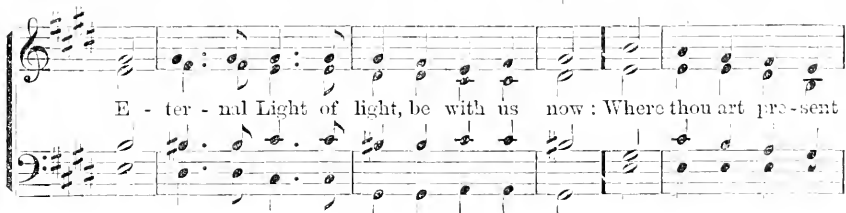
EVENSING.



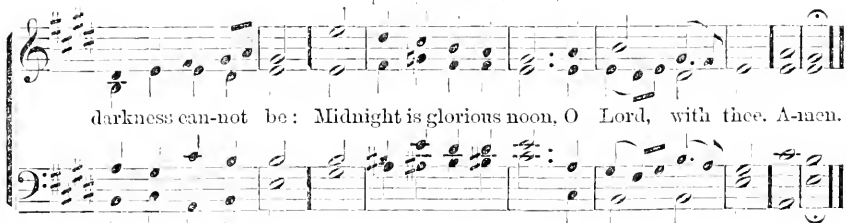
1. The day is gen-ty sink-ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more



faint the sun-light glows: O Brightness of thy Fa-ther's glo-ry, thou



E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now: Where thou art pre-sent



darkness can-not be: Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee. A-men.

- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:
O Conqueror of the grave, be thou our guide,
Be thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succours fail;
When all is dark may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."
- 4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awaken'd by thy call,
With thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

350.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

SHEPHERDS.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has brought us on our way ;

Let us now a bless - ing seek On th'approaching ho - ly day ;

Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest ! A - men.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour

Through the week our praise demand ;

Guarded by almighty power,

Fed and guided by his hand :

Though ungrateful we have been,

And repaying love with sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,

Through the dear Redeemer's name,

Show thy reconciled face,

Drive away our sin and shame ;

From our worldly cares set free,

May we rest this night with thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,

May we feel thy presence near ;

May thy glory meet our eyes,

When we in thy house appear :

There afford us, Lord, a taste

Of our everlasting feast.

5 May thy Gospel's joyful sound

Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;

Make the fruits of grace abound,

Bring relief for all complaints

Such the days of rest we love,

Till we join the Church above.

Evening.

351.

L. M.

ST. SEPULCHRE.



1. Lord, when this ho - ly morning broke O'er is - land, con - ti - nent, and deep,



Thy far-spread fam-i - ly a-woke, All round the world, the feast to keep. Amen.

2 From east to west the sun surveyed,
From north to south, adoring throngs;
And still where evening stretched her
shade, [songs.
And stars came forth, were heard their

3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath failed this day some suit to
gain;
To hearts in trouble thou wast nigh,
Nor one hath sought thy face in vain.

4 The poor in spirit thou hast fed,
Thy chastened ones have kissed the rod,
The mourner thou hast comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

352.

S. 7. S. 7.

PEACE.



1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me ; Bless thy lit - tle lamb to - night ;



Thro' the darkness be thou near me ; Keep me safe till morn - ing light. A - men.

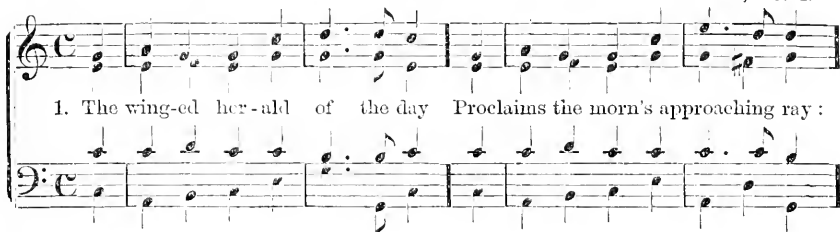
2 All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer !

3 Let my sins be all forgiven ;
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take us all at last to heaven.
Happy there with thee to dwell.

353. BEFORE DAWN.

L. M.

REDHEAD, No. 4.



1. The wing-ed her-ald of the day Proclaims the morn's approaching ray :

So Christ the Lord re-news his call, To end-less life a-wakening all. Amen.

2 "Take up thy bed," to each he cries,
Who sick, or wrapp'd in slumber, lies :

"Be chaste, and, living soberly,
Watch ye, for I the Lord am nigh."

3 With earnest cry, with tearful care,
Call we the Lord to hear our prayer :

While supplication, pure and deep,
Forbids each chastened heart to sleep.

4 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son ;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

354. FIRST HOUR.

L. M.

ANTIPHON.



1. Dawn purples all the east with light ; Day o'er the earth is glid-ing bright :

Morn's sparkling rays their course begin : Farewell to darkness and to sin ! A-men.

2 Each evil dream of night, depart,
Each thought of guilt, forsake the heart !
Let every ill that darkness brought
Beneath its shade, now come to naught !

3 So that last morning, dread and great,
Which we with trembling hope await,

With blessed light for us shall glow,
Who chant the song we learnt below.

4 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son ;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

The Seven Hours.

355.

THIRD HOUR.

L. M.

ST. BERNARD.

1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, with God the Son, And God the Fa - ther, ev - er One;

Shed forth thy grace within our breast, And dwell with us, a ready guest. Amen.

2 By every power, by heart and tongue,
By act and deed, thy praise be sung;
Inflame with perfect love each sense,
That others' souls may kindle thence.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

356.

SIXTH HOUR.

L. M.

BAVARIA.

1. O God of truth, O Lord of might, Who, ordering time and change aright,

Sendest the ear - ly morning ray, Kindling the glow of per - fect day. A-men.

2 Extinguish thou each sinful fire,
And banish every ill desire :
And, keeping all the body whole,
Shed forth thy peace upon the soul.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son :
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

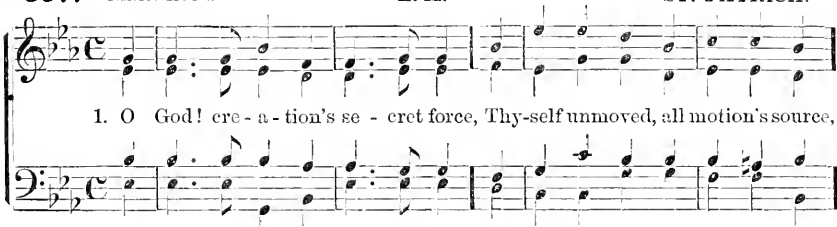
The Seven Hours.

273

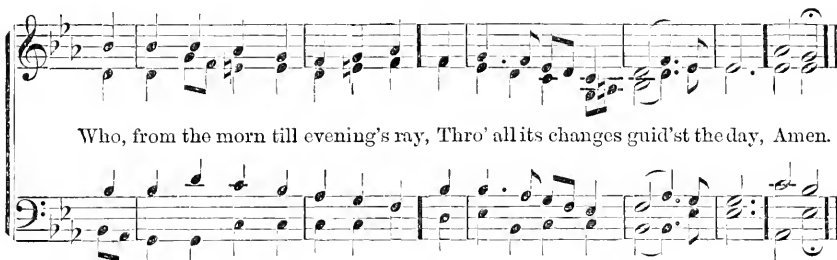
357. NINTH HOUR.

L. M.

ST. PATRICK.



1. O God! cre - a - tion's se - cret force, Thy-self unmoved, all motion's source,



Who, from the morn till evening's ray, Thro' all its changes guid'st the day, Amen.

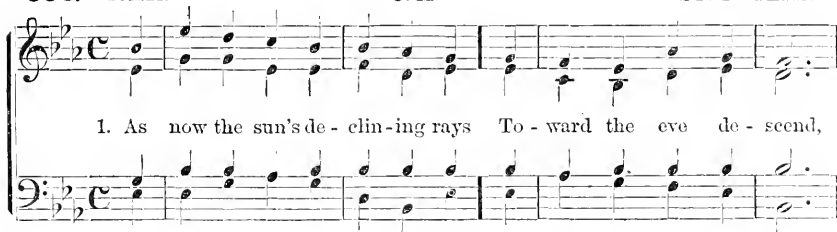
2 Grant us, when this short life is past,
The glorious evening that shall last;
That, by a holy death attained,
Eternal glory may be gained.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

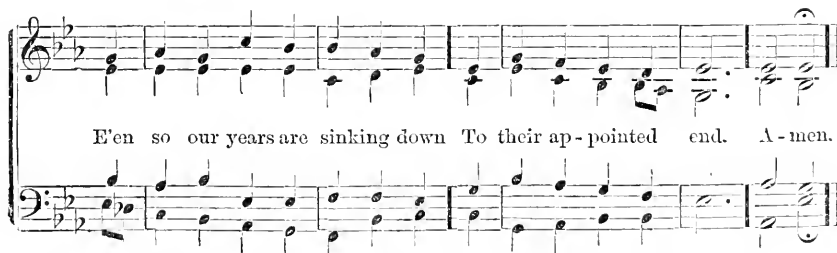
358. SUNSET.

C. M.

ST. PETERS.



1. As now the sun's de - clin - ing rays To - ward the eve de - scend,



E'en so our years are sinking down To their ap - pointed end. A - men.

2 Lord, on the cross thine arms were
To draw thy people nigh; [stretch'd,
O grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.

3 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
All glory be from saints on earth,
And from the angel host.

The Seven Hours.

359. NIGHT WATCH.

L. M.

TE LUCIS.

I. Be - fore the end - ing of the day, Cre - a - tor of the world, we pray,

That with thy wont - ed favour, thou Wouldst be our guard and keeper now. Amen.

2 From all ill dreams defend our sight,
From fears and terrors of the night;
Withhold from us our ghostly foe,
That spot of sin we may not know.

3 O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.

The Holy Scriptures.

360.

C. M.

NASSAU.

1. Fa - ther of mer - cies! in thy word What end - less glo - ry shines!

For ev - er be thy name a - dored For these ce - les - tial lines. A - men.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;

And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

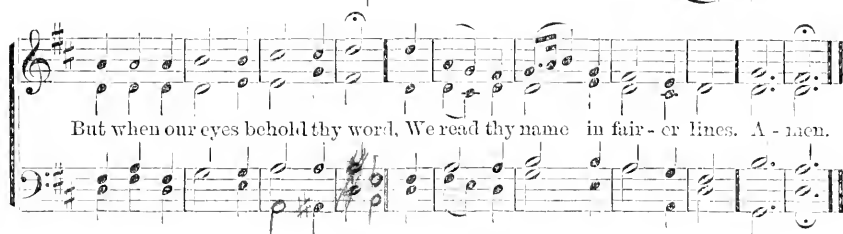
361. FIRST TUNE.

L. M.

LUTON.



1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - ery star thy wis - dom shines ;



But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines. A - men.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor will thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

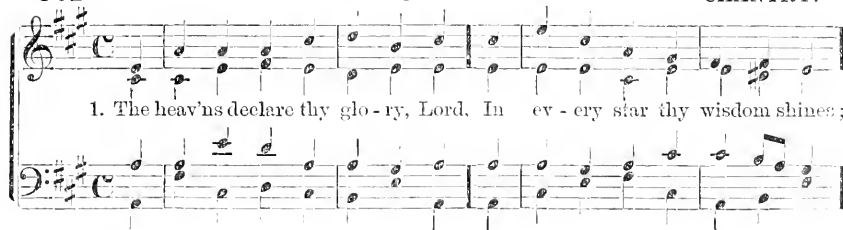
5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew.
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

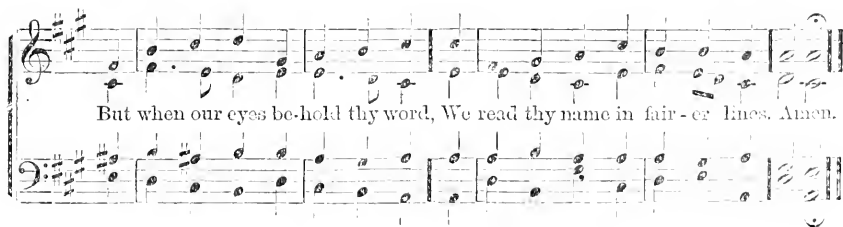
361. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

CHANTRY.



1. The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - ery star thy wisdom shines ;



But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines. Amen.

Holy Scriptures.

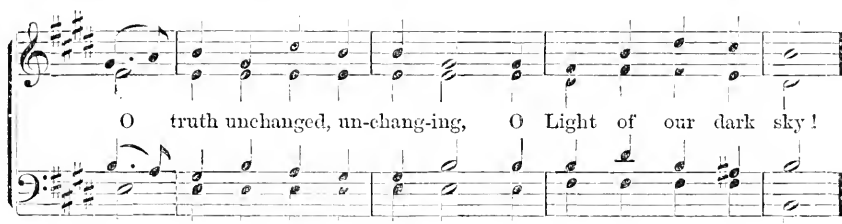
362.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.


EVARTS.



1. O word of God in - car - nate, O wis - dom from on high,



O truth unchanged, un-chang-ing, O Light of our dark sky !



We praise thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,



A lan-tern to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

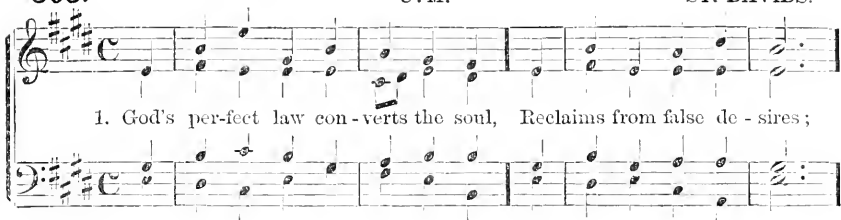
3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurl'd;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

4 O make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnish'd gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

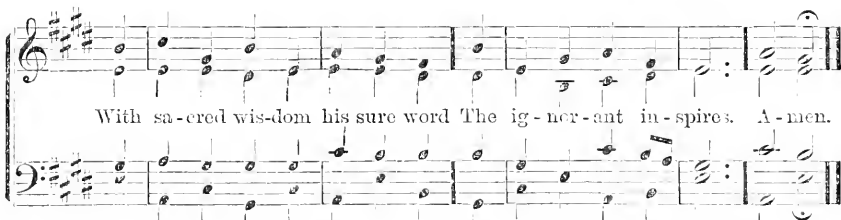
363.

C. M.

ST. DAVIDS.



1. God's per-fect law con-verts the soul, Reclaims from false de-sires;



With sa-cred wis-dom his sure word The ig-nor-ant in-spires. A-men.

- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd;

- 4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.
- 5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warning give:
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

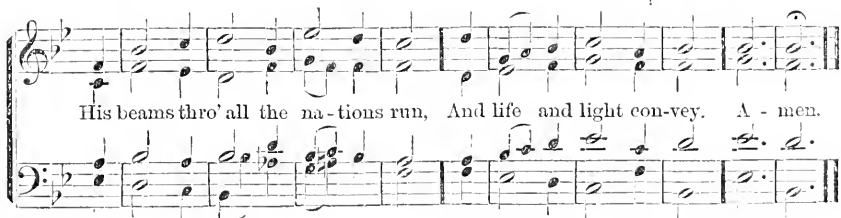
364.

S. M.

AYNHOE.



1. Be-hold the morn-ing sun Be-gins his glo-rious way!



His beams thro' all the na-tions run, And life and light con-vey. A-men.

- 2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

- 3 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

- 4 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

Holy Scriptures.

365.

C. M.

LONDON NEW.

1. A glo - ry gilds the sa - cred page, Ma - jes - tie like the sun :

It gives a light to ev - ery age : It gives, but bor - rows none. A - men.

2 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

366.

C. M.

COLCHESTER.

1. Thy word is to my feet a lamp, The way of truth to show ;

A watch-light to point out the path In which I ought to go. A - men.

2 I've vow'd—and from my covenant, Lord,
Will never start aside—
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.

3 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find ;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

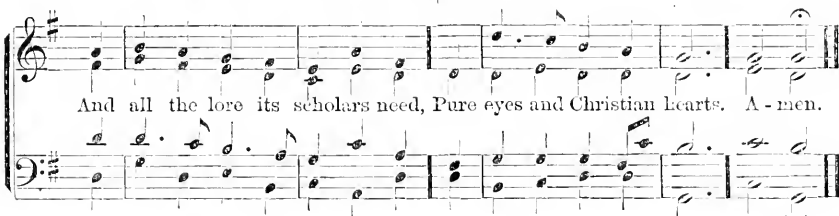
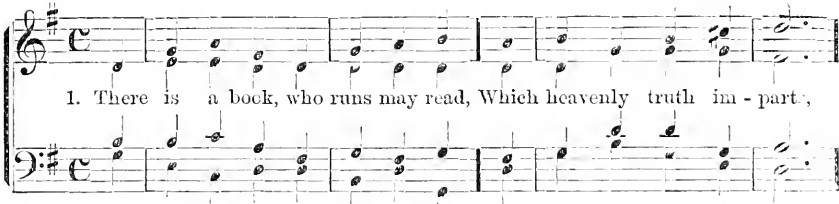
4 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice ;
For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

5 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey :
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thine upright way.

367.

C. M.

NOTTINGHAM.



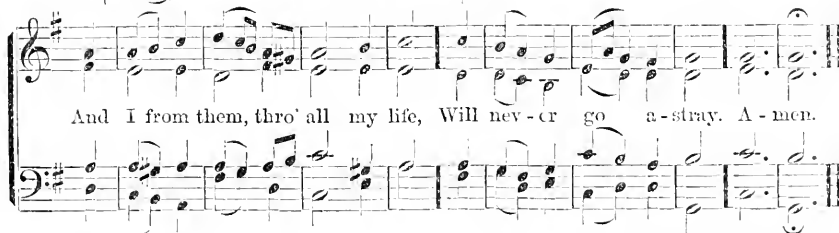
- 2 The work of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run ;

- But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns his holy hill ;
The saints, like stars, around his seat
Perform their courses still.
- 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

368.

C. M.

ASYLUM.



- 2 If thou true wisdom from above
Will graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.
- 3 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead ;

- Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.
- 4 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart ;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

Redemption.

369.

C. M. with Chorus.

SALVATION.

1. Sal - va - tion, O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears,

A sove - reign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears

Glo - ry, hon - our, praise and pow'r, Be un - to the Lamb for ev - er!

Je - sus Christ is our Re - deem - er; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord. A - men.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
Glory, honour, etc.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
Glory, honour, etc.

Redemption.

281

370.

8.7.8.7.

TRUST.

1. Sav-iour, source of ev - ery blessing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays :

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise. A-men.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

371.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

1. All glo-rious God, what hymns of praise Shall our transport-ed voic-es raise !

What ar-dent love and zeal are due, While heav'n stands open to our view. A-men.

2 Once we were fallen, and O how low !
Just on the brink of endless woe;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light:
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To soul impoverished and undone !

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait
To share their holy, happy state.

Redemption.

372.

C. M.

NAYLAND.

1. To our Re-deemer's glorious name A - wake the sa - cred song ;

O may his love (im-mor-tal flame!) Tune every heart and tongue. A - men.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display !
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die :
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue ;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

373.

7.7.7.7.

NUREMBERG.

1. Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Who from yon bright throne a - bove,

Ev - er watchful o'er our race, Still to man ex-tends his grace. A - men.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd ;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood ;

And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme :
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

Redemption.

233

374.

S.S.G.S.S.G.

ARIEL.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries

forth, Which in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar, and touch the

heaven-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel, while he sings In

notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine. A-men.

2 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne :
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.

3 O the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face ;
Then, with my Saviour. Brother, Friend,
A blest e'ternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Redemption.

375.

S.S.S.S.S.S.

EATON.

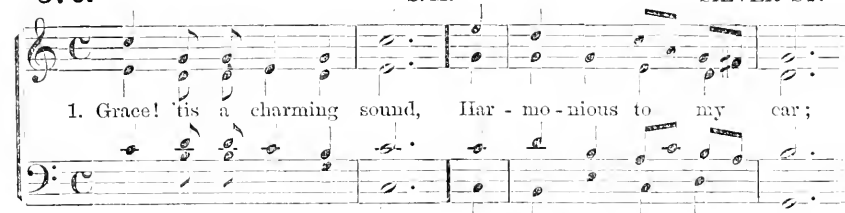


- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppr st,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word;
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

376.

S. M.

SILVER ST.



- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;

- And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days:
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Redemption.

285

377.

L. M.

MELCOMBE.

1. He's blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd, No more in judg-ment to ap-pear,
Whose guilt re-mis-sion has obtain'd, And whose repentance is sin-cere. Amen.

2 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

3 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The harden'd sinner shall confound ;
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

378.

C. M.

DEDHAM.

1. All ye who seek for sure re-lief In trou-ble and dis-tress,
What-ev-er sor-row vex the mind, Or guilt the soul op-press : A-men.

2 Jesus, who gave himself for you,
Upon the cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred heart :
O to that heart draw nigh.

3 Ye hear how kindly he invites ;
Ye hear his words so blest :
" All ye that labour come to me,
And I will give you rest."

4 O Jesus, joy of saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words,
To thee I lift my prayer.

5 Wash thou my wounds in that dear blood
Which forth from thee doth flow ;
New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
And better heart bestow.

Redemption.

379.

L. M.

WILLINGS.

1. Ah, not like err-ing man is God, That
men to an-swer him should dare; Con-demn'd, and in-to
si-lence awed. They help-less stand be-fore his bar. A-men.

2 There must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace;
With God for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

3 And lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd;
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In him thy righteousness be found.

380.

C. M.

HOWARD.

1. When, wounded sore, the strick-en soul Lies bleed-ing and un-bound,
One on-ly hand, a pierce-ed hand, Can heal the sin-ner's wound. A-men.

2 When sorrow swells the laden heart,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that's touch'd with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal than cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin
But in thy wounded side.

Redemption.

287

381.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

ST. RAPHAEL.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore :

Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, And his heart with love runs o'er ;

He is a - ble, He is will - ing: doubt no more. A - men.

2 Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies ;
On the bloody tree behold him !
Hear him cry, before he dies,
" It is finish'd !"
Sinners, will not this suffice ?

5 Lo ! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood :
Venture on him—venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

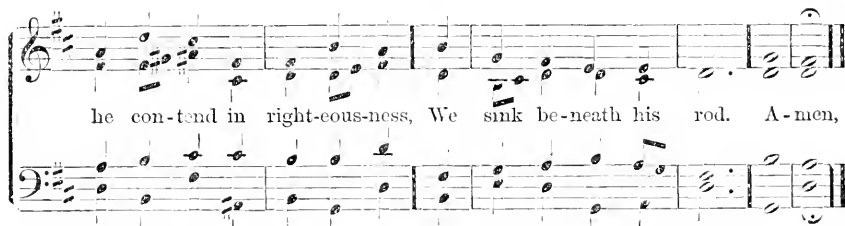
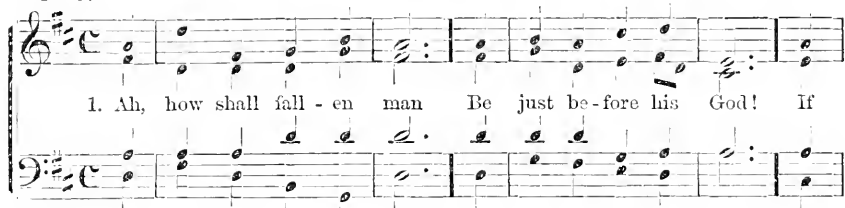
6 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful courts of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name ;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

Redemption.

382.

S. M.

BETHLEHEM.



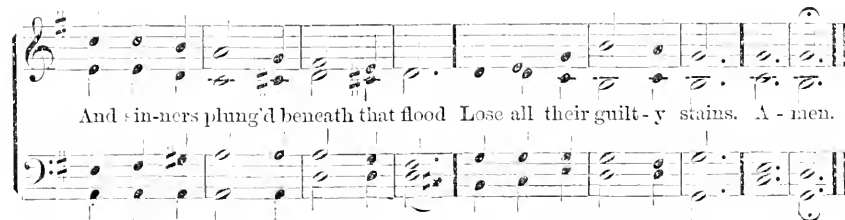
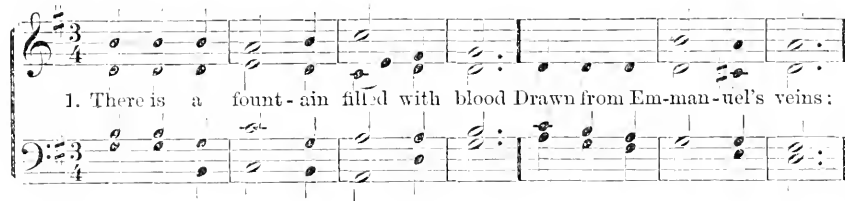
- 2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.
- 5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

383.

C. M.

ST. AGNES.



- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wound supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisp'ing, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue]

Redemption.

289

384.

Irregular Metre.

MADISON.

1. The voice of free grace Cries, Es-cape to the mountain; For Adam's lost race Christ hath

opened a fountain: For sin and un-cleanness And ev-ery trans-gression,

His blood flows most free-ly In streams of sal-va-tion. *ff* Hal-le-lu-jah to the

Lamb Who hath bought us our pardon; We'll praise him again When we pass over Jor-can. A-men.

2 Ye souls that are wounded,
To Jesus repair;
He calls you in mercy,
And can you forbear?
Though your sins be as scarlet,
Still flee to the mountain,
That blood can remove them
Which streams from this fountain.
Hallelujah, etc.

3 O Jesus! ride onward,
Triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell
Thou'rt more than victorious;
Thy name is the theme
Of the great congregation,
While angels and saints
Raise the shout of salvation.
Hallelujah, etc.

4 With joy shall we stand
When escaped to that shore;
With our harps in our hand
We will praise him the more;
We'll range the sweet fields
On the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever and ever.
Hallelujah, etc.

Redemption.

385.

C. M.

ST. MARTINS.

1. Now to the Lamb that once was slain Be end-less blessings paid;

Sal-vation, glo-ry, joy re-main For ev-er on his head! A-men.

2 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God.
And we shall reign with thee.

Repentance.

386.

L. M.

HAMBURG.

1. O thou that hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes be-fore thee lie,

Be-hold them not with an-gry look, But blot their memory from thy book. Amen.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

5 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Repentance.

291

387.

L. M.

GERMAN AIR.

1. Stay, thou long-suffering Spir-it, stay, Tho' I have done thee such des-pite ;

Nor cast the sin-ner quite a-way, Nor take thine ever-last-ing flight. A-men.

- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;
- 3 Yet O the mourning sinner spare,
In honour of my great High-priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 My weary soul, O God, release ;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

388.

C. M.

PALESTINE.

1. O Je - sus, Sav - iour of the lost, My rock and hid - ing place,

By storms of sin and sor-row toss'd, I seek thy sheltering grace. A-men.

- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry ;
Pursued by foes, I come ;
A sinner, save me, or I die ;
An outcast, take me home.
- 3 Once safe in thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on again ;
There danger never, never harms ;
There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before thy throne,
And all thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in thee.

Repentance.

389.

L. M.

BEXFIELD'S.

1. O that my load of sin were gone, O that I could at last sub-mit

At Je-sus' feet to lay it down, To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet! A-men.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
The light and easy burden prove.
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Faith.

390.

C. M.

MANCHESTER NEW.

1. O let tri-umphant faith dis-pel The fears of guilt and woe:

If God be for us, God the Lord, Who, who shall be our foe? A - men.

2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified ;

Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And he who died hath risen again,
Triumphant from the grave ;
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

391. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

REDHEAD, No. 76.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood,

From thy riven side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r. Amen.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;

Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

391. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

HUNTINGTON.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy riv-en side which flow'd,

Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A-men.

Faith.

392. FIRST TUNE.

8.8.8.6.

BALFOUR.



2 Just as I am,—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am,—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

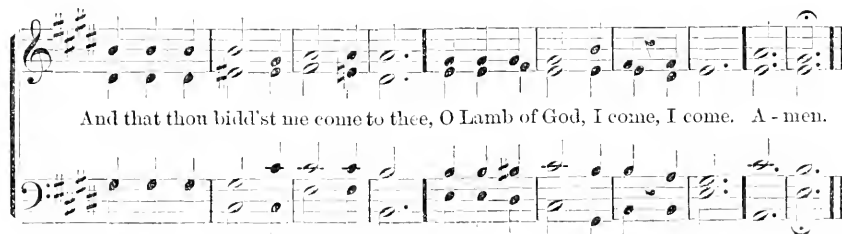
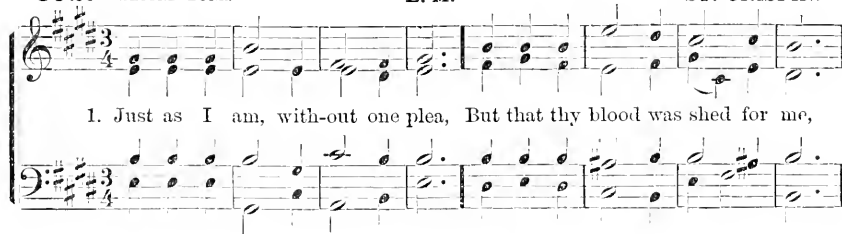
6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am,—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to
Here for a season, then above— [prove,
O Lamb of God, I come.

392. SECOND TUNE.

L. M.

ST. CRISPIN.



393. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

HOLLINGSIDE.

1. Je - su, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high :

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past ;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Faith.

393.

SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

BLUMENTHALS.

1. Je - su, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high :

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past ;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A - men.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd;
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

394.

8.8.8.4.

ST. LAURENCE.

1. Je - sus, my Sav-iour! look on me, For I am wea-ry and op -

prest; I come to cast my-self on thee: Thou art my Rest. A-men.

2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toil-some journey's length,
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewilder'd on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to thee; my terrors cease,

Thy cross a hiding place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, what'e'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

395.

C. M.

ST. PETERS.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear. A - men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,

My Lord, my life, my way, my end,—
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought:
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Faith.

396. FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

LEICESTER.

1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side ;

This all my hope and all my plea, "For me the Sav-iour died." A-men.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin!
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul is love.

396. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

WINDSOR.

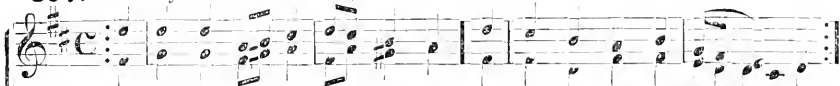
1. For ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleed - ing side ;

This all my hope and all my plea, "For me the Sav-iour died." A-men.

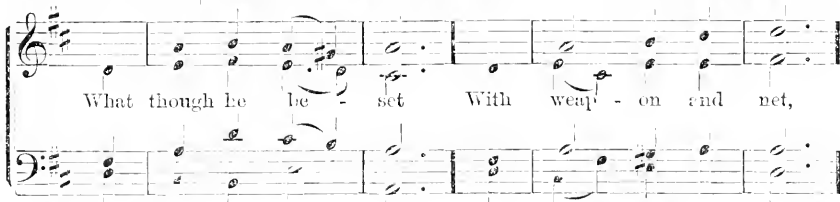
397. *Not too fast.*

8.7.8.7.5.5.5.6.7.

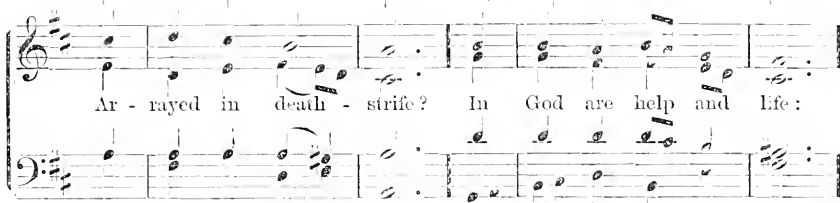
WCRMS.



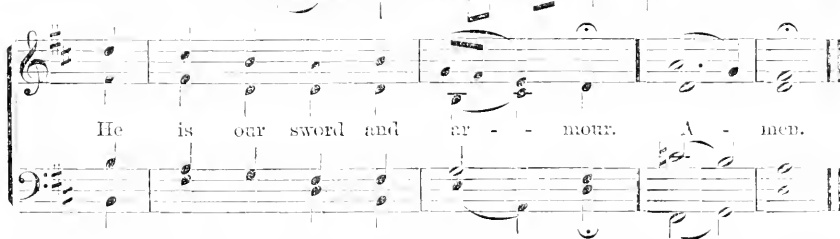
1. { A mountain fastness is our God, On which our souls are plant - ed ; }
 { And tho' the fierce foe rage abroad, Our hearts are nothing daunt - ed. }



What though he be set With weap - on and net,



Ar - rayed in death - strife? In God are help and life :



He is our sword and ar - - mour. A - men.

- 2 By our own might we naught can do :

To trust it were sure losing ;
 For us must fight the Right and True,
 The Man of God's own choosing.

Best ask for his name ?
 Christ Jesus we claim ;
 The Lord God of hosts ;
 The only God : vain boasts
 Of others fall before him.

- 3 What though the troops of Satan fill'd
 The world with hostile forces ?

E'en then our fears should all be still'd :
 In God are our resources,
 The world and its King
 No terrors can bring :
 Their threats are no worth :
 Their doom is now gone forth :
 A single world can quell them.

- 4 God's word through all shall have free
 And ask no man's permission : [sway,
 The Spirit and his gifts convey
 Strength to defy perdition.

The body to kill,
 Wife, children, at wil,
 The wicked have power :
 Yet lasts it but an hour !
 The kingdom's ours for ever !

- 5 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 For ever be outpouring
 One chorus from the heavenly host
 And saints on earth adoring !

That chorus resound
 To earth's utmost bound,
 And spread from shore to shore,
 Like stormy ocean's roar,
 Through endless ages rolling.

Faith.

398.

11.11.11.11.

DATCHET.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to

you he hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled? A-men.

- 2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.

Prayer.

301

399.

C. M.

DUBLIN.

1. Approach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus answers prayer ;

There humbly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there. A - men.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place ;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died !
- 5 O wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

400.

C. M.

ST. AGNES.

1. Lord, teach us how to pray a - right, With reverence and with fear :

Tho' dust and ash - es in thy sight, We may, we must draw near. A - men.

- 2 Give deep humility ; the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear thy voice and live.

- 3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.

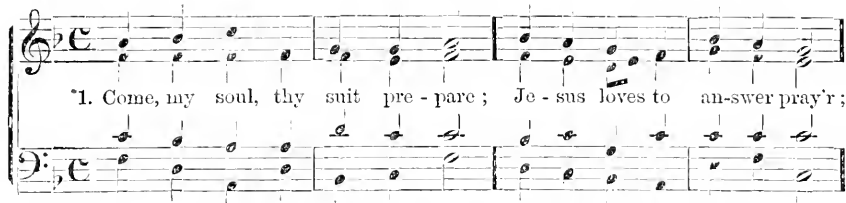
- 4 Give these, and then thy will be done ;
Thus, strengthen'd with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

Prayer.

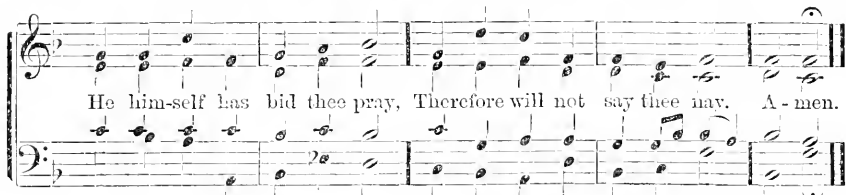
401.

7.7.7.7.

ST. EDMUND.



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre- pare; Je- sus loves to an- swer pray'r;



He him- self has bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay. A- men.

2 Thou art coming to a King,—
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;

There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

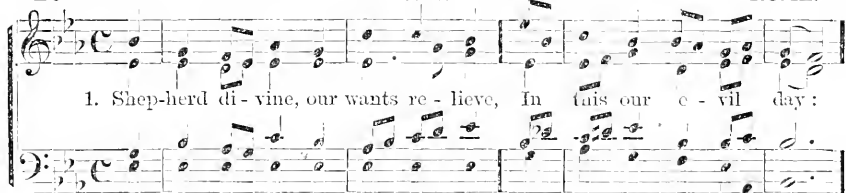
5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

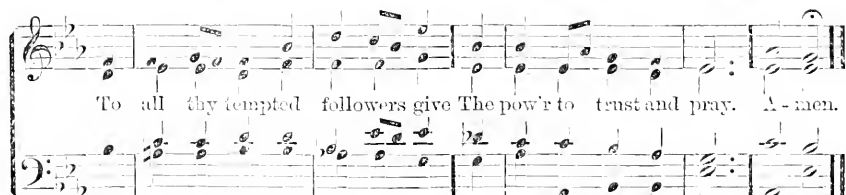
402.

C. M.

ROME.



1. Shep- herd di- vine, our wants re- lieve, In this our e- vil day:



To all thy tempted followers give The pow'r to trust and pray. A- men.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer.

3 The Spirit's interceding grace
Give us the faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou the Father's love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let thee go:

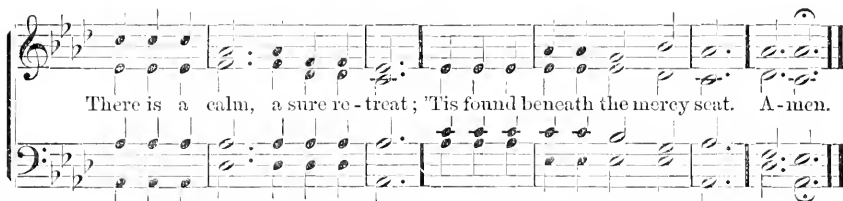
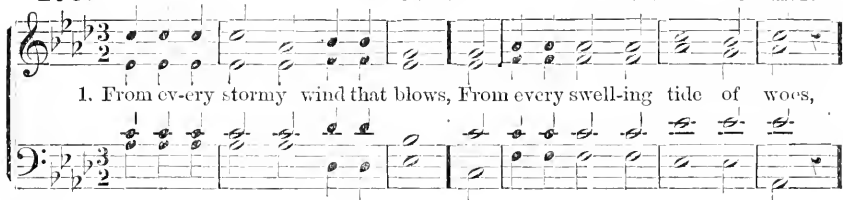
5 I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless,
And say,— I died for thee.

Prayer.

403.

L. M.

MISSIONARY CHANT.



2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;

Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagles' wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls to
And glory crowns the mercy-seat. [greet,

404.

C. M.

ST. BERNARD.



2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,

The falling of a tear;

The upward glancing of an eye

When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,

That infant lips can try;

Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach

The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,

Returning from his ways;

While angels in their songs rejoice,

And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,

The Christian's native air;

His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

6 The saints, in prayer, appear as one

In word, and deed, and mind;

While with the Father and the Son

Sweet fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made by man alone;

The Holy Spirit pleads;

And Jesus on the eternal throne

For sinners intercedes.

8 O thou, by whom we come to God,

The life, the truth, the way,

The path of prayer thyself hast trod;

Lord, teach us how to pray.

Praise.

405.

L. M.

OLD 100th.



2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

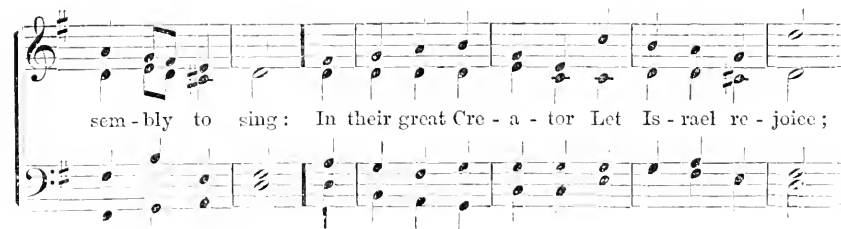
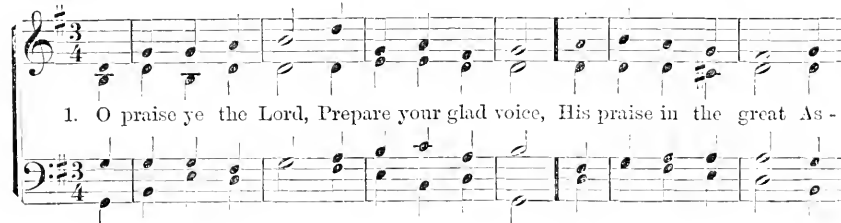
4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

406

FIRST TUNE.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

HANOVER.





And chil-dren of Si-on Be glad in their King. A-men.

2 Let them his great name
Extol in their songs,
With hearts well attuned
His praises express ;
Who always takes pleasure
To hear their glad tongues,
And waits with salvation
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, who their heads
With safety doth shield ;
Such honour and triumph
His favour shall bring :
O therefore for ever
All praise to him yield !

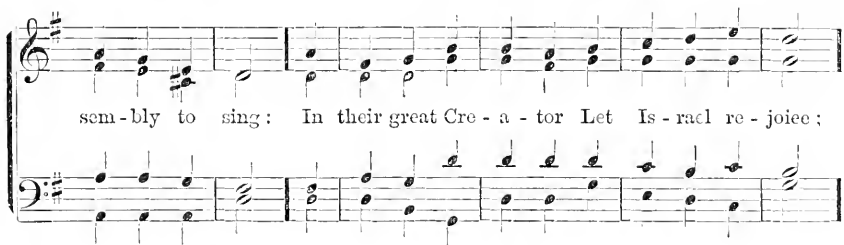
406. SECOND TUNE.

5.5.5.5.G.5.G.5.

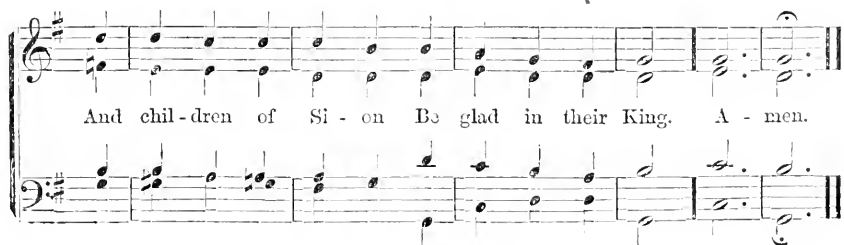
HOUGHTON.



1. O praise ye the Lord, Pre-pare your glad voice His praise in the great As -



sem-bly to sing : In their great Cre-a-tor Let Is-ra-el re-joice ;



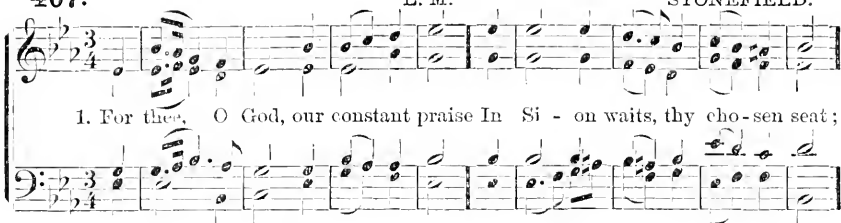
And chil-dren of Si-on Be glad in their King. A-men.

Praise.

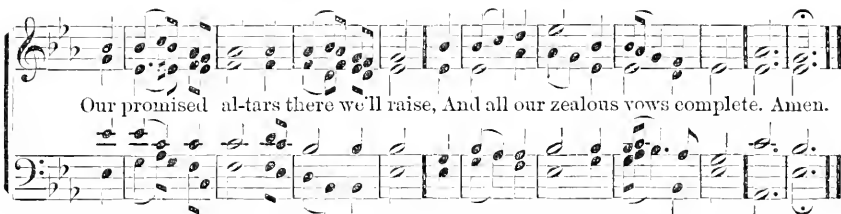
407.

L. M.

STONEFIELD.



1. For thee, O God, our constant praise In Si - on waits, thy cho-sen seat;



Our promised al-tars there we'll raise, And all our zealous vows complete. Amen.

2 Thou, who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;

Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

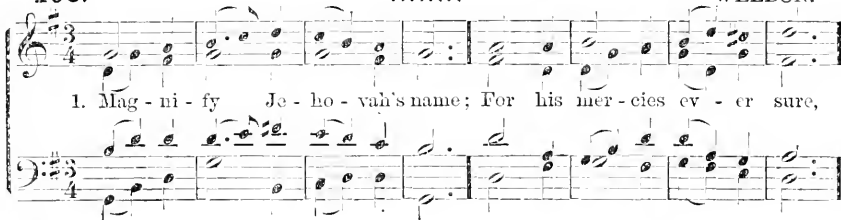
4 Bless'd is the man who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives!

'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

408.

7.7.7.7.

WELDON.



1. Mag - ni - fy Je - ho - vah's name; For his mer - cies ev - er sure,



From e - ter - ni - ty the same, To e - ter - ni - ty en-dure. A-men.

2 Let his ransom'd flock rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of his choice,
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.

3 In the wilderness astray,
In the lonely waste they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home:

4 To the Lord their God they cry:
He inclines a gracious ear,

Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

5 Them to pleasant lands he brings,
Where the vine and olive grow;
Where from verdant hills, the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

6 O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace!

409.

L. M.

HEBRON.

1. Be-fore Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa-cred joy ;

Know that the Lord is God a-lone ; He can cre-ate, and he des-troy. A-men.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

410.

L. M.

DEVONSHIRE.

1. Bless God, my soul ; thou, Lord, a-lone Pos-sess-est em-pire without bounds,

With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne E-ter-nal ma-jes-ty surrounds. Amen.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take ;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the
The canopy of state to make. [globe,

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies ;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he
flies

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill ;
They have their sundry tasks assign'd.
All prompt to do their sovereign
will.

5 In praising God while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

Praise.

411.

G.G.G.G.4.4.4.4.

DARWELL.

1. Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex - alt your Mak - er's fame ;

His praise your song em-ploy A - bove the star - ry frame : Your voi - ces raise,

Ye che - ru - bim And ser - a - phim, To sing his praise. A - men.

2 Thon moon, that rul'st the night
 And sun, that guid'st the day,
 Ye glittering stars of light,
 To him your homage pay :
 His praise declare,
 Ye heavens above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word
 They all from nothing came ;
 And all shall last
 From changes free ;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

412.

L. II.

ANGELS.

1. O praise the Lord in that blest place From whence his goodness largely flows;

Praise him in heav'n, where he his face, Unveil'd, in perfect glo - ry shows. A - men.

- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindn ss this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.

- 4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise—
To well-tuned cymbals, and to those
That loudly sound on solemn days.
- 5 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord!

413.

S. M.

CARLISLE.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee pro - claim;

And all that is with-in me join To bless his ho - ly name. A-men.

- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
Who is to thee so kind.
- 3 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

- 4 He feeds thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And, like the eagle's, he renews
The vigour of thy youth.
- 5 Then bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace, his love proclaim;
Let all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.

Praise.

414.

L. M.

HATFIELD.

1. O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent, Its thankful trib-ute to present; And,

with my heart, my voice I'll raise To thee, my God, in songs of praise. A-men.

2 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute:
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:

Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

415.

C. M.

WOODBURY.

1. Thro' all the changing scenes of life, In trou-ble and in joy.

The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue employ. A-men.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
For my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 The angel of the Lord encamp:
Around the good and just

Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his trust confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

416.

L. M.

WARRINGTON.

1. O render thanks to God a - bove, The fountain of e - ter - nal love ;

Whose mercy firm thro' a - ges past Has stood, and shall for ev - er last. A - men.

- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
3 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;

- When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.
4 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
His name eternally confess'd ;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens, Praise ye the Lord !

417.

C. M.

ST. MARTINS.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My dear Re - deem - er's praise,

The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace! A - men.

- 2 Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
3 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
And sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.

- 4 He speaks ; and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.
5 Hear him, ye deaf ! His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ !
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come !
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

Praise.

418.

L. M.

ST. PANCRAS.

1. Je-ho-vah reigns, let all the earth In his just gov-ern-ment re-joice;

Let all the lands, with sacred mirth, In his applause unite their voice. A-men.

2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Judgment and righteousness are made
The habitation of his seat.

3 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivalled in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art owned.

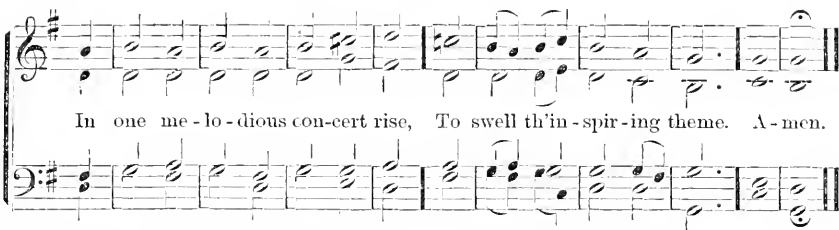
419.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

HARWOOD.

1. Be-gin, my soul, th'ex-alt-ed hy; Let each en-raptured thought o-bey,

And praise th'Al-mighty's name: Let heaven and earth, and seas, and skies,



In one me-lo-dious con-cert rise, To swell th'in-spir-ing theme. A-men.

- 2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
- 3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air or treads the plains,
United praise bestow :

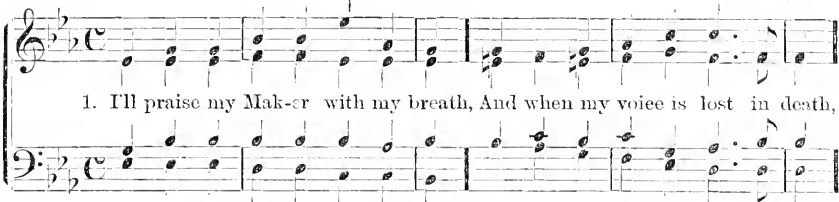
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

- 4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the
The general burst of joy. [sound,

420.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

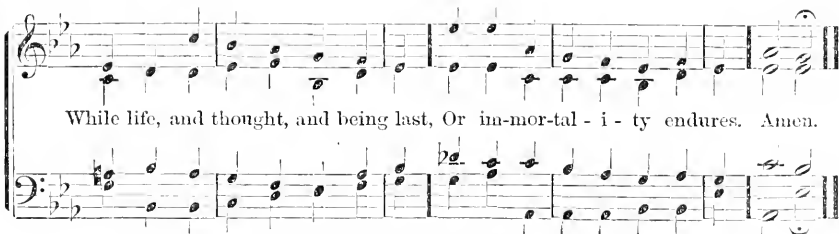
BRAINE.



1. I'll praise my Mak-er with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death,



Praise shall employ my no-bler powers : My days of praise shall ne'er be past



While life, and thought, and being last, Or im-mor-tal - i - ty endures. Amen.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, and all their train ;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;
His truth for ever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.

Praise.

421.

C. M.

BARBY.

1. A - dored for ev - er be the Lord ; His praise I will re - sound,

From whom the cries of my dis - tress A gra - cious an - swer found. A - men.

- 2 He is my strength and shield ; my heart
Has trusted in his name ;
And now relieved, my heart, with joy,
His praises shall proclaim.
- 3 The Lord, the everlasting God,
Is my defence and rock,
The saving health, the saving strength,
Of his anointed flock.

- 4 O save and bless thy people, Lord,
Thy heritage preserve ;
Feed, strengthen, and support their hearts,
That they may never swerve.

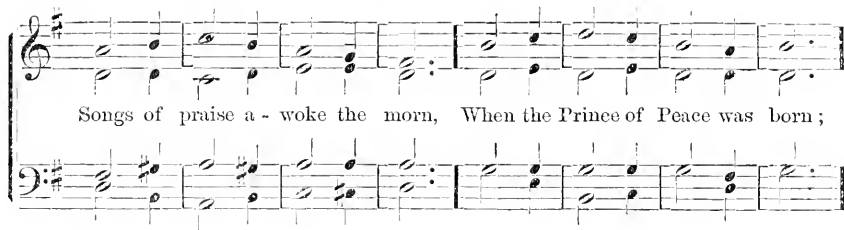
422. FIRST TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

MAIDSTONE.

Songs of praise the an - gels sang ; Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jah's rang,

When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When he spake and it was done.



Songs of praise a - woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born ;



Songs of praise a - rose, when he Cap-tive led cap-tiv - i - ty. A - men.

2 Heaven and earth must pass away ;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
 God will make new heavens and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 And shall man alone be dumb
 Till that glorious kingdom come ?
 No ; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

3 Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.
 Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

422. SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.

DURHAM, or INNOCENTS.



1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang ; Heav'n with hal - le - lu - jah's rang,



When Je - ho-vah's work be - gun, When he spake and it was done. A - men.

Praise.

423.

8.7.8.7.

TRUST.

1. God, my King, thy might con-fess-ing, Ev - er will I bless thy name ;

Day by day thy throne ad-dressing, Still will I thy praise proclaim. A-men.

2 Honour great our God befiteth ;
Who his majesty can reach ?
Age to age his work transmitteth,
Age to age his power shall teach.

3 They shall talk of all thy glory,
On thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of thy dread acts the story,
And thy deeds of wonder tell.

4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation ;
All his works his goodness prove.

6 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore ;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

424.

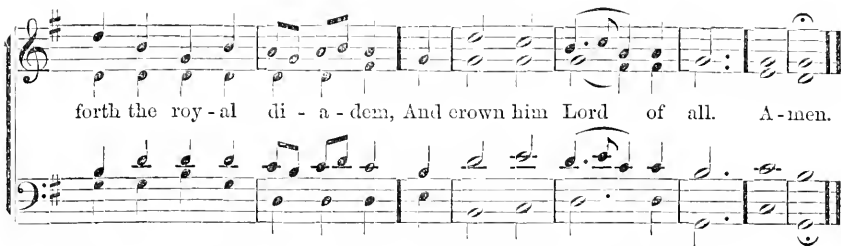
FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

CORONATION.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name ! Let an - gels prostrate fall ; Bring

forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all ; Bring



forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all. A-men.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Hail him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

424. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

MILES LANE.



1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall;



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him, crown him,



Last verse ff.
crown him, Crown him Lord of all. A-men.

Praise.

425.

Irregular Metre.



The strain upraise of joy
and praise, Alle-

-lu - - ia.

To the glory of their
King Shall the ran-
somed

peo - ple sing

And the choirs that....

dwel on high

Shall re-echo.....

through the sky

They in the rest of.....

Paradise who dwell,

The blessed ones, with
joy the

cho - rus swell,

The planets beaming on
their

heaven - ly way,

The shining constella-
tions

join, and say

Ye clouds that onward
sweep, Ye winds on

pin - ions light,

Ye thunders, echoing
loud and deep, Ye
lightnings,

wild - ly bright,

Ye floods and ocean bil-
lows, Ye storms and

win - ter snow,

Ye days of cloudless
beauty, Hoar frost and

sum - mer glow

First let the birds, with
painted

plum - ago gay,

Exalt their great Cre-
ator's

praise, and say

Then let the beasts of
earth, with

vary - ing strain,

Join in creation's hymn,
and

cry a - gain

Here let the mountains
thunder forth so-

nor - - ous

Alle- - - -

-lu - - ia.

Thou jubilant abyss of..

o - cean, cry

Alle- - - -

-lu - - ia.

To God, Who all cre-

-a - tion made,

The frequent hymn be

du - ly paid:

This is the strain, the
eternal strain, the
LORD AL-

-migh - ty loves:

Alle- - - -

-lu - - ia.

Wherefore we sing, both
heart and voice a-

-wak - ing,

Alle- - - -

-lu - - ia.

Now from all men.....

be out - poured

Alleluia.....

to the LORD,

Praise be done to the...

THREE in ONE,

Alle- - - -

-lu - - ia.

Praise.

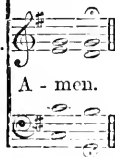
319

Irregular Metre.

TROYTE'S CHANT.



Alle- - - -	-lu - - ia.	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
Alle- - - -	-lu - - ia.	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
Alle- - - -	-lu - - ia.	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
Alle- - - -	-lu - - ia.	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
In sweet con- - -	-sent u - nite	your Alle- - -	-lu - ia.
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious	for - ests sing	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
Alle- - - -	-lu - - ia.	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
Alle- - - -	-lu - - ia.	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
There let the valleys sing in gentler	cho - rus	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
Ye tracts of earth and conti-	-nents, re - ply	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
Alle- - - -	-lu - - ia.	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
This is the song, the heavenly song, that CHRIST the	King ap-proves:	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
And children's voices echo, answer	mak - ing,	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.
With Alleluia - - -	e - ver - more	The SON and SPIRIT	we a - dore.
Alle- - - -	-lu - - ia.	Alle- - - -	-lu - ia.



Praise.

426.

C. M.

BELMONT.

1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God My ris - ing soul sur - veys,

Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise. A - men.

2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That grows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;

And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'd raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

427.

L. M.

EISENACH.

1. With glo - ry clad, with strength arrayed, The Lord that o'er all na-ture reigns,

The world's founda-tion strongly laid, And the vast fa-brie still sustains. A-men.

2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high:

But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

428.

6.6.4.6.6.4.

ITALIAN HYMN, or MOSCOW.



1. Come, thou Al-migh-ty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days. A-men.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless;
Come, give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

429.

L. M.

GRACE CHURCH.



1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeem-er's praise : He just-ly claims a song from thee; His loving-kind-ness, O how free! A-men.

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,

He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, O how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart,
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

Praise.

430.

8.7.8.7.8.7.

PATTERSON.

1. Al - le - lu - ia, song of sweet - ness, Voice of joy that can - not die;

Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;

In the house of God a - bid - ing, Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,

True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always

Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray thee,

Grant us, blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

481.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

GLORIAM.

1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat-ed Cher-u - bim and ser - a - phim

Fill'd his tem - ple, and re - peat-ed Each to each thal - ter - nate hymn.

"Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with thy ful - ness stored ;

Un-to thee be glo - ry giv-en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord." A-men.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."
 With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy Church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :

3 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with thy fulness stored;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord."
 Thus thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt thy angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," blessing
 Thee the Lord of hosts most High.

Praise.

432.

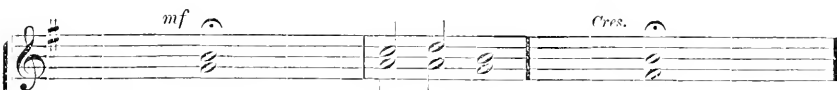
FIRST TUNE.

10.10.7.

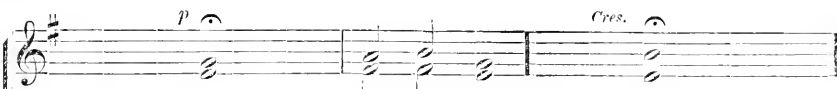
ENDLESS ALLELUIA.



FULL. 1. Sing Alleluia forth in du-teous praise, O citizens of heaven, and
 2. Ye next, who stand before th'E-ter-nal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo
 DEC. 3. The holy city shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding
 CAN. 4. In blissful antiphons ye thus re-joice To render to the Lord with



DEC. 5. Ye who have gained at } palms in bliss, Victorious ones, your chants shall
 length your
 CAN. 6. There, in one grand ac- } ev - er ring The strains which tell the honour
 claim, for }



DEC. 7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back; This is the food and drink which



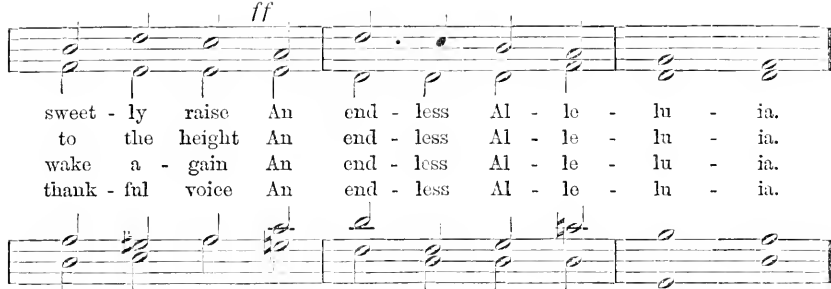
FULL. 8. While thee, by whom were } made, we praise For ever, and tell out in
 all things }
 9. Almighty Christ, to thee our voi-ces sing Glory for evermore; to



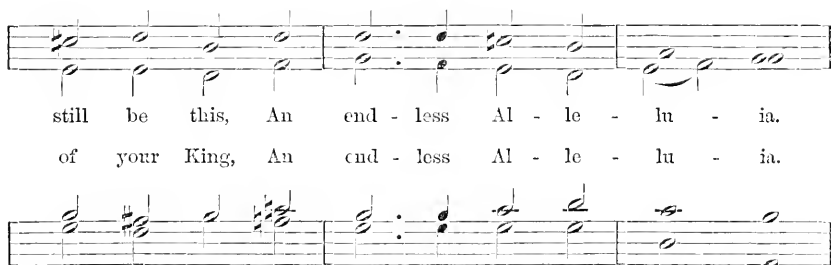
Praise.

325

ff



sweet - ly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
 to the height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
 wake a - gain An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
 thank - ful voice An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.



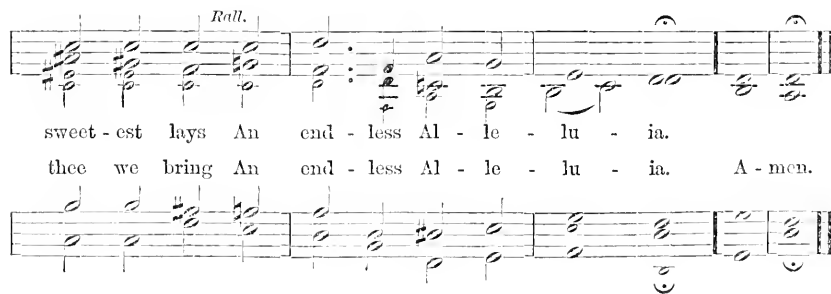
still be this, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
 of your King, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

mf



none shall lack, — An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

Roll.



sweet - est lays An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
 thee we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

Praise.

432. SECOND TUNE.

10.10.7.

ALLELUIA.

1. Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in du - teous praise, O cit - i - zens of

heav'n; and sweetly raise An end-less, an endless Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

2 Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height

An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again

An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice

An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in
bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for every ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King,

An endless Alleluia.

7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink which none shall lack,

An endless Alleluia.

8 While thee, by whom were all things made, we
praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays

An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

433.

8.7.8.7.

NEW JERSEY.

1. An - gel bands, in strains sweet sounding, Anthems to the Sav-iour raise :

Host of heav'n his throne surrounding, Hymn the great Creator's praise. A - men.

2 Radiant orb of day, adore him,
Praise him, thou who rul'st the night;
Heaven of heavens, O bow before him,
Laud him, all ye worlds of light.

3 Praise him, wild and restless ocean
Praise him monsters of the deep;
Praise him in your rude commotion,
Storms that at his mandate sweep.

4 Hills and mountains, heavenward towering,
Fires that in their bosom glow ;
Clouds around their cliffs dark lowering,
Torrents down their steep's that flow ;

5 Verdant fields and valleys blooming,
Insect myriads, own his care ;
Wild beasts through the forest roaming,
Warbling tenants of the air,

6 Kings and rulers, shout his glory,
People, join the loud acclaim,
Maidens, youth, and fathers hoary
Infants, lisp his holy name.

7 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
Him who gave you life adore ;
Earth and heaven, and all creation,
Praise his name for evermore.

434. FIRST TUNE.

D. S. M.

OLD 25th.



1. Je-sus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care, With humble confidence look up,



And know thou hear'st my pray'r: Give me on thee to wait, Till I can all things do—



On thee, al-might-y to cre-ate, Al-might-y to re-new. A-men.

2 Give me a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less.

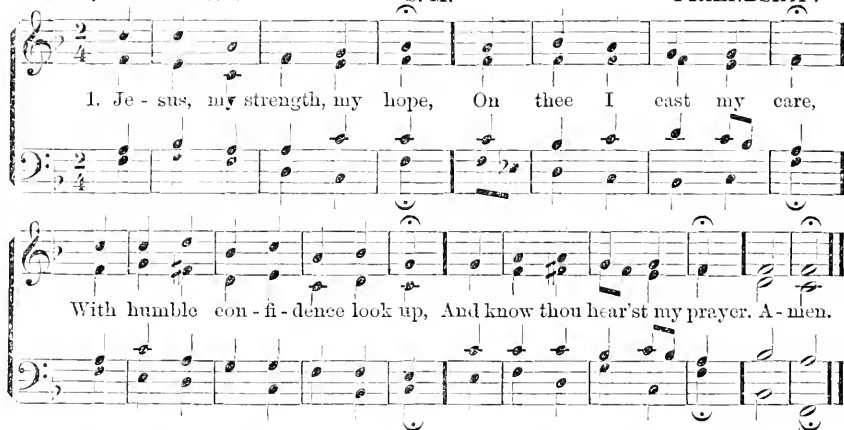
5 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Self-Consecration.

434. SECOND TUNE.

S. M.

FRIENDSHIP.



1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care,
With humble con - fi - dence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer. A - men.

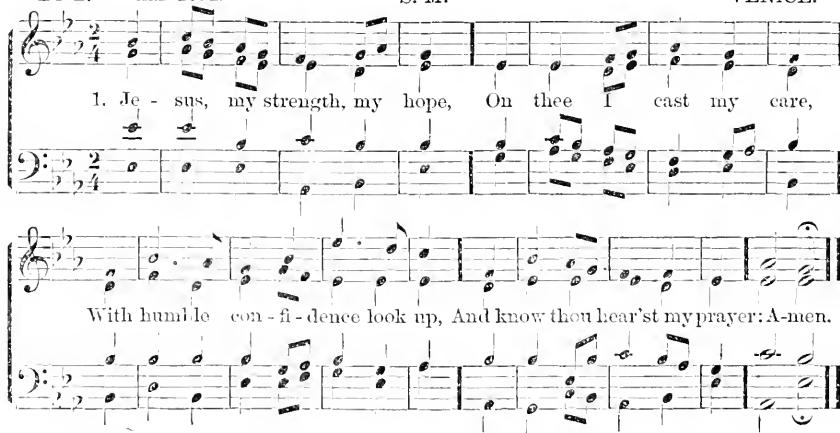
- 2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do—
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 3 Give me a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
- 4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.
- 5 Give me a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
- 6 A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,

- For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 7 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
- 8 Give me a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suffering less.
- 9 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
- 10 But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

434. THIRD TUNE.

S. M.

VENICE.



1. Je - sus, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care,
With humble con - fi - dence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer. A - men.

Self-Consecration.

329

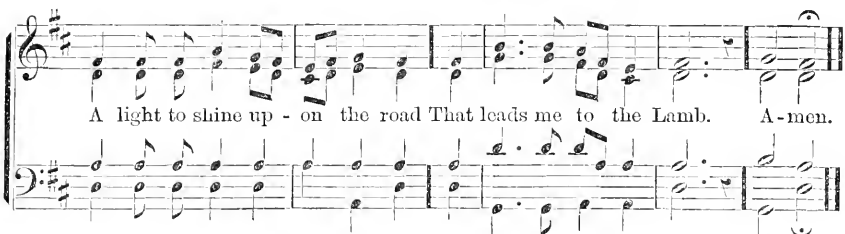
435.

C. M.

NAOMI.



1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame ;



A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb. A-men.

2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne
And worship only thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Trust.

436.

C. M.

YORK.



1. Who place on Si - on's God their trust, Like Si - on's rock shall stand ;



Like her im - mov - a - ble be fixed By his al - mighty hand. A-men.

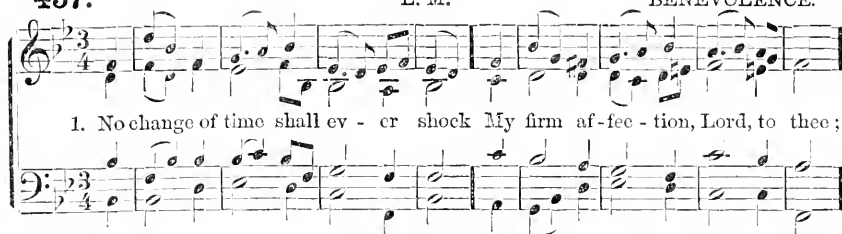
2 Look how the hills on every side
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

Trust.

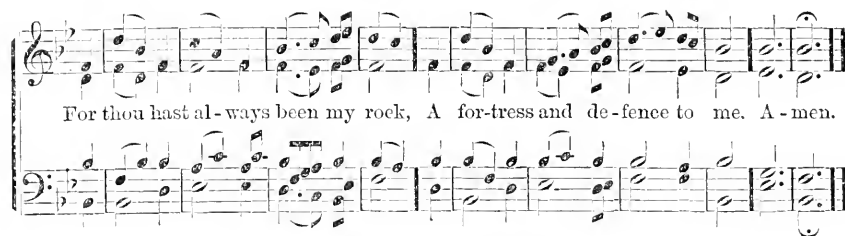
437.

L. M.

BENEVOLENCE.



1. No change of time shall ev - er shock My firm af - fee - tion, Lord, to thee ;



For thou hast al - ways been my rock, A for - tress and de - fence to me. A - men.

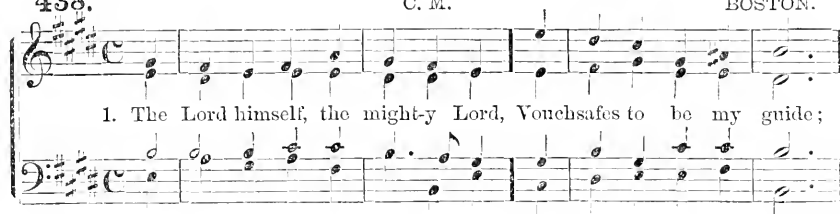
2 Thou my deliverer art, my God ;
My trust is in thy mighty power :
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe ;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

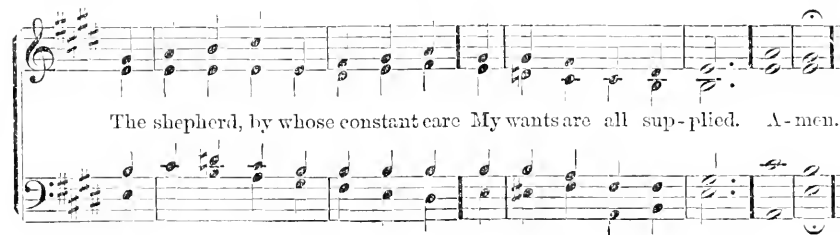
438.

C. M.

BOSTON.



1. The Lord himself, the might - y Lord, Vouchsafes to be my guide ;



The shepherd, by whose constant care My wants are all sup - plied. A - men.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

439.

L. M.

NORFOLK.



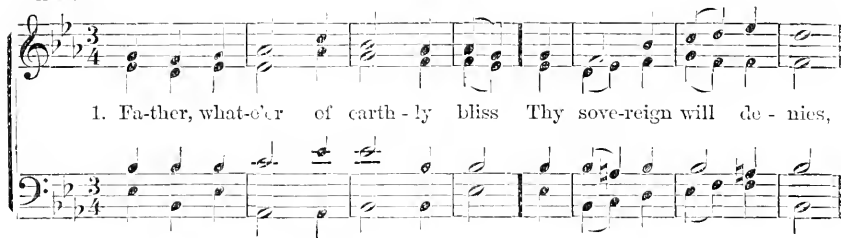
2 God does his saving health dispense
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.

3 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts:
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

440.

C. M.

ECKARDTSHEIM.



2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

441.

C. M.

BRATTLE STREET.

1. While thee I seek, pro- tect- ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish- es stilled ;

And may this con - se - crat- ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought be- stowed, To thee my thoughts would soar :

Thy mer- cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer- cy I a - dore. A - men.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see:
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on thee.

442. FIRST TUNE.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

HABAKKUK.

1. Al-tho' the vine its fruit de-ny, The bud-ding fig-tree droop and die,

No oil the o-live yield; Yet will I trust me in my God,

Yea, bend re-joice-ing to his rod, And by his grace be healed. A-men.

2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the folds the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There God is all in all.


4 In God my strength, howe'er distrest,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love;
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

Trust.

442. SECOND TUNE.

8.8.6.8.8.6.


BETHANY.



1. Al-though the vine its fruit de-ny, The budding fig tree droop and die,



No oil the ol-ive yield: Yet will I trust me in my God,



Yea, bend re-joice-ing to his rod, And by his grace be healed. A-men.

2 Though fields, in verdure once array'd,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown is just.
His mercy is supreme.


3 Though from the folds the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies;
There God is all in all.

4 In God my strength, howe'er distress,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love:
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

443.

6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

ST. FABIAN.



1. In the hour of tri-al, Jesus, plead for me; Lest by base de-ni-al

I de-part from thee; When thou see'st me way-er, With a look re - call,

Nor for fear or fa - vour Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

- 2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crown'd Calvary.
- 3 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;

Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

- 4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

444.

L. M.

FEDERAL ST.

1. Is there a lone and drear-y hour, When worldly pleasures lose their power?

My Father! let me turn to thee, And set each thought of darkness free. A-men.

- 2 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ
My Saviour! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 3 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief?

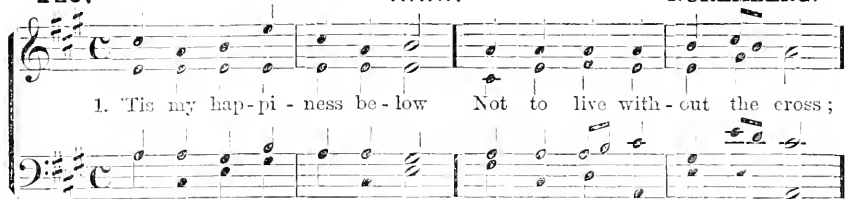
O Spirit! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.

- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own, O God! thy grace and power.

445.

7.7.7.7.

NUREMBERG.



But the Saviour's pow'r to know, Sancti-fy-ing ev-ry loss. A-men.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

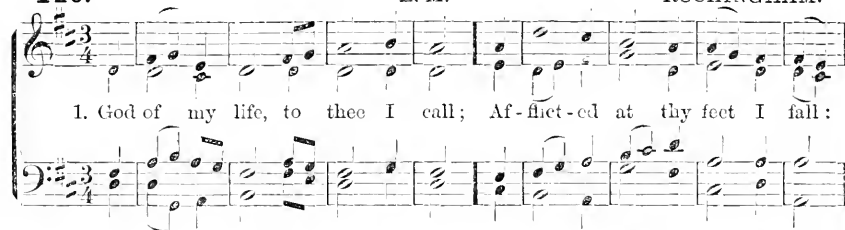
3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a castaway?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

446.

L. M.

ROCKINGHAM.



When the great water-floods prevail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail. A-men.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Whereshould I lodge my deep complaint?—
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain?
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer:
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under ev'ry load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not:
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

Hope.

337

447. FIRST TUNE.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

AMSTERDAM.



1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace ;



Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Towards heav'n, thy na - tive place :



Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move,



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats pre-pared a - bove. A - men.

2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize;
 Soon thy Saviour will return,
 To take thee to the skies:
 There is everlasting peace,
 Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
 There will sorrow ever cease,
 And crowns of joy be given.

Hope.

447. SECOND TUNE.

7.G.7.G.7.G.7.G.

ST. HILARY.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace ;

Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, Tow'rd heav'n, thy na - tive place :

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re-move ;

Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove. A - men.

2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon thy Saviour will return,
 To take thee to the skies :
 There is everlasting peace,
 Rest, enduring rest, in heaven ;
 There will sorrow ever cease,
 And crowns of joy be given.

Hope.

339

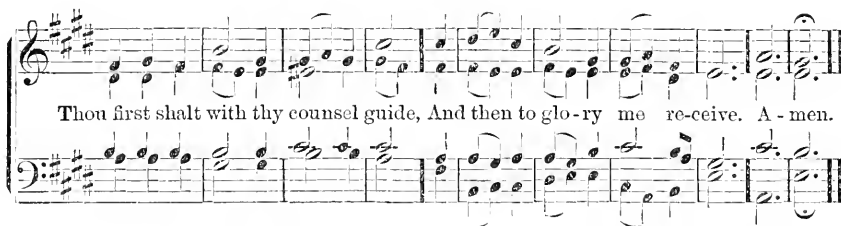
448.

L. M.

HOPE.



1. Thy presence, Lord, hath me supplied, Thou my right hand support dost give ;



Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide, And then to glo-ry me re-ceive. A-men.

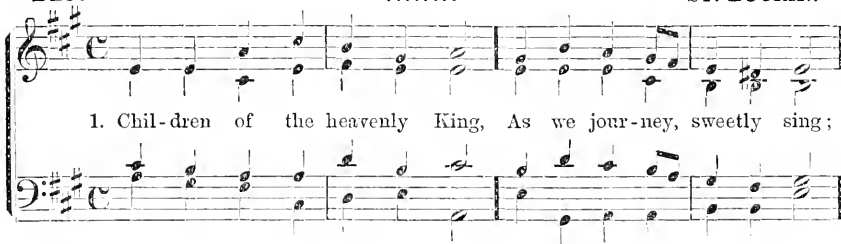
2 Whom then in heaven, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require? [none,
Throughout the spacious earth there's
Compared with thee, that I desire.

3 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me ;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

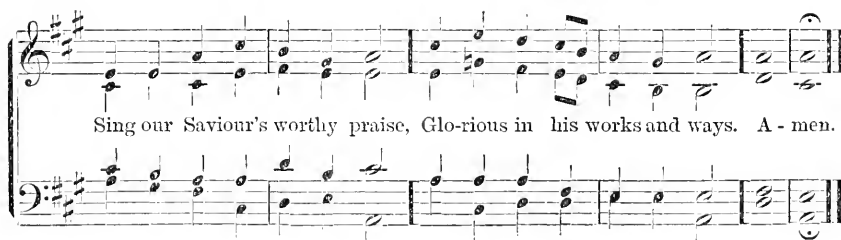
449.

7.7.7.7.

ST. LUCIAN.



1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As we jour-ney, sweetly sing ;



Sing our Saviour's worthy praise, Glo-rious in his works and ways. A-men.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our advocate was made;

Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still follow thee.

Hope.

450.

L. M.

BOWEN.

1. As, when the wear-y trav-eller gains The height of some command-ing hill,

His heart revives, if o'er the plains He sees his home, tho' distant still; A-men

- 2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers :
No more he grieves for troubles past ;

- Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 Jesus, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode ;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

451.

C. M.

MARTYRDOM.

1. As pants the hart for cool-ing streams, When heat-ed by the chase ;

So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re-fresh-ing grace. A-men.

- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God ; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 4 God of my strength, how long shall I
Like one forgotten, mourn,

- Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?
- 5 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid :
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
And where his promised aid?"
- 6 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still ; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

Hope.

341

452.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

JACKSON.

1. As, panting in the sul-try beam, The hart de-sires the cool-ing stream,

So to thy presence, Lord, I flee, So longs my soul, O God, for thee ;

Athirst to taste thy liv-ing grace, And see thy glo-ry face to face. A-men.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll ;
For many an evil voice is near
To chide my woe and mock my fear ;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walk'd the happy round
That 'circles Sion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah, why, by passing clouds oppress,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
Never suppliant sought in vain ;
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

Hope.

453.

C. M.

WARWICK.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To men-sions in the skies,

I bid fare-well to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. A-men.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Love.

454.

S. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7.

SORRENTO.

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love be - stows,

For the pardoning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows :

Help, O God, my weak en-deav-our; This dull soul to rap-ture raise:

Thou must light the flame, or nev-cr Can my love be warm'd to praise. A-men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.</p> | <p>3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.</p> |
|--|---|

455.

C. M.

REDHEADS, 66.

1. Je - su, the ver-y thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast;

But sweet-er far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest. A-men.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind</p> <p>3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!</p> | <p>4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.</p> <p>5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

Love.

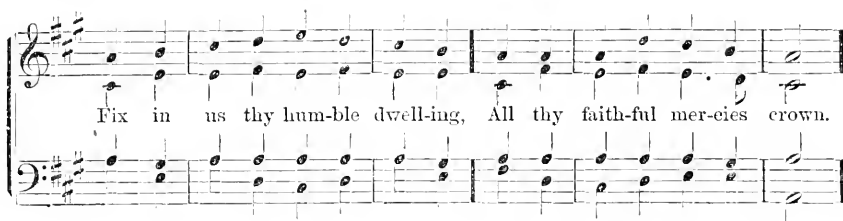
456.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

BENEDICTION.



1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!



Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.



Je - su, thou art all eom - pas-sion, Pure, un - bound-ed love thou art;



Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart. A - men.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,—
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing;
 Serve thee as thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;
 Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee.
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Love.

345

457.

10.6.10.6.10.10.

NADDERWATER.

1. I love my God, but with no love of mine, For

I have none to give; I love thee, Lord, but all the love is thine,

For by thy life I live; I am as noth-ing, and re-joice to

be Emp-tied, and lost, and swal-low'd up in thee. A-men.

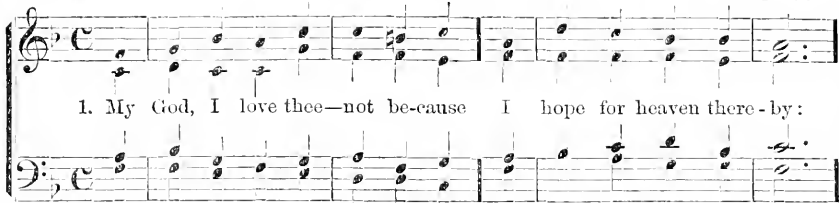
2 Thou, Lord, alone art all thy children need,
 And there is none beside;
 From thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
 In thee the blest abide:
 Fountain of life and all-abounding grace,
 Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

Love.

458.

C. M.

SALISBURY.



2 Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself ; and all for me
Who was thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell ;

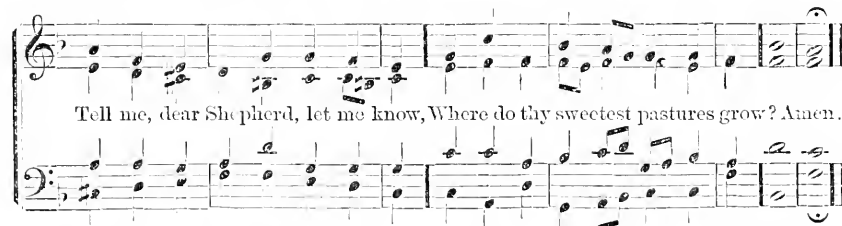
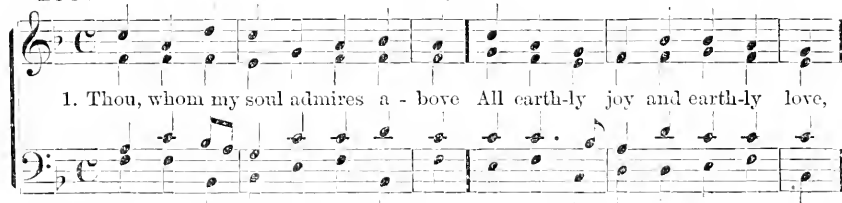
5 Not with the hope of gaining aught ;
Nor seeking a reward ;
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord !

6 So would I love thee, dearest Lord,
And in thy praise will sing ;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

459.

L. M.

COLOGNE.



2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

460. FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

DUTCHESS.

1. My God, how won-der - ful thou art, Thy ma - jes - ty how bright,

How beau-ti - ful thy mer-cy-seat, In depths of burning light! A - men.

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

4 O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou has stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

460. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

CHESTERFIELD.

1. My God, how won-der - ful thou art, Thy ma - jes - ty how bright,

How beau-ti - ful thy mer-cy-seat, In depths of burning light! A - men.

Love.

461.

S.S.S.S.S.S.

CAREYS.

1. Thee will I love, my strength, my tower, Thee will I love, my

joy, my crown; Thee will I love with all my power,

In all my works, and thee a - lone: Thee will I love, till

sa - cred fire Fill my whole soul with pure de - sire. A - men.

- 2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun, [shined; That thy bright beams on me have
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

- 4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

462.

S. M.

THATCHER.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne. A-men.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

- 5 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow
- 6 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 7 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

463.

S. M.

PENTONVILLE.

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
Wake ev-ery heart and ey-ery tongue, To praise the Saviour's name. A-men.

- 2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;

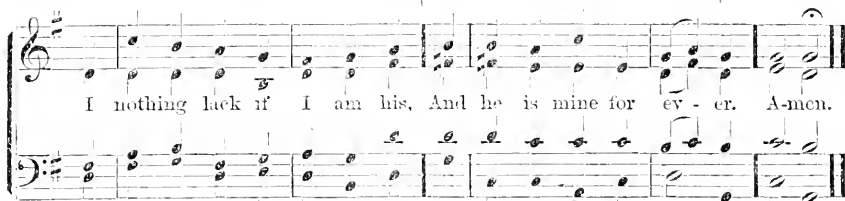
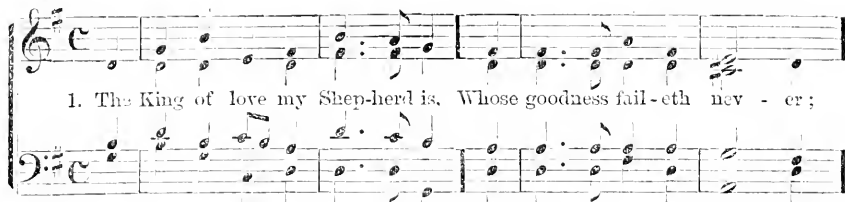
- Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

Joy.

464.

8.7.S.7. (Iambic.)

BLOOMINGDALE.



- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish, oft I stray'd,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me ;

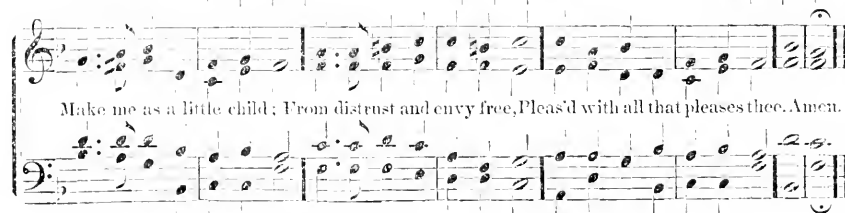
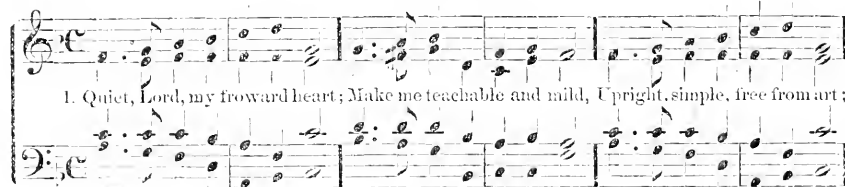
- Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spreadst a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And O the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth !
- 6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever !

Humility.

465.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

DEVON.



- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burthen bear ?

- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone,
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Humility.

351

466.

7.7.7.7.

CULBACH.

1. Lord, for ev - er at thy side Let my place and por-tion be :

Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd ;
Thou hast spoken—I believe,
Though the oracle be seal'd.
- 3 Humble as a little child,
Wean'd from the mother's breast,

- But no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Israel ! now and evermore
In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
Him, in all his ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

Peace.

467.

C. M.

BOSTON.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set - free!

A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free - ly shed for me; A - men.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone ;
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine !
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Peace.

468.

C. M.

WILTSHIRE.

1. There is a fold whence none can stray, And pas-tures o-ver green, Where
sul-try sun, or stormy day, Or night, is nev-er seen. A-men.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light, it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills:
With joy that never dies.

3 One narrow vale, one darksome wave,
Divides that land from this;
I have a Shepherd pledged to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

4 Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,
I shall not taste of death.

5 Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee,—
My Saviour, this is life!

Courage.

469.

G. F. G. F.

WORTHING.

1. God shall charge his an-gel le-gions, Watch and ward o'er thee to keep;
Tho' thou walk thro' hostile re-gions, Tho' in desert wilds thou sleep. A-men.

2 On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young thy foot shall tread;
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

Courage.

373

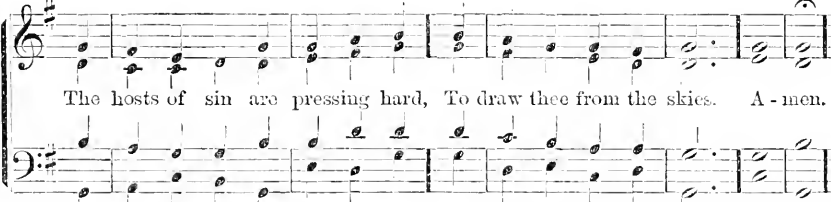
470.

S. M.

ST. MICHAELS.



1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise;



The hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies. A - men.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:


Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

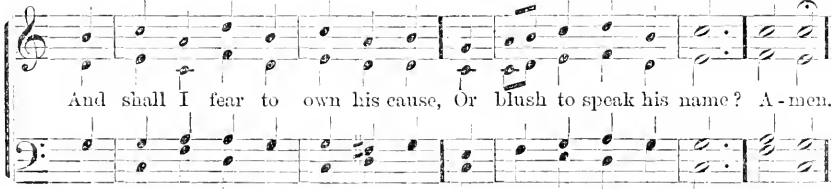
471.

C. M.

ST. ANN'S.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?



And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name? A - men.

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Courage.

472.

5.5.5.5.G.5.G.5.

BREVOORT.

1. Breast the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est ;

Watch for day, Chris - tian, When the night's long - est ;

On - ward and on - ward still Be thine en - deav - our ;

The rest that re - main - eth Will be for ev - er. A - men.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,
 Jesus is o'er thee ;
 Run the race, Christian,
 Heaven is before thee ;
 He who hath promisèd
 Faltereth never ;
 He who hath loved so well,
 Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
 Just as it closeth ;
 Raise thy heart, Christian,
 Ere it repositeth ;
 Thee from the love of Christ
 Nothing shall sever ;
 And, when thy work is done,
 Praise him for ever.

473.

C. M.

DUNDEE.

1. O God of Beth-el, by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed;
Who thro' this wear-y pil-grim-age Hast all our fa-thers led! A-men.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease;
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Action.

474.

S. M.

MOUNT EPHRAIM.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo-ri-fy; A
nev-er-dy-ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky: A-men.

2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,

And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Action.

475.

C. M.

ABRIDGE.

1. Su-preme in wis-dom as in power, The Rock of A-ges stands;

Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace The working of his hands. A-men.

2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

3 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

4 They, with unwearied step, shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love;
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

476.

C. M.

CHRISTMAS.

1. A-wake, my soul, stretch ev-ery nerve, And press with vig-our on; A

heav'nly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. Amen.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,

'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

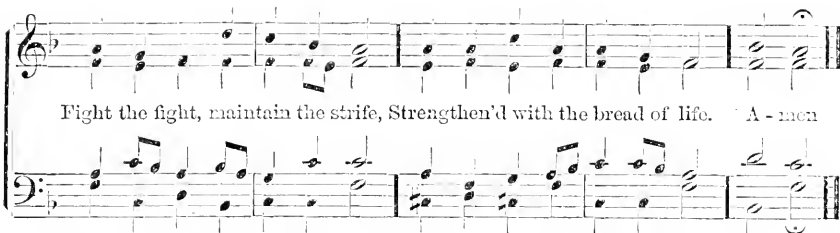
477. First Tune.

7.7.7.7.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.



1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Christians, on-ward go:



Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A-men

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe :
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

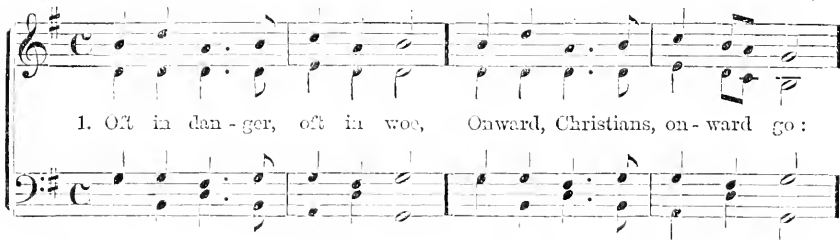
3 Let your drooping hearts be glad :
March in heavenly armour clad :
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

5 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove :
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

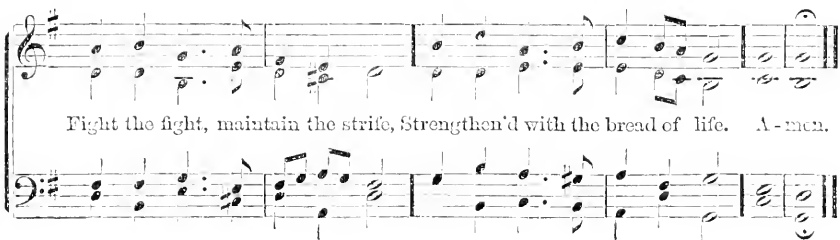
477. Second Tune.

7.7.7.7.

GERMAN HYMN.



1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, on-ward go:




Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A-men.

478.

7.6.7.6.7.8.7.6.


BADEN.



1. Since I've known a Sav-iour's name, And sin's strong fet - ters broke,



Care - ful with - out care I am, Nor feel my ea - sy yoke :



Joy - ful now my faith to show, I find his ser - vice my re - ward,



All the work I do be - low Is light, for such a Lord. A - men.

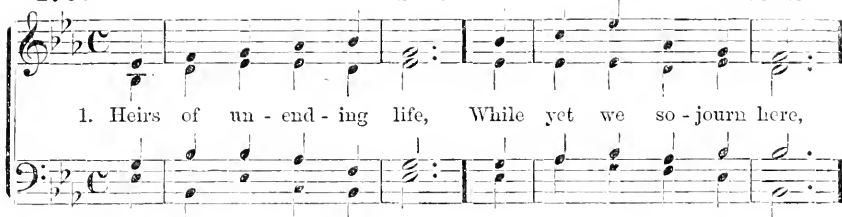
2 To the desert or the cell
 Let others blindly fly,
 In this evil world I dwell,
 Nor fear its enmity ;
 Here I find a house of prayer,
 To which I inwardly retire ;
 Walking unconcerned in care,
 And unconsumed in fire.

3 O that all the world might know
 Of living, Lord, to thee,
 Find their heaven begun below,
 And here thy goodness see ;
 Walk in all the works prepared
 By thee to exercise their grace,
 Till they gain their full reward,
 And see thee face to face !

479.

S. M.

FRANCONIA.



1. Heirs of un - end - ing life, While yet we so - journ here,



O let us our sal - va - tion work With trembling and with fear. A-men.

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

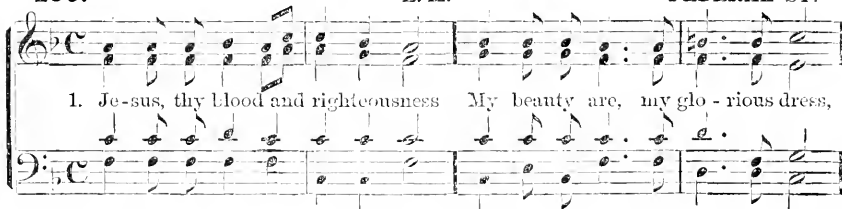
3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
He is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too!

The Judgment.

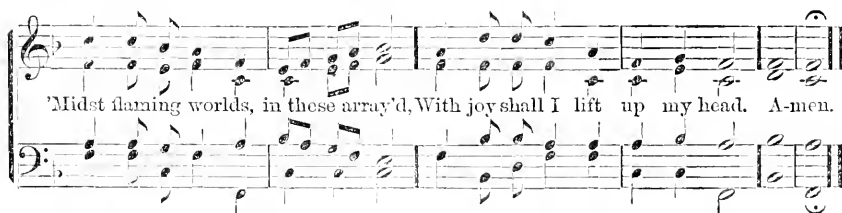
480.

L. M.

FEDERAL ST.



1. Je - sus, thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glo - rious dress,



'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd, With joy shall I lift up my head. A-men.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

4 Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove;
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

The Judgment.

481.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

JUDGMENT.

1. Day of judgment, day of won-ders! Hark! the trumpet's aw-ful sound,

Loud-er than a thousand thun-ders, Shakes the vast cre-a-tion round!

How the sum-mons Will the sin-ner's heart con-found! A-men.

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine :
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea :
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee :
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee ?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved, and served the Lord below,
He will say, Come near, ye blessèd,
Take the kingdom I bestow :
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.

The Judgment.

331

482. FIRST TUNE.

S. M.

ST. BRIDE.

1. How will my heart en - dure The ter - rors of that day,

When earth and heav'n be - fore his face As - tonish'd shrink a - way? A - men.

2 But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the Gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

482. SECOND TUNE.

S. M.

OLMUTZ.

1. How will my heart en - dure The ter - rors of that day,

When earth and heav'n be - fore his face As - tonish'd shrink a - way? A - men.

The Judgment.

433. *Slow.*

Irregular Metre.

DIES IRÆ.

1. Day of wrath! oh, day of mourn-ing! See ful-fill'd the proph-et's

warn - ing, Heaven and earth in ash - es burn - - ing!

- 2 O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth,
- 3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.
- 4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.
- 5 Lo! the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
'Thence shall judgment be awarded.
- 6 When the Judge his seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.
- 7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?
- 8 King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!
- 9 Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
Cost thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!
- 10 Faint and weary thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering brought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?
- 11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

- 12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant groaning!
- 13 Thou the sinful woman saved'st;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.
- 14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!
- 15 With thy favoured sheep O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.
- 16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with thy saints surrounded.
- 17 Low I kneel with heart submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition;
Help me in my last condition.
- 18 Ah, that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning,
Man for judgment must prepare him;

19. Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him. Lord, all

The first system of the musical score is in 2/4 time. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics "19. Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him. Lord, all" are written below the notes.

pity - ing Je - su blest, Grant us

The second system continues the melody. It includes a fermata over the word "blest" and a repeat sign before "Grant us". The lyrics "pity - ing Je - su blest, Grant us" are written below the notes.

thine e - ter - nal rest. A - - - - men.

The third system concludes the hymn. It features a final cadence in the bass staff. The lyrics "thine e - ter - nal rest. A - - - - men." are written below the notes.

The Judgment.

484.

3.7.8.7.8.8.7.

LUTHER'S HYMN.



1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre - a - ted!



The Judge of mankind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed!



The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con -



tained be - fore: Pre - pare, my soul, to meet him! A - men.

- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presenee sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sigh are unavailing:

- The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear.
On clouds of glory seated:
Low at his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass
away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

485. FIRST TUNE.

11.10.11.10.9.11.

PILGRIMS.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
 shore: How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell-ing Of that new
 life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,
 Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grim of the night, Sing - ing to
 wel - come the pil - grims, The pil - grims of the night. A - men, A - men.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,

“Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;”

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,

The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, etc.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,

And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,

The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;

All journeys end in welcome to the weary,

And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels of Jesus, etc.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;

Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,

And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, etc.

Heaven.

485. SECOND TUNE.

11.10.11.10.9.11.

ANGELS OF JESUS.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and

ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling

Voices in Unison.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gel; of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome The pilgrims of the night. A - men.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Heaven.

367

485. THIRD TUNE.

11.10.11.10.9.11.

COXE.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and

o-cean's wave-beat shore : How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome The pilgrims of the night. A - men.

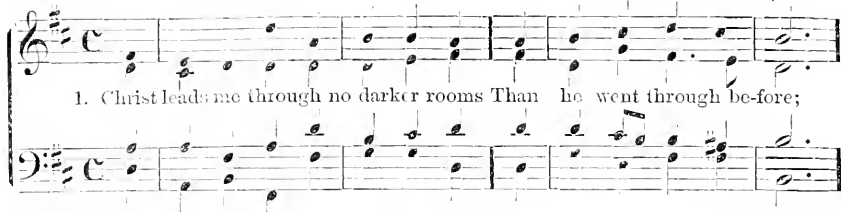
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come."
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping.
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

Heaven.

486.

C. M.

REDHEADS, 66.



1. Christ leads me through no darker rooms Than he went through be-fore;



And he that in God's kingdom comes Must en-ter by this door. A-men.

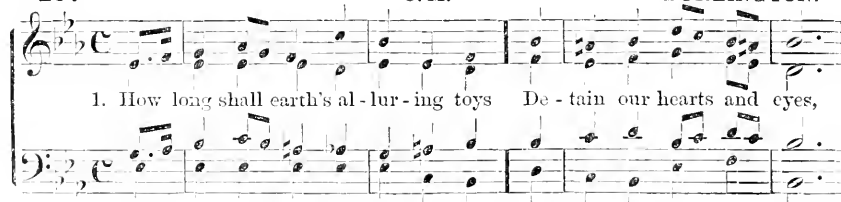
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me
Thy blessed face to see; [meet
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be!
3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,

- And join with the triumphant saints
To sing Jehovah's praise.
4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him!

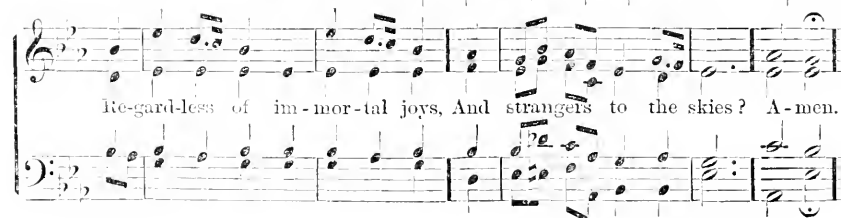
487.

C. M.

BURLINGTON.



1. How long shall earth's al-lur-ing toys De-tain our hearts and eyes,



Re-gard-less of im-mor-tal joys, And strangers to the skies? A-men.

- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay.
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
3 Their brightest day, alas! how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain
O'ershade the smiling noon.
4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades,—

- 5 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.
6 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim:
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.
7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures
Immortal in the skies. [spring

488.

C. M.

SPOHR.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign; In -

fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. A-men.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;

- And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes;—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

489.

S. M.

SCRANTON.

1. For ev-er with the Lord! A-men, so let it be! Life

from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im-mortal-i-ty. A-men.

- 2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's far-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love.

- The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
And sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Heaven.

490. *Not too fast.*

7.C.7.C.7.C.7.C.

LAUSANNE.

1. The world is ve - ry e - vil, The times are wax - ing late,

Be so - ber and keep vi - gil, The Judge is at the gate;

The Judge who comes in mer - cy, The Judge who comes with might,

Who comes to end the e - vil, Who comes to crown the right. A - men.

- 2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
 Let right to wrong succeed,
 Let penitential sorrow
 To heavenly gladness lead,
 To light that has no evening,
 That knows nor moon nor sun,
 The light so new and golden,
 The light that is but one.
- 3 O Home of fadeless splendour,
 Of flowers that fear no thorn,
 Where they shall dwell as children
 Who here as exiles mourn;
 'Midst power that knows no limit,
 Where wisdom has no bound,
 The beatific vision
 Shall glad the saints around.

- 4 O happy, holy portion,
 Refection for the blest,
 True vision of true beauty,
 True cure of the distrest;
 Strive, man, to win that glory;
 Toil, man, to gain that light;
 Send hope before to grasp it,
 Till hope be lost in sight.
- 5 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

491. FIRST TUNE.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

MUNICH.

1. Brief life is here our portion, Brief sorrow, short-lived care; The life that knows no

end - ing, The tear - less life is there. O hap - py - re - tri - bu - tion ! Short

toil, e - ter - nal rest; For mortals and for sinners A mansion with the blest. A - men.

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

3 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

491. SECOND TUNE.

7.6.7.6.

ST. ALPHEGE.

1. Brief life is here our por - tion. Brief sor - row, short-lived care;
O hap - py re - tri - bu - tion ! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest;

The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life is there.
For mor - tals and for sin - ners A man - sion with the blest. A - men.

492.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6. For thee, O dear, dear Country.

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep ;

For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy lap - py name, they weep ;

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - men.

2 O one, O only mansion ;

O Paradise of joy !

Where tears are ever banished,

And smiles have no alloy ;

The Lamb is all thy splendour,

The Crucified thy praise ;

His laud and benediction

Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,

Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;

The sardius and the topaz

Unite in thee their rays ;

Thine ageless walls are bounded

With amethyst unpriced ;

The saints build up its fabric,

And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !

Thou hast no time, bright day !

Dear fountain of refreshment

To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages

They raise thy holy tower ;

Thine is the victor's laurel,

And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,

The home of God's elect !

O sweet and blessèd country,

That eager hearts expect ?

Jesu, in mercy bring us

To that dear land of rest ;

Who art, with God the Father,

And Spirit, ever blest.

Heaven.

973

493.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - press.

I know not, O I know not What joys a - wait us there;

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, *p* What bliss be - yond com - pare. A - men.

- 2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 3 There is the throne of David;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.

- And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
- 4 O sweet and blessed country,
 The home of God's elect!
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect!
 Jesu, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest;
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And Spirit, ever blest.

Heaven.

494.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

TITCHFIELD.

1. What are these in bright ar - ray, This in - num-cr - a - ble throng,

Round the al - tar, night and day, Hymning one tri-umphant song?

Wor - thy is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon-our, glo - ry, power,

Wis-dom, rich-es to ob - tain, New do-min-ion ev - ery hour." A-men.

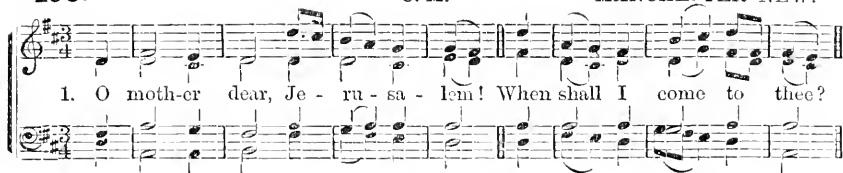
2 These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with his almighty name :
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead :
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;
 And for ever from their eyes,
 God shall wipe away the tears.

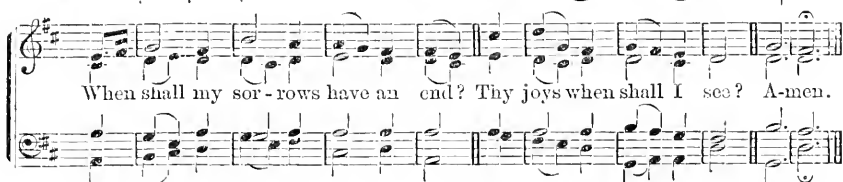
495.

C. M.

MANCHESTER NEW.



1. O moth-er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?



When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? A-men.

2 O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!

In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God himself gives light.

4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity?

5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,

Where grow such sweet and pleasant
As nowhere else are seen. [flowers]

6 Right through thy streets, with pleasing
The living waters flow, [sound,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

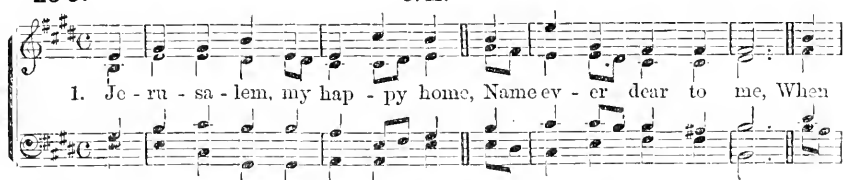
7 These trees each month yield ripen'd fruit;
For ever more they spring,
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honours bring.

8 O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

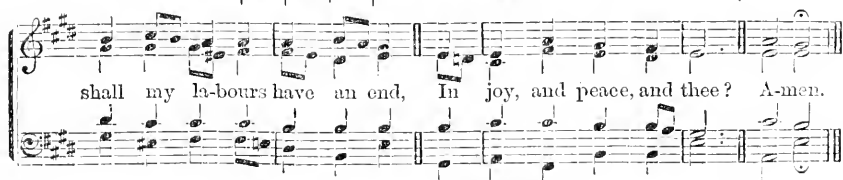
496.

C. M.

SOUTHWELL.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me, When



shall my la-bours have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee? A-men.

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold? [walls
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy
I onward press to you. [scenes]

4 Why should I shrink from pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?

I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

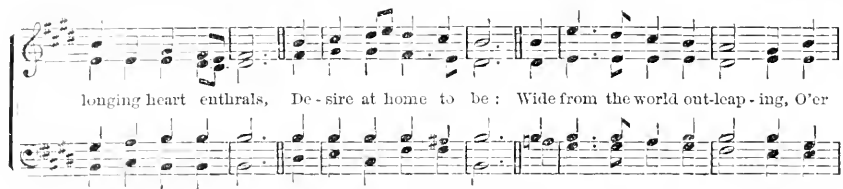
6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.



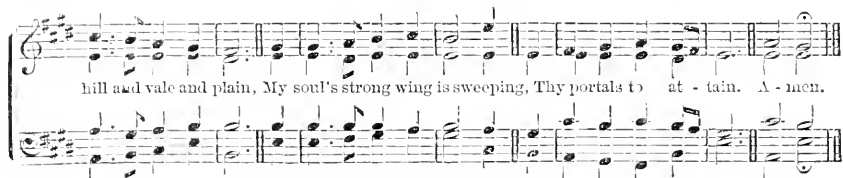
1. Je - ru - sa - lem ! high tow'r thy glorious walls, Would God I were in thee ! De - sire of thee my



longing heart enthral's, De - sire at home to be : Wide from the world out-leap - ing, O'er



hill and vale and plain, My soul's strong wing is sweeping, Thy portals to at - tain. A - men.



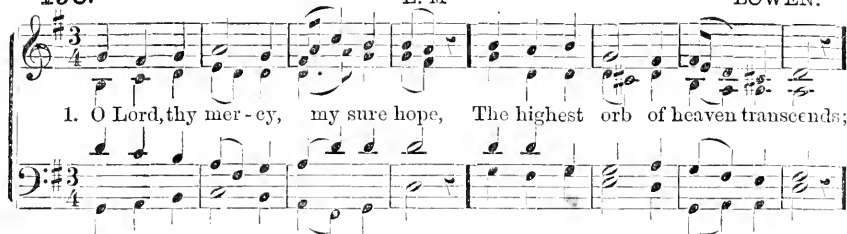
- 2 O gladsome day, and yet more gladsome
When shall that hour have come, [hour!
When my rejoicing soul its own free power
May use in going home?
Itself to Jesus giving,
In trust to his own hand,
To dwell among the living,
In that blest Fatherland.
- 3 A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye,
Shall be enough to soar,
In buoyant exultation, through the sky,
And reach the heavenly shore.
Elijah's chariot bringing
The homeward traveller there;
Glad troops of angels winging
It onward through the air.
- 4 Great fastness thou of honour! thee I
Throw wide thy gracious gate, [greet!
An entrance free to give these longing feet;
At last released, though late,
From wretchedness and sinning
And life's long, weary way;
And now, of God's gift, winning
Eternity's bright day.
- 5 What throng is this, what noble troop,
Arrayed in beauteous guise, [that pours,
Out through the glorious city's open doors,
To greet my wondering eyes?
The hosts of Christ's elected,
The jewels that he bears
In his own crown, selected
To wipe away my tears.
- 6 Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a
That once has borne the cross, [band
With all the company that won that land,
By counting gain for loss,
Now float in freedom's lightness,
From tyrants' chains set free;
And shine like suns in brightness,
Arrayed to welcome me.
- 7 One more at last arrived they welcome
To beauteous Paradise, [there,
Where sense can scarce its full fruition
Or tongue for praise suffice; [bear,
Glad hallelujahs ringing
With rapturous rebound,
And rich hosannas singing
Eternity's long round.

- 8 Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high throne
There shout the jubilee,
With loud resounding peal and sweetest tone,
In blissful ecstasy:
A hundred thousand voices
Take up the wondrous song;
Eternity rejoices
God's praises to prolong.

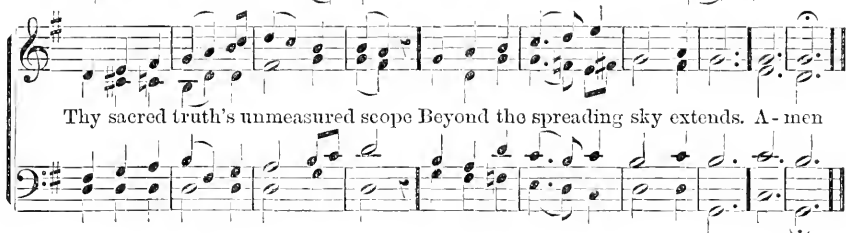
498.

L. M.

BOWEN.



1. O Lord, thy mer-cy, my sure hope, The highest orb of heaven transcends;



Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope Beyond the spreading sky extends. A-men

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thy justice like the hills remain,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.</p> <p>3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust !</p> | <p>4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast ;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.</p> <p>5 With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day ;
O let thy saints thy favour guin,
To upright hearts thy truth display.</p> |
|---|--|

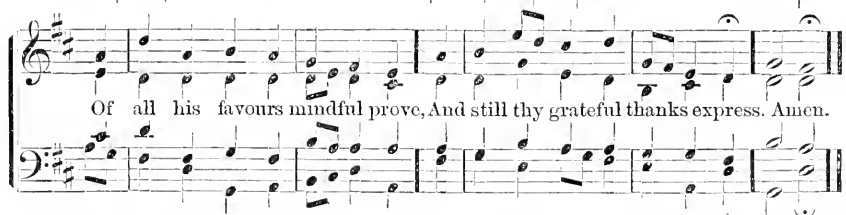
499.

L. M.

DEVONSHIRE.



1. My soul, inspired with sa-cred love, God's ho-ly name for ev-er bless ;



Of all his favours mindful prove, And still thy grateful thanks express. Amen.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound ;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.</p> <p>3 The Lord abounds with tender love
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.</p> | <p>4 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And loves his punishment to guide
More by his love than our desert.</p> <p>5 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins removed ;
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as fear him always loved.</p> |
|---|--|

Miscellaneous.

500.

C. M.

NAYLAND.



1. The Lord de-scend-ed from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'n's most high,



And un-der-neath his feet he cast The darkness of the sky. A - men.

2 On cherub and on cherubim,
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty wind,
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

501. FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

LONDON NEW.



1. Thou art the Way, to thee a - lone From sin and death we flee;



And he who would the Fa-ther seek, Must seek him, Lord, by thee. A - men.

2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

501.

SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

HAIGHT.



2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;

Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,

And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

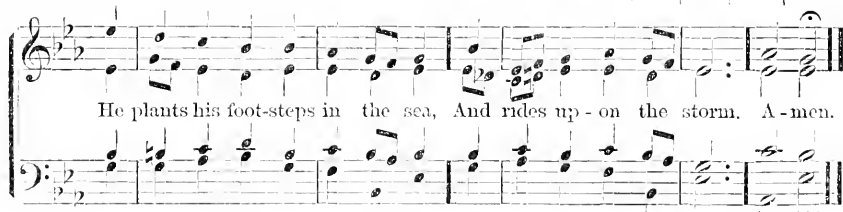
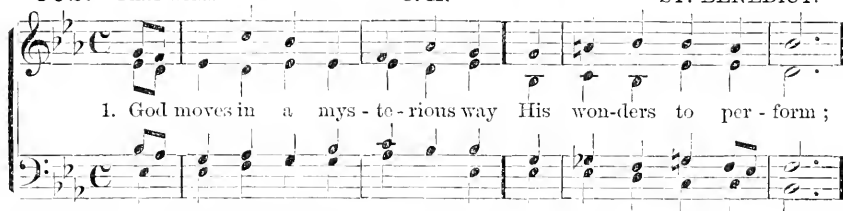
4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

502.

FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

ST. BENEDICT.



2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

502. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

BRISTOL.

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form ;

He plants his footsteps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A - men.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

503.

L. M.

WARRINGTON.

1. Happy, thrice hap - py they who hear Thy sa - cred trumpet's joy - ful sound ;

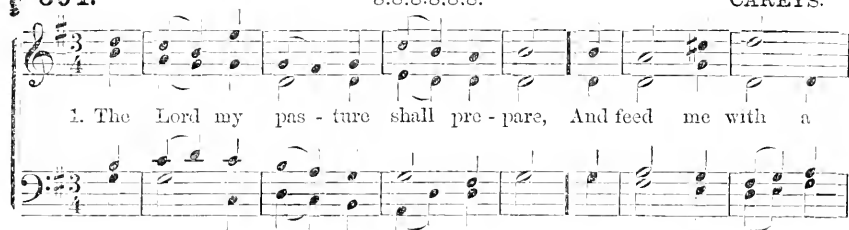
Who may at fes - ti - vals appear, With thy most glorious presence crown'd. Amen.

- 2 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favour spring:
The Lord of hosts is our defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.

504.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

CAREYS.



1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a



shep - herd's care; His pre - sence shall my wants sup - ply,



And guard me with a watch - ful eye; My noonday walks he



shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend. A - men.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Miscellaneous.

505. FIRST TUNE.

8.7.8.7.4.7.

GILBERTS.

Voices in Unison.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah. Pilgrim thro' his bar-ren land;

I am weak, but thou art might-y: Hold me with thy pow'r-ful hand:

*Voices in Harmony. p**Cres.*

Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me now and ev-er-more. Amen.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside,
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Lead me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

505. SECOND TUNE.

8.7.8.7.4.7

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah. Pilgrim thro' this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty;

Hold me with thy powerful hand: Bread of heaven, Feed me now and ev-er-more. A-men.

506. FIRST TUNE.

8.7.8.7.4.4.7.

ORIEL.

1. Lead us, heavenly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee:

Yet pos-sess-ing Ev-ry Blessing, If our God our Fa-ther be. Amen.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

506. SECOND TUNE.

8.7.8.7.4.4.7.

VERONA.

1. Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,

For we have no help but thee; Yet possessing Every blessing, If our God our Father be. A-men.

507.

FIRST TUNE.

G, A, G, A, G, G, A.

ST. CHAD.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee, E'en though it

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,

Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee. A-men.

2 Though like the wanderer,

The sun gone down,

Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone;

Yet in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear

Steps unto heaven;

All that thou sendest me

In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to thee;

Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts

Bright with thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs

Altars I'll raise;

So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to thee.

Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,

Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

Upward I fly,

Still all my song shall be

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee.

507.

SECOND TUNE.

G.4.G.4.G.4.

BETHANY.

1. Near-cr, my God, to thee, Near-cr to thee, E'en though it be a cross
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-cr, my
God, to thee, Near-cr, my God, to thee, Near-cr to thee. A-men.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee.
Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

507.

THIRD TUNE.

G.4.G.4.G.4.

LEEDS.

1. Near-cr, my God, to Thee, Near-cr to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me!
Still all my song shall be, Near-cr, my God, to thee, Near-cr to thee! Near-cr to thee! Amen.

508. FIRST TUNE.

D. L. M.

CREATION.

1. The spa-cious fir - ma-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky.

And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great O - ri - gin - al pro-claim.

Th'un-wearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's power display,

And pub-lish-es to ev-ery land The work of an Al-might-y Hand. Amen.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine.
"The Hand that made us is divine."

508.

SECOND TUNE.

D. L. M.

CREATION.

1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -

the - real sky, And span - gled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their

great O - ri - gin - al pro - claim. Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,

Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es to

ev - ery land The work of an Al - might - y Hand. A - men.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Miscellaneous.

509.

FIRST TUNE.

S.G.S.G.G.G.G.G.

PARADISE.

mf *p* *Cres.*

1. O Par-a-dise, O Par-a-dise, Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek thy hap-py land Where they that loved are blest?
Where loy-al hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light. All
Where loy-al hearts... and true
rap-ture thro' and thro'. In God's most ho-ly sight. A-men.

Dima. *Roll.*

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore:
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me:
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

509.

SECOND TUNE.

8.6.8.6.6.6.6.

PARADISE.

f

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise Who doth not crave for rest,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?

ff

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light, All

Rall. esp.

rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

Miscellaneous.

500.

THIRD TUNE.

S.G.S.G.G.G.G.

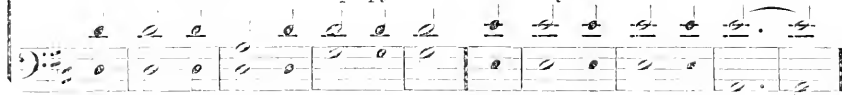
PARADISE.



1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?



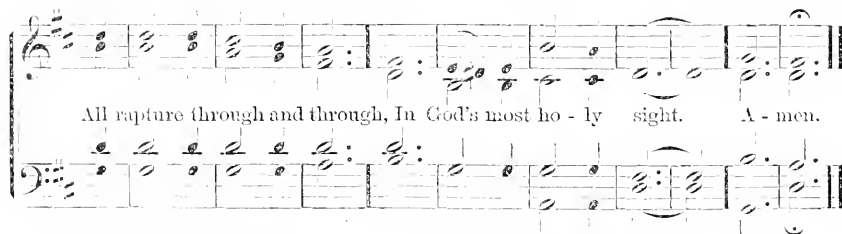
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?



Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light.



All rapture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A - men.



2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

510. FIRST TUNE.

C. M.

BRIGHTON.

1. In thee I put my steadfast trust, De-fend me, Lord, from shame :

In-cline thine ear, and save my soul, For righteous is thy name. A-men.

2 Be thou my strong abiding-place,
To which I may resort:
Thy promise, Lord, is my defence,
Thou art my rock and fort.

4 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on;
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.

3 My steadfast and unchanging hope
Shall on thy power depend:
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

5 Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.

510. SECOND TUNE.

C. M.

FARRANTS.

1. In thee I put my steadfast trust, De-fend me, Lord, from shame :

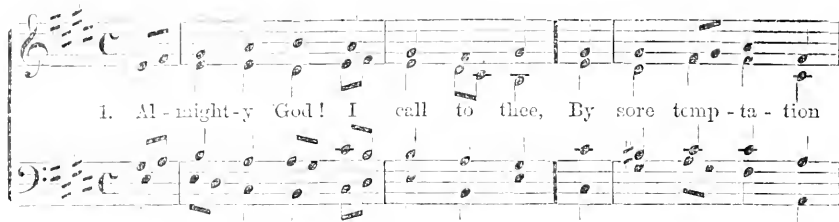
In-cline thine ear, and save my soul, For righteous is thy name. A-men.

Miscellaneous.

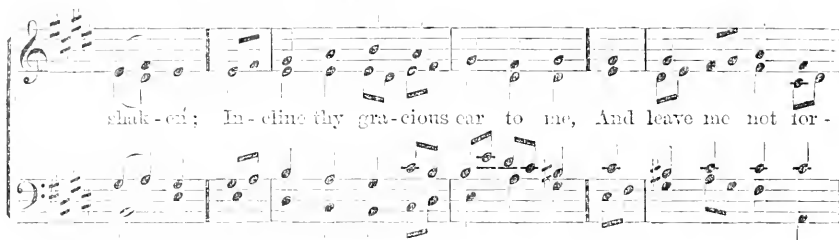
511.

8.7.8.7.3.8.7.

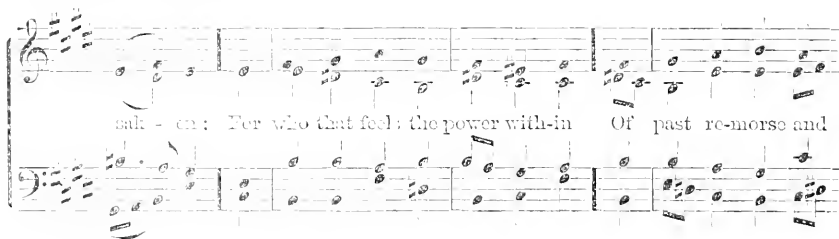
, ATTOLLE PAULUM.



1. Al-might-y God! I call to thee, By sore temp-ta-tion



shak-en; In-cline thy gra-cious ear to me, And leave me not for-



sak-en: Per-who that feel: the power with-in Of past re-morse and



pre-sent sin, Can stand, O Lord, be-fore thee? A-men.

2 On thee alone my stay I place,
All human help rejecting;
Relying on thy sovereign grace,
Thy sovereign aid expecting,
I rest upon thy sacred word,
That thou'lt repel him not, O Lord,
Who to thy mercy flee th.

3 And though I travail all the night,
And travail all the morrow,
My trust is in Jehovah's might,
My triumph in my sorrow;
Forgetting not that thou of old
Didst Israel, though weak, uphold;
When weakest then most loving!

4 What though my sinfulness be great,
Redeeming love is greater;
What though all hell should lie in wait,
Supreme is my Creator;
And he my rock and fortress is,
And when most helpless, most I'm his,
My strength and my Redeemer.

512.

10.4.10.4.10.10.

LUX BENIGNA.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-eling gloom, Lead thou me

on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me

on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me. A-men.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Miscellaneous.

513. FIRST TUNE.

S. M.

SHAWMUT.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the o - cean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole. A - men.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
'Tis not the whole of life to live.
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years :
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

513. SECOND TUNE.

S. M.

HYTHE.

1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?

'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole. A - men.

514. FIRST TUNE.

8.5.8.3.

STEPHANOS.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress'd?

“Come to me,” saith One, “and com - ing, Be at rest.” A - men.

- 2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
“In his feet and hands are wound-prints;
And his side.”
- 3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
“Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.”
- 4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.”

- 5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
“Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan pass'd.”
- 6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
“Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.”
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
“Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes.”

514. SECOND TUNE.

8.5.8.3.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

Slowly, and with expression.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tress'd?

“Come to me,” saith One, “and com - ing, Be at rest.” A - men.

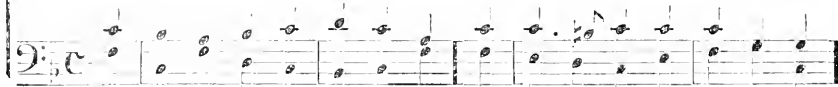
515.

S.S.S.S.S.S.

ST. MATTHIAS.



1. Thou hidden love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows:



I see from far thy beauteous light, In - ly I sigh for thy re - pose:



My heart is pain'd, nor can it be At rest till it find rest in thee. Amen.



2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.


3 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy love, thy God, thy all:
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

516.

C. M.

IRISH.



1. The Lord our God is clothed with might, The winds o - bey his will; He



speaks, and, in his heaven-ly height The roll - ing sun stands still. A - men.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.


517.

C. M.

LIVERPOOL.



1. O thou to whom all crea-tures bow With-in this earth-ly frame,



'T'hou' all the world how great art thou! How glorious is thy name! A - men.

2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employ; my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

4 O what is man, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

5 O thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou?
How glorious is thy name!

Miscellaneous.

518. FIRST TUNE.

S. M.

NARENZA.



1. My hope, my stand-fast trust, I on thy help re- pose;



That thou, my God, art good and just, My soul with comfort knows. A-men.

2 What'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

4 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

3 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

5 O all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

6 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength in time of need.

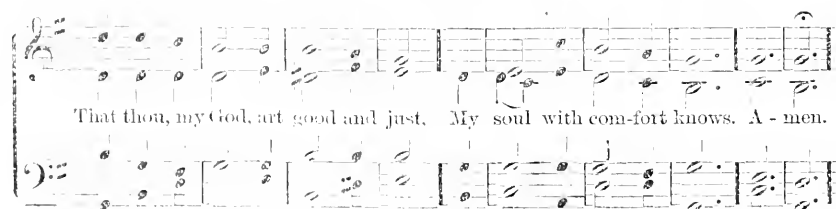
518. SECOND TUNE.

S. M.

BANKFIELD.



1. My hope, my stand-fast trust, I on thy help re- pose;



That thou, my God, art good and just, My soul with com-fort knows. A-men.

519. FIRST TUNE.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

CASSEL.

1. O wor-ship the King, All glo-rious a - bove; O grate-ful - ly

sing His power and his love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, The

An-cient of Days, Pa-vilioned in splendour, And girded with praise. A-men.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light;
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old—
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills;
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

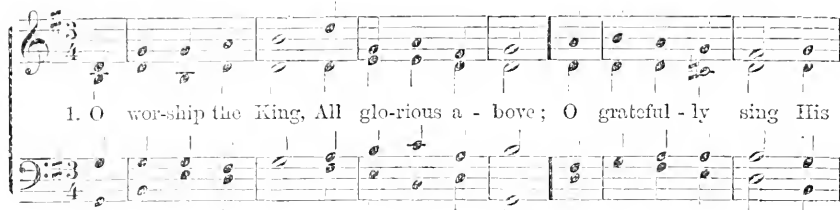
5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to thy praise.

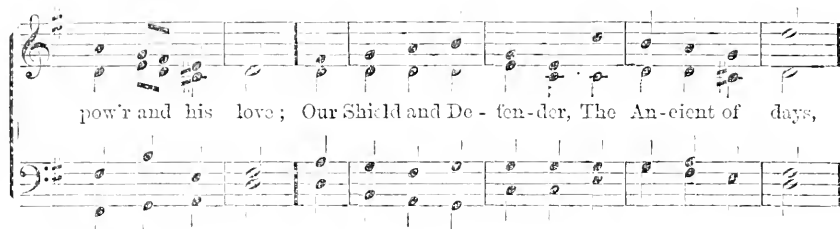
519. SECOND TUNE.

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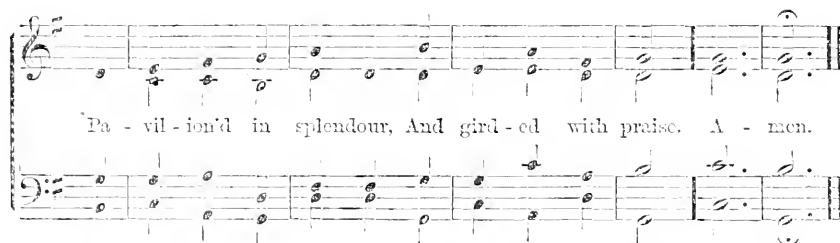
HANOVER.



1. O wor-ship the King, All glo-rious a - bove; O grate-ful - ly sing His



pow'r and his love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, The An - cient of days,



Pa - vil - ion'd in splendour, And gird - ed with praise. A - men.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light;
Whose canopy, space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old—
Hath established it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
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It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills;
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

6 O measureless might,
Ineffable Love!
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lispen to thy praise.

520. FIRST TUNE.

S. M.

LYTE.

1. Far from my heaven - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,

Faint-ing I cry, blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest. A-men.

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:
On thee my hopes I cast:
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

520. SECOND TUNE.

S. M.

BRIGHAM.

1. Far from my heaven - ly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast,

Faint-ing I cry, blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest. A-men.

GLORIA PATRI.

L. M.

PRAISE God from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

L. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

D. C. M.

TO praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,—
The One in Three, and Three in One
Let saints and angels join;
Glory to Thee, bless'd Three in One,
The God Whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more. Amen.

S. M.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity. Amen.

D. S. M.

PRAISE as in ages past,
Praise as in glory now,
Praise while eternity shall last,
To thee, O God, we vow;
Whom all the heavenly host
And saints on earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Be glory evermore. Amen.

8.8.6.8.8.6.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant
host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more. Amen.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in one,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

8.8.8.8.8.8.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant
host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more. Amen.

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
Supreme o'er earth and heaven.
Eternal Three in One confess'd,
Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
By all in earth and heaven. Amen.

7.7.7.7.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now, and evermore shall be! Amen.

7.7.7.7.7.7.

PRAISE the Name of God most high,
Praise Him, all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last. Amen.

7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

HOLY Father, fount of light,
God of wisdom, goodness.might;
Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell,
God with us, Emmanuel;
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
God of comfort, peace, and love;
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy, holy, holy Lord. Amen.

N. B.—For metre Ten 7s. begin this doxology by prefixing the last two lines, thus:—

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Evermore be Thou adored,
Holy Father, etc.

8.7.8.7.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days. Amen.

8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

LET the voice of all creation,
Earth and heaven's triumphant host,
Praise the God of our salvation,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
See the heavenly elders casting
Golden crowns before His throne:
Hallelujahs everlasting
Be to Him, and Him alone. Amen.

8.7.8.7.4.7

GREAT Jehovah! we adore Thee,
God the Father, God the Son.
God the Spirit, join'd in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One. Amen.

8.7.8.7.7.7

TO the Father, throned in heaven.
To the Saviour, Christ, His Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be. Amen.

10.10.10.10.

TO God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.
Amen.

5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.

BY angels in heaven
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be. Amen.

6.6.6.6.

TO Father and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be. Amen.

6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

TO Father and to Son,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be;
As hath been, and is now,
And shall be evermore:
Before Thy throne we bow,
And Thee our God adore. Amen.

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

O FATHER ever glorious,
O everlasting Son,
O Spirit all victorious,
Twice Holy Three in One,—
Great God of our salvation,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
Praise, glory, adoration,
Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

TO Father and to Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
All praise be given,
As hath been heretofore,
And shall be evermore:
Let all His Name adore
In earth and heaven. Amen.

8.6.8.4.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, praise
From earth and heaven ascend:
The loftiest notes that saints can raise
World without end. Amen.

7.7.7.5.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Hallelujahs round Thy throne
Rise eternally. Amen.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

TO God the Father, Son.
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore. Amen.

6.5.6.5.

GLORY to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

Gloria Patri.

8.4.8.4.8.8.4.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou One in Three,
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
All praise to Thee:
From the morning of creation,
From the tribes of every nation,
Glory, power, and adoration,
Thine ever be. Amen.

8.8.8.6.

O HOLY Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
Glory to Thee, O Lord. Amen.

8.8.8.8.

ALL praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and still shall be address'd.
Amen.

11.11.11.11.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be ad-
dressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, One God ever
bless'd,
All glory and worship from earth and from
heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.
Amen.

C.6.10.5.6.7.7.10.

ADESTE FIDELES.

Come let us a-dore Him, come bow at His feet, O give Him the

glo-ry, the praise that is meet: Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-

ceas-ing a-rise, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the

skies, And join the full cho-rus that glad-dens the skies. A-men.

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1	(1st Tune) Goss.	Sir John Goss.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
..	(2d Tune) Helmsley.	Late Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Old English Tune.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
..	(3d Tune) St. Enoch.	Adapted by the Rev. M. Maden, about 1770. W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., Organist of Trinity Chapel, New York.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
2	Lentz.	Lentz.	L. M.
3	(1st Tune) Saxony.	German Tune.	L. M.
..	(2d Tune).	Shepherd.	L. M.
4	Hosanna.	Rev. Dr. Dykes, M.A., Vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham, England.	L. M., with Chorus.
5	Zoan.	Rev. W. H. Havergall, Canon of Worcester Cathedral, England.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
6	Rawleigh.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
7	(1st Tune) St. Cecilia.	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc., Organist of Eton College, England.	6, 6, 6, 6.
..	(2d Tune) Quam Delecta.	Bishop Jenner.	6, 6, 6, 6.
8	St. Leonard's.	Dr. Hiles, of Manchester, England.	D. C. M.
9	Venice.	Rev. Dr. Dykes.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
10	Magdalena.	Dr. Stainer, Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
11	Rochester.	Vincent Novello, Late Organist to the Portuguese Embassy, London.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
12	Winchester, New.	The present form of this tune came into use about the year 1720. It has been attributed to several authors, but is evidently an adaptation of a tune composed by Crassenus, a Presbyter of Düsseldorf, A.D. 1650, for a metre of six lines of nine and ten syllables.	L. M.
13	(1st Tune) Careys.	Henry Carey. (Died 1744).	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
..	(2d Tune) Veni Emmanuel.	Arr. by W. H. Monk, from French Missal at Lisbon.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
14	Compline.	Rev. Dr. Hayne.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
15	Chesterfield.	Rev. Dr. Haweis, One of the Founders of the London Missionary Society. (Died 1820.)	C. M.
16	Stuttgart.	German Tune. Arr. by Dr. Gauntlett.	8, 7, 8, 7.
17	Mendelssohn.	Mendelssohn.	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
18	Flensburg.	Spoehr. Arranged by Joseph Barnby.	D. C. M.
19	Adeste Fideles.	John Reading. (Died 1740). This tune was composed by Reading for Lincoln Cathedral. In 1783, the Duke of Leeds heard it performed in the Chapel of the Portuguese Embassy, London, and, supposing it to be peculiar to the Portuguese Service, he introduced it in the Concerts of Ancient Music, under the title of Portuguese Hymn, by which name it is sometimes known. Reading died in 1740.	Irregular.
20	Lenham.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	8, 7, 8, 7.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
21	Yorkshire, or Stockport.	Dr. Wainwright, Organist of the Collegiate Church of Manchester, England. (Died 1760.)	10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.
22	Stuyvesant, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., . . .	D. C. M.
23	Glad Tidings, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., . . .	P. M.
24	Gilberts, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., . . .	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
25	Norcott, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., . . .	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
26	Brighton, . . .	White, Organist of St. Paul's Church, Brighton, Eng.	C. M.
27	Arlington, . . .	Dr. Arne. (Died 1778), . . .	C. M.
28	Chalvey, . . .	Rev. Dr. Hayne, . . .	D. S. M.
29	St. Ann's . . .	Dr. Croft, . . . Organist of Westminster Abbey. (Died 1727.)	C. M.
30	Leigh, . . .	A. R. Reinagle, of Oxford, England,	L. M.
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32	St. Michael's, . . .	Old Scotch Tune, . . .	S. M.
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34	(1st Tune) Romain, . .	Bannister, . . .	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
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35	Lyons, . . .	Haydn, . . .	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
36	(1st Tune) Murray Hill.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., . . .	10, 10, 10, 10.
"	(2d Tune) Russian Hymn.	National Air, . . .	10, 10, 10, 10.
37	(1st Tune) Epiphany, .	Rev. J. F. Thrup (1848), . . .	11, 10, 11, 10.
"	(2d Tune) Harveys, . .	Harvey, . . .	11, 10, 11, 10.
38	Tiverton, . . .	Grigg, . . .	C. M.
39	Canterbury, . . .	Rev. C. T. La Trobe, . . .	8, 7, 8, 7.
40	Expectation, . . .	Bishop Hopkins, . . .	C. M.
41	Hanover, . . .	Dr. Croft, . . .	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
42	Choral, . . .	F. Weber, . . .	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
43	Watchman, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., . . .	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
44	Sandford, . . .	Jas. Stephenson, . . .	S. M.
45	Dix, . . .	German Tune, . . .	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
46	Cologne, . . .	Dr. Gauntlett, of London . . .	L. M.
47	Ephraim, . . .	Dr. H. Leslie, . . .	7, 7, 7, 7.
48	Norwich, . . .	John Milton, father of the poet, 1614.	C. M.
49	Hernlein, . . .	German Tune, . . .	7, 7, 7, 7.
50	(1st Tune) Leipsig, . .	Mendelssohn, . . .	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Olmutz, . .	Ancient Melody, . . .	S. M.
51	St. Mary's, . . .	St. Mary's is supposed to have been first printed in a Welsh Psalter, edited by Edmund Prys, Archdeacon of Merioneth, in the year 1621. It was subsequently printed by Clayford in 1677. The authorship is uncertain.	C. M.
52	St. Vincent, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., . . .	L. M.
53	(1st Tune) Litany, . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B., . . .	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Tichfield, .	From "Crown of Jesus," . . .	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(3d Tune) Spanish Chant.	From "Crown of Jesus," . . .	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
54	Erfurt, . . .	Melchoir Vulpinus (1609), . . .	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
55	Howland,	S. M.
56	Salisbury, . . .	Ravenscroft, . . .	C. M.
57	St. Lawrence, . . .	Rev. Dr. Haynes, . . .	L. M.
58	Ferrier, . . .	Rev. Dr. Dykes, . . .	7, 7, 7, 7.
59	German Hymn, . . .	Pleyel, . . .	7, 7, 7, 7.
60	St. Bride, . . .	Dr. Howard. (Born 1710, died 1782).	S. M.
61	Eckardtsheim, . . .	Carl Zeuner, . . .	C. M.
62	Hamburg, . . .	Dr. Lowell Mason, . . .	L. M.
63	St. Philip, . . .	W. H. Monk, . . .	7, 7, 7.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
64	Virginia.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
65	Old Tune.	Crespin (1556).	D. C. M.
66	Arnold.	Dr. Samuel Arnold. (Died 1802).	C. M.
67	(1st Tune) Dalkieth.	T. Hewlett.	10, 10, 10, 10.
"	(2d Tune) Toulon.	C. Gondimel.	10, 10, 10, 10.
68	St. Andrew of Crete.	Rev. Dr. Dykes.	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
69	(1st Tune) Boston.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Windsor.	Kirby.	C. M.
70	Swiss Tune.	From Württemberg Hymn Book.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
71	Babylon Streams.	Dr. Thos. Campion.	L. M.
72	St. Theodulph.	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk.	7, 6, 7, 6, with chorus.
73	Winchester, New.	See No. 12.	L. M.
74	Fabce.		6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
75	St. Katherine.	Dr. Gauntlett.	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
76	St. Hilary.	Ganther.	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
77	Edom.	Sir R. P. Stewart, of Dublin.	8, 7, 8, 7, 7.
78	Breslau.	Old German Tune.	L. M.
79	Grace Church.	From Pleyel.	L. M.
80	Lexington.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	6, 6, 6, 4, 8, 8, 4.
81	Sharon.	Dr. Boyce. (Died 1779).	7, 7, 7, 7.
82	Barden.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
83	Rockingham.	Dr. Miller. Organist of Doncaster, England. (Died 1807)	L. M.
84	Batty.	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk.	8, 7, 8, 7.
85	(1st Tune) Woolmers.	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Onseley, Bart., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, England.	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Melcombe.	Melcombe was first printed in Harrison's "Sacred Harmony," about 1790, and is there stated to be an adaptation from one of Samuel Webb's larger works.	L. M.
86	(1st Tune) Onseley.	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Onseley, Bart. (1868).	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Redhead. No. 76.	Richard Redhead.	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
87	(1st Tune) Passion Chorale.	German Tune from Bach.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
"	(2d Tune) Lancashire.	Henry Smart, of London.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
88	Galvary.	S. Stanley. (Died 1822).	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
89	St. Cross.	Rev. Dr. Dykes.	L. M.
90	Cuthbert.	Dr. Gauntlett (1852).	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
91	Pruen.	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Onseley, Bart.	7, 7, 7, 7.
92	Königsberg.	Heinrich Albert (1643).	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
93	Rest.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	11, 11, 11, 12.
94	Angelus.	Johannes Scheffner (1657).	L. M.
95	Abridge.	Isaac Smith. (Died 1780).	C. M.
96	Bexfield.	Dr. Bexfield. Late of London. (Died 1853, aged 29)	L. M.
97	Egham.	Dr. Turner. (Died 1740).	S. M.
98	(1st Tune) Latrobe.	Rev. C. J. Latrobe.	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Vienna.	German Tune. Arr. by Havergal.	7, 7, 7, 7.
99	Easter Hymn, or Wor- gan.	Dr. Worgan. The Easter Hymn has been attributed to Dr. Worgan, and in this country named after him; but he could not have been the composer, in- asmuch as it was first published by Walsh, in "Lyra Davidica," in the year 1708, just six- teen years before Dr. Worgan was born. The authorship is a matter of conjecture.	7, 7, 7, 7, with Al- leluia.
100	Syria.	English Tune. Har. by W. B. Gilbert. Mus. B.	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
101	Angelia.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
102	Carmine,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
103	Victory,	Palestrina. Arr. by W. H. Monk,	8, 8, 8, with Alleluia.
104	St. Albinus,	Dr. Gauntlett,	7, 8, 7, 8, with Alleluia.
105	Munich,	German Tune (1648),	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 5.
106	Wirttemberg,	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk,	7, 7, 7, 7, with Alleluia.
107	Unser Herrscher,	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
108	Cantor,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	10, 11, 11, 11, 12, 11, 10, 11.
109	Cantate,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, with Alleluia.
110	Albano,	Vincent Novello,	C. M.
111	Shepherds,	J. Hallett, Shepherd,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
112	Christmas,	Handel,	C. M.
113	Trinity,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	D. S. M.
114	(1st Tune) Roe,	J. E. Roe,	7, 7, 7, 7.
		Late of Brighton, England. (Died 1872.)	
	(2d Tune) Durham or Innocents,	Origin uncertain,	7, 7, 7, 7.
115	Diadem,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
116	Diademata,	Sir Geo. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.,	D. S. M.
		Organist to Queen Victoria.	
117	Duke Street,	J. Hatton, of Liverpool,	L. M.
118	St. Swithin,	Jesser,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
119	St. Bernard,	W. H. Monk,	L. M.
120	Truro,	Dr. Burney,	L. M.
121	Tottenham,	T. Greatorex,	C. M.
122	Bowen or Otterbourne,	Haydn,	L. M.
123	Bristol,	Dr. Edward Hodges. (Died 1867),	C. M.
		Late Organist of Trinity Church, New York.	
124	St. Pancras,	Jonathan Battishill. (Died 1801),	L. M.
125	Nayland or St. Stephen,	Rev. W. Jones,	C. M.
		Born 1726. Died 1800, at Nayland, England, of which parish he was Rector.	
126	Melcombe,	S. Webbe. See No. 85,	L. M.
127	Manchester, New,	John W. Wainwright,	C. M.
		Died 1782, aged 35.	
128	Alexandria,	C. M.
129	Eaton,	Wyvill,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
130	Moscow,	J. B. Calkin, of London,	D. S. M.
131	Eden,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
132	St. Cuthbert,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 6, 8, 4.
133	Warrington,	Rev. Ralph Harrison,	L. M.
134	Utica,	Carl Zeuner,	S. M.
135	(1st Tune) Thetford,	F. C. Atkinson,	S. M.
	(2d Tune) Olmutz,	Ancient Melody,	S. M.
136	(1st Tune) Old Winchester,	Thomas Este (1580),	C. M.
	(2d Tune) Stockton,	Thomas Wright,	C. M.
137	(1st Tune) Veni Creator,	Rev. J. H. Hopkins,	P. M.
	(2d Tune) Veni Creator,	Rev. William Staunton, D.D.,	P. M.
138	Nicaea,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	11, 12, 12, 10.
139	Winchester, New,	See No. 12,	L. M.
140	Lindsay,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
141	Leoni,	Hebrew Melody,	6, 6, 8, 4, 6, 6, 8, 4.
142	Wareham,	William Knapp. (Born 1638; died 1768),	L. M.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
143	St. Mildred.	Dr. Steggall, Organist of Lincoln's Inn Chapel, London.	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
144	Sanctus.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
145	Regent Square.	Henry Smart, of London.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
146	Orient.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
147	Trenton.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	S. M.
148	Callipriest.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
149	Jarvis.	Dr. Monk, of York, England.	C. M.
150	Trinity.	Pierracini, of Bristol, England.	L. M.
151	Eaton.	Wyvill.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
152	Peyton.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
153	(1st Tune) Selby.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	L. M.
	(2d Tune) Alfreton.	William Bearstall,	L. M.
154	(1st Tune) Benedic- tion.	Handel.	C. M.
	(2d Tune) Mear.		C. M.
155	(1st Tune) Russian Hymn.	National Air.	10, 10, 10, 10.
	(2d Tune) Calcott.	Dr. Calcott. (Died 1821).	10, 10, 10, 10.
156	St. George.	Hermann.	C. M.
157	Christ Church.	Dr. Steggall.	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.
158	St. Olave.	R. Hudson, Mus. B.,	L. M.
159	Sienna.	W. H. Deane.	S. M.
160	(1st Tune) Danestre.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
	(2d Tune) St. Margare- ret.	R. Redhead.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
161	Sumner.	H. W. Greatorex.	L. M.
162	Hebron.	Dr. Lowell Mason.	L. M.
163	St. Lucian.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7.
164	Posen, or Statmer.	From "Gesangbuch" (1691).	7, 7, 7, 7.
165	(1st Tune) Sicily or Mariner's.	Sicilian Hymn.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
	(2d Tune) Dismission.	Vincent Novello.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
166	Gower Street.	Wm. Russell, Mus. B. (Died 1813).	L. M.
167	Melcombe.	S. Webbe. See No. 85.	L. M.
168	Debenham.	R. Redhead.	8, 7, 8, 7.
169	Pax Dei.	Rev. Dr. Dykes.	10, 10, 10, 10.
170	Huddersfield.	English Tune.	S. M.
171	Cambridge.	Rev. Ralph Harrison.	S. M.
172	St. Agnes.	Rev. Dr. Dykes.	C. M.
173	Clarendon.	Wm. Jackson. (Died 1803).	C. M.
174	(1st Tune) Gloucester	R. Palmer.	C. M.
	(2d Tune) Belmont.	S. Webbe.	C. M.
175	All Saints.	F. Weber. Organist of the German Chapel Royal, St. James's, London.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
176	Old 81st.	Day's Psalter.	D. C. M.
177	(1st Tune) Castle Ris- ing.	Frederick Hervey. This tune is here printed as composed.	D. C. M.
	(2d Tune) Giovinvi- ché.		D. C. M.
178	Clarke's.	Jeremiah Clark. Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London (died 1767).	L. M.
179	St. Helena.	Arranged by W. H. Monk.	S. M.
180	St. Ethelwald.	W. H. Monk.	S. M.
181	Benedictus, or St. George.	Dr. Gauntlett.	S. M.
182	Lubeck.	Old German Tune.	7, 7, 7, 7.
183	Coventry.	English Tune.	C. M.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
184	St. James, . . .	Courteville, Organist of St. James's Westminster, 1691.	C. M.
185	Cloisters, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B..	C. M.
186	Barnhys, . . .	Joseph Barnby, . . .	10, 10, 10, 4.
187	Barnhys, . . .	Joseph Barnby, . . .	10, 10, 10, 4.
188	Dunfermline, . . .	Old Scotch Tune (1583).	C. M.
189	Langran's, or Deer- hurst, or Gloria.	J. Langran, . . .	2, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
190	(1st Tune) Austria, .	Haydn, . . .	2, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Worthing,	Schultz, . . .	2, 7, 7, 7.
191	(1st Tune) Connington	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B..	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) St. Augus- tine.	. . .	C. M.
192	(1st Tune) Truro, . .	Dr. Burney, . . .	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Emmannel,	Braun, . . .	L. M.
193	Creation, . . .	Haydn, . . .	2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2.
194	Darmstadt, . . .	J. Schop, A.D. 1641.	2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2.
195	St. Thomas, . . .	A. Williams, . . .	C. M.
196	Dundee, or French, .	Old Scotch Tune, First printed by Hart in 1615, who calls it a French tune.	C. M.
197	Bickleigh, . . .	S. Reay, Mus. B., Organist of Newark on Trent, England.	G. G. G. G. 2, 2.
198	Caput, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B..	7, 7, 4, 6, G. G. 4
199	Harwood, . . .	Edmund Harwood. (Died 1787).	2, 2, 6, 2, 2, 6.
200	Maidstone, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B..	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
201	Christ Church, . . .	Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., M.A., .	2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2.
202	Aurelia, . . .	Dr. S. S. Wesley, . . .	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
203	St. Martin's, . . .	Organist of Gloucester Cathedral, England. William Tansur. (Born in 1699), . . .	C. M.
204	Angels, . . .	There are two tunes of this name by Tansur. This is an adaptation from a tune written by Orlando Gibbons in 1623 for George Withers'. "Hymns and Songs of the Church." In this work there are two versions of the tune, one as a long metre, the other as a six-line tune. They are written in common time, but a triple time effect is given to them by the intermixing of the minims and crotchets. In one instance the tune is set to the words: "Thus Angels Sing, and thus Sing We," from which originat- ed the name of the tune. When the tune was printed in more modern notation, the triple time was considered as quite in accordance with the idea of the author, and so was used for nearly a hundred and fifty years. The common time modern version cannot be re- garded as correct.	L. M.
205	Trinity, . . .	Piericini, . . .	L. M.
206	Nayland, . . .	Rev. Wm. Jones, . . .	C. M.
207	(1st Tune) Goudinel,	Goudinel, . . .	9, 8, 9, 8.
"	(2d Tune) Sieboths,	Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc., . . .	3, 8, 9, 8.
208	Bristol, . . .	Dr. Edward Hodges, . . .	C. M.
209	Ratishon, . . .	Werner, . . .	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
210	Bedham, . . .	Gardner, . . .	C. M.
211	Tallis's Ordinal, . .	Thos. Tallis. (Died 1585), . . .	C. M.
212	Schumann, . . .	R. Schumann, . . .	C. M.
213	Tranby, . . .	Rev. S. M. Barkworth, . . .	2, 7, 8, 7.
214	Old Winchester, . .	M. Este, . . .	C. M.
215	St. Vincent, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B..	L. M.
216	Silver Street, . . .	Isaac Smith. (Died 1780), . . .	C. M.
217	Redhead, No. 66,	R. Redhead, . . .	C. M.
218	(1st Tune) Melcombe,	S. Webbe. See No. 85, . . .	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Sacrament,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B..	L. M.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
219	Salvation,	Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc.,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, with chorus.
220	Durham, or Innocents,	Authorship uncertain,	7, 7, 7, 7.
221	St. James,	Courteville,	C. M.
222	Balerma,	Old Tune,	C. M.
223	Stutgard,	German Tune. Arr. by Dr. Gauntlett.	8, 7, 8, 7.
224	Holy Cross,	Mendelssohn,	C. M.
225	Stainey,	From Service and Tune Book, by the Rev. Dr. Goodrich, Rector of Calvary Church, Utica, New York.	6, 5, 6, 5.
226	Agnus,	Ditto,	11, 8, 12, 9.
227	Little Clusters, . .	Ditto,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
228	Alstone,	C. E. Willing,	L. M.
		Organist to the Foundling Hospital, London.	
229	Hemans,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
230	Manoah,	Authorship uncertain,	C. M.
231	Horsley,	W. Horsley, Mus. B. (Born 1777, died 1858).	C. M.
232	(1st Tune) Onward, .	J. E. Roe,	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, with chorus.
	(2d Tune) Milburn, .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
233	Irby,	Dr. Gauntlett,	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
234	Burlington, . . .	J. E. Burrowes,	C. M.
		Organist of St. James's, Piccadilly, London.	
235	Angels,	See No. 204,	L. M.
236	Benediction, . . .	Haydn,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
237	Fidelis,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
238	Evermore,	Dr. Gauntlett,	7, 7, 7, 7.
239	St. Anns,	Dr. Croft,	C. M.
240	Melcombe,	S. Webbe,	L. M.
241	Rawleigh,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
242	Hayes,	Beethoven,	D. L. M.
243	Mount Ephraim, . .	Benjamin Milgrove,	S. M.
		First printed about the year 1760. Milgrove was an organist of Bath, England, where he died in 1810.	
244	Shirland,	Samuel Stanley, (Died 1822),	S. M.
245	Bedford,	W. Wheall, Mus. B.,	C. M.
		First published in Matthew Wilkin's "Book of Psalmody," 1699. It was then in triple time, and so continued until very recently. Wheall died in 1745.	
246	Benedictus, or St. George,	Dr. Gauntlett,	S. M.
247	Devon,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
248	Old German Tune, .	German Tune,	7, 6, 7, 6.
249	Wareham,	Knapp,	L. M.
250	Careys,	Henry Carey,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
251	St. Anns,	Dr. Croft,	C. M.
252	(1st Tune) Redhead, No. 47,	R. Redhead,	7, 7, 7, 7.
	(2d Tune) Guisbo- rough,	C. T. Bowen,	7, 7, 7, 7.
253	St. Matthews, . . .	Dr. Croft,	D. C. M.
254	St. Margaret, . . .	From Bristol Book,	6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.
255	Arlington,	Dr. Arne,	C. M.
256	(1st Tune) Troyte, .	Troyte,	Troyte's Chant.
	(2d Tune) Submission,	Ch. Zeumer,	8, 8, 8, 4.
257	Varick Street, . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 6, 8, 6, 4, 4, 8, 8.
258	St. Mary's,	See No. 51,	C. M.
259	Dundee,	See No. 196,	C. M.
260	Raymond,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	L. M.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
261	Peace,	Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc.,	C. M.
262	Home,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.
263	Consolation,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7.
264	Abridge,	Isaac Smith,	C. M.
265	Tinsley,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 4, 6, 4, 5, 4, 6, 4.
266	Sullivans,	A. S. Sullivan, of London,	12, 12, 12, 12.
267	Melita,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
268	Mount Ephraim,	Benjamin Milgrove,	S. M.
269	Irish,	Isaac Smith,	C. M.
270	Federal Street,	H. K. Oliver,	L. M.
271	Grace Church,	From Pleyel,	L. M.
272	Evangelists,	German Tune,	8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.
273	Missionary Chant,	Ch. Zenner,	L. M.
274	Compton,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	D. C. M.
275	Wareham,	Knapp,	L. M.
276	Angels,	See No. 204,	L. M.
277	Old Hundredth,	This tune was compiled from ancient sources by Guillaume Franc for "Les Pseames de David," by Clement Marot and Theodore Beza, A.D. 1543. It was published by John Day, in England, in 1563, and in 1580 it was printed in notes of equal length. In this form it has been almost universal y used ever since.	
278	(1st Tune) Old St. Martins,	William Tansur,	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) St. Fulbert,	Dr. Gauntlett,	C. M.
279	Harewood,	Dr. S. S. Wesley,	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.
280	Coventry,	English Tune,	C. M.
281	Mear,	Welsh Tune,	C. M.
282	Oriel,	W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
283	Missionary Hymn,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
284	(1st Tune) Hamburg,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Duke Street,	J. Hatton,	L. M.
285	St. Thomas,	A. Williams,	S. M.
286	Belgrave,	Wm. Horsley, Mus. B.,	C. M.
287	Truro,	Dr. Burney,	L. M.
288	St. Louis,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
289	Old Hundredth,	See No. 277,	L. M.
290	Missionary Chant,	Ch. Zenner,	L. M.
291	Eudsleigh,	S. Salvatori,	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
292	St. Enoch,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
293	Mission,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
294	Warrington,	Rev. Ralph Harrison,	L. M.
295	Germany or Warzburg,	German Tune,	L. M.
296	Russell,	Authorship uncertain,	C. M.
297	Burlington,	J. H. Burrowes,	C. M.
298	Silchester,	Rev. D. Madan,	S. M.
299	Mount Ephraim,	Benjamin Milgrove,	S. M.
300	St. Leonard,	Dr. Hiles,	D. C. M.
301	Winchester, New,	See No. 12,	L. M.
302	(1st Tune) Martinis,	Padre Martini,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Dix,	German Tune,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
303	Nun Danket,	Old German Tune,	6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.
304	Atlantic,	G. Oates,	L. M.
305	(1st Tune) Westches- ter,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Monkland,	J. Wilkes,	7, 7, 7, 7.
306	(1st Tune) St. George,	Sir Geo. J. Elvey,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Thanksgiv- ing,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
307	Darwell,	Rev. J. Darwell, The Rev. John Darwell was vicar of Walsall, England, and on the occasion of a new organ being opened in his church, in the year 1772, he preached a sermon, in which he recommended that the hymns be sung quicker than generally, as he thought that "six verses might be sung in the same space of time that four usually are." After the sermon the 150th Psalm was sung to a new tune of Darwell's composing. This was the first performance of "Darwell."	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.
308	Rose Street,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.
309	America,	Dr. J. Bull, A.B. 1607,	6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
310	Batty,	German Tune. Arr. by W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7.
311	Northampton,	Dr. Croft,	C. M.
312	Proal,	Joseph Seiboth, Mus. Doc.,	L. M.
313	(1st Tune) Wells,	J. Holdroyd,	L. M.
	(2d Tune) St. Luke,	From Bristol Collection,	L. M.
314	Jackson,	Haydn,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
315	Boylston,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	S. M.
316	Bishopsthorpe,	Jeremiah Clark,	C. M.
317	Pax,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	3, 3, 3, 3, 6, 6, 6, 6.
318	Norfolk,	Dr. Howard, Died 1782,	L. M.
319	Rochester,	Vincent Novello,	4, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
320	Christ Church,	Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., M.A.,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
321	St. Gabriel,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	L. M.
322	Holy Innocents,	T. Gambier Parry,	C. M.
323	Resignation,	Joseph Sieboth, Mus. Doc.,	3, 6, 8, 8, 8.
324	Exmouth,	Selby, A.D. 1820,	L. M.
325	St. Gregory,	German Tune,	L. M.
326	Warwick,	Sammel Stanley,	C. M.
327	Shamut,	Ancient Melody,	S. M.
328	(1st Tune) Hamburg,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
	(2d Tune) Whiteland,	German Tune,	L. M.
329	Melcombe,	S. Webbe,	L. M.
330	Courtland,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	4, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7.
331	Ratishon,	Werner,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
332	Morning Hymn,	F. H. Barthelmon,	L. M.
333	Evening Hymn,	Thos. Tallis,	L. M.
	The original of this tune forms the eighth of those composed by Tallis for Archbishop Parker's Psalter about the year 1565. It is somewhat long and tedious. Ravenscroft reduced it to its present form. Subsequently by various arrangers it was much changed and perverted: of late, however, the tune is generally accepted in the form as given by Ravenscroft.		
334	Marshall,	Authorship uncertain,	S. M.
335	Exentide,	W. H. Monk,	10, 10, 10, 10.
336	Hursley,	Origin uncertain, but long known as a hymn tune, being found in "Weyman's Collection" under the name of "St. Willorgan," and in a German collection, dated 1792, a version of it appears as a sevens iambic tune, set to a metrical version of the Te Deum, with the name of Peter Ritter as the composer.	L. M.
337	Wiltshire,	Sir Geo. Smart,	C. M.
338	(1st Tune) St. Matthias,	W. H. Monk,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
	(2d Tune) Benison,	German Tune,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
	(3d Tune) Stella,	From "Crown of Jesus,"	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
339	(1st Tune) Devotion,	Dr. Steggall,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
	(2d Tune) Tibor,	Dr. Steggall,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
340	(1st Tune) Vespers,	From the Rev. Albert Woolf's Collection,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
340	(2d Tune) Weber,	Weber,	7, 7, 7, 7.
341	St. Anatolius,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8.
342	Dretzel,	German Tune, arr. by W. H. Monk,	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.
343	Grace Church,	From Pleyel,	L. M.
344	Southgates,	Thomas Bishop Southgate. (Died 1868).	8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.
345	St. Columba,	H. S. Trons, of Southwell, England.	6, 4, 6, 6.
346	Olmütz,	Ancient Melody,	S. M.
347	Holy Trinity,	Jos. Barnby,	C. M.
348	Gladdening Light,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	Irregular Metre.
349	Evensong,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	10, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10.
350	Shepherds,	J. Hallett Shepherd,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
351	St. Sepulchre,	Geo. Cooper, Organist of Queen Victoria's Chapel Royal.	L. M.
352	Peace,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	8, 7, 8, 7.
353	Redhead, No. 4.	R. Redhead,	L. M.
354	Antiphon,	German Tune,	L. M.
355	St. Bernard,	W. H. Monk,	L. M.
356	Bavaria,	German Tune,	L. M.
357	St. Patrick,	F. W. Hogan,	L. M.
358	St. Peters,	A. R. Reinagle,	C. M.
359	Te Lucis,	Ancient Melody,	L. M.
360	Nassau,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	C. M.
361	(1st Tune) Luton,	Burder,	L. M.
362	(2d Tune) Chantry,	Rev. Dr. Rowden,	L. M.
363	Evarts,	Authorship uncertain.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
364	St. Davids,	Ravenscroft, A.D. 1621.	C. M.
364	Aynhoe,	Dr. Nares,	S. M.
365	London New,		C. M.
366	Colebester,	A. Williams,	C. M.
367	Nottingham,	Jeremiah Clark,	C. M.
368	Asylum,	W. Horsley, Mus. B.,	C. M.
369	Salvation,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	C. M., with chorus.
370	Trust,	Mendelssohn,	8, 7, 8, 7.
371	Montgomery, or St. Georges.	Generally assigned to John Stanley, but in Russell's "Fondling Hymns" it is said to be by "Mr. Jarvis, Organist of St. Sepulchre's Church, London."	L. M.
372	Nayland,	Rev. W. Jones,	C. M.
373	Nuremburg,	German Tune,	7, 7, 7, 7.
374	Ariel,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
375	Eaton,	Wyvill,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
376	Silver Street,	Isaac Smith,	S. M.
377	Melcombe,	S. Webbe. (See No. 85).	L. M.
378	Dedham,	Gardner,	C. M.
379	Willings,	C. E. Willing,	L. M.
380	Howard,	Cuthbert,	C. M.
381	St. Raphael,	E. J. Hopkins, Organist of the Temple Church, London.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
382	Bethlehem,	Samuel Wesley. (Died 1837).	S. M.
383	St. Agnes,	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	C. M.
384	Madison,	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.,	Irregular Metre.
385	St. Martins,	William Tansur,	C. M.
386	Hamburg,	Dr. Lowell Mason,	L. M.
387	German Air,	Author unknown,	L. M.
388	Palestine,	J. Summers,	C. M.
389	Bexfield,	Dr. Bexfield,	L. M.
390	Manchester, New,	Dr. Wainwright,	C. M.
391	(1st Tune) Redhead, No. 76.	Richard Redhead,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Huntington,	T. Hastings,	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
392	(1st Tune) Balfour.	Balfour.	8, 8, 8, 6.
"	(2d Tune) St. Crispin.	Sir G. J. Elvey.	8, 8, 8, 6.
393	(1st Tune) Hollingside.	Rev. Dr. Dykes.	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Blumenthals.	J. Blumenthal.	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
394	St. Laurence.	E. H. Thorne.	8, 8, 8, 4.
395	St. Peters.	A. R. Reinagle.	C. M.
396	(1st Tune) Leicester.	Dale.	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Windsor.	Kirby.	C. M.
397	Worms, or "Eiu Feste Burg."	German Tune.	Irregular Metre.
398	Datchet.	Sir G. J. Elvey.	11, 11, 11, 11.
399	Dublin.	From Bristol Collection.	C. M.
400	St. Agnes.	Rev. Dr. Dykes.	C. M.
401	St. Edmund.	L. G. Lawrence.	7, 7, 7, 7.
402	Rome.	From Bristol Collection.	C. M.
403	Missionary Chant.	Ch. Zeuner.	L. M.
404	St. Bernard.	Arr. by Dr. Hayne.	C. M.
405	Old Hundredth.	See No. 2-7.	L. M.
406	(1st Tune) Hanover.	Dr. Croft.	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
"	(2d Tune) Houghton.	Dr. Gauntlett.	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
407	Stonefield.	S. Stanley.	L. M.
408	Weldon.	J. Weldon.	7, 7, 7, 7.
409	Hebron.	Dr. Lowell Mason.	L. M.
410	Devonshire, or Kent.	George Green.	L. M.
411	Darwell.	Rev. W. Darwell.	6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4.
412	Angels.	See No. 204.	L. M.
413	Carlisle.	C. Lockhart. (Died 1-15).	S. M.
414	Hatfield.	Rev. J. F. Barret.	L. M.
415	Woodbury.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	C. M.
416	Warrington.	Rev. Ralph Harrison.	L. M.
417	St. Martins.	William Tansur.	C. M.
418	St. Pancras.	Jonathan Battishill.	L. M.
419	Harwood.	Edward Harwood.	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.
420	Braine.	W. R. Braine.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
421	Barby.	Willis Tansur (1760).	C. M.
422	(1st Tune) Maidstone.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Innocents (or Durham).	Authorship uncertain.	7, 7, 7, 7.
423	Trust.	Mendelssohn.	8, 7, 8, 7.
424	(1st Tune) Coronation.	G. Holden.	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Miles Lane.	Shrubsoll. First printed in the "Gospel Magazine," 1780; and the author of the words—Edward Perronet—was so pleased with the setting that he bequeathed a considerable sum of money to the composer, William Shrubsoll, who was educated in Canterbury Cathedral. He became an organist in London, where he died in 1806.	C. M.
425	Troytes.	Adapted by Troyte from Hayes.	Irregular Metre.
426	Belmont.	S. Webbe.	C. M.
427	Eisenach.	Old German Tune. Har. by S. Bach.	L. M.
428	Italian Hymn, or Moscow.	F. Giardini. Composed by Giardini for the Lock Chapel Collection, and there called "Hymn to the Trinity."	6, 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.
429	Grace Church.	From Pleyel.	L. M.
430	Patterson.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.
431	Clorian.	Dr. Gauntlett.	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
432	(1st Tune) Endless Alleluia.	Jos. Barnby.	10, 10, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Alleluia.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	10, 10, 7.
433	New Jersey.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	S, 7, S, 7.
434	(1st Tune) Old 25th.	Day's Psalter, 1563.	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Friendship.	German Tune.	S. M.
"	(3d Tune) Venice.	W. Amps. Organist, King's College, Cambridge, England.	S. M.
435	Naomi.	Dr. Lowell Mason.	C. M.
436	York.	Scotch Psalter, 1615. This tune, supposed to be of Scottish origin, at one time was a universal favorite. Sir John Hawkins says "that choirs sang it, chimed played, and nurses hummed it as a lullaby."	C. M.
437	Benevolence.	Dr. Edward Hodges.	L. M.
438	Boston.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	C. M.
439	Norfolk.	Dr. Howard.	L. M.
440	Eckhardtshseim.	Ch. Zeuner.	C. M.
441	Brattle Street.	Pleyel.	C. M.
442	(1st Tune) Habakkuk.	Dr. Edward Hodges.	S, S, 6, S, S, 6.
"	(2d Tune) Bethany.	Isaac Taylor.	S, S, 6, S, S, 6.
443	St. Fabian.	T. M. Grizzelle.	6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
444	Federal Street.	H. K. Oliver.	L. M.
445	Nuremburg.	German Tune.	7, 7, 7, 7.
446	Rockingham.	Dr. Miller.	L. M.
447	(1st Tune) Amsterdam.	Attributed to Dr. Nares.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
"	(2d Tune) St. Hilary.	Rev. Dr. Dykes.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
448	Hope.	H. S. Irons.	L. M.
449	St. Lucian.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	7, 7, 7, 7.
450	Bowen, or Otterbourn.	Haydn.	L. M.
451	Martyrdom.	Hugh Wilson. Har. by Rev. Dr. Dykes.	C. M.
452	Jackson.	Haydn.	S, S, S, S, S, S.
453	Warwick.	Samuel Stanley.	C. M.
454	Sorrento.	J. H. Deane.	S, 7, S, 7, S, 7, S, 7.
455	Redhead, No. 60.	R. Redhead.	C. M.
456	Benediction.	Haydn.	S, 7, S, 7, S, 7, S, 7.
457	Nadderwater.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	10, 6, 10, 6, 10, 10.
458	Salisbury.	Ravenscroft.	C. M.
459	Cologne.	Dr. Gauntlett.	L. M.
460	(1st Tune) Dutchess.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Chesterfield.	Rev. Dr. Haweis.	C. M.
461	Careys.	Henry Carey.	S, S, S, S, S, S.
462	Thatcher.	From Handel.	S. M.
463	Pentonville.	Lindley.	S. M.
464	Bloomingtondale.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	S, 7, S, 7, Iambic.
465	Devon.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
466	Culbach.	Old Tune. Arr. by Havergall.	S, 7, S, 7.
467	Boston.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	C. M.
468	Wiltshire.	Sir Geo. Smart.	C. M.
469	Worthing.	Schultz.	S, 7, S, 7.
470	St. Michaels.	A.D. 1585.	S. M.
471	St. Anns.	Dr. Croft.	C. M.
472	Brevoort.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
473	Dundee.	Old Scotch Tune.	C. M.
474	Mount Ephraim.	Benjamin Milgrove.	S. M.
475	Abridge.	Isaac Smith.	C. M.
476	Christmas.	Handel.	C. M.
477	(1st Tune) University College.	Dr. Gauntlett.	7, 7, 7, 7.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
477	(2d Tune) German Hymn.	Pleyel.	7, 7, 7, 7.
478	Baden.	Old German Tune.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.
479	Franconia.	German Tune (1720).	S. M.
480	Federal Street.	H. K. Oliver.	L. M.
481	Judgment.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
482	(1st Tune) St. Bride.	Dr. Howard.	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Olmutz.	Ancient Melody.	S. M.
483	Dies Irae.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	Irregular.
484	Luther's Hymn.	Luther.	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.
485	(1st Tune) Pilgrims.	Henry Smart.	11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.
"	(2d Tune) Angels o Jesus.	J. E. Roe.	11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.
"	(3d Tune) Coxce.	Joseph Seiboth, Mus. Doc.	11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.
486	Redhead, No. 7.	R. Redhead.	C. M.
487	Burlington.	J. H. Burrowes.	C. M.
488	Spohr.	Spohr.	C. M.
489	Seranton.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	S. M.
490	Lausanne.	German Tune.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
491	(1st Tune) Munich.	German Tune. 1648.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
"	(2d Tune) St. Alphege.	Dr. Gauntlett.	7, 6, 7, 6.
492	For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
493	Ewing.	Alex. Ewing.	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
494	Titchfield.	From "Crown of Jesus."	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.
495	Manchester, New.	Dr. Wainwright.	C. M.
496	Southwell.	H. S. Irons.	C. M.
497	Baltimore.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	10, 6, 10, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.
498	Bowen, or Otterburn.	Haydn.	L. M.
499	Devonshire, or Kent.	George Greene.	L. M.
500	Nayland.	Rev. W. Jones.	C. M.
501	(1st Tune) London, New.	First met with in old Scotch Psalters, where it is called "Newtown."	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Haight.	J. H. Cornell, Organist of St. Paul's Chapel, N. Y.	C. M.
502	(1st Tune) St. Bened- ict.	From Congregational Hymn and Tune- Book.	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Bristol.	Dr. Edward Hodges.	C. M.
503	Warrington.	Rev. Ralph Harrison.	L. M.
504	Careys.	Henry Carey.	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
505	(1st Tune) Gilbert's.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Störl.	Störl, 1750.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.
506	(1st Tune) Oriol.	W. H. Monk.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7.
"	(2d Tune) Verona.	J. H. Deane.	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 4, 7.
507	(1st Tune) Bethany.	Dr. Lowell Mason.	6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.
"	(2d Tune) St. Chad.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.
"	(3d Tune) Leeds.	Dr. J. Seiboth.	6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.
508	(1st Tune) Creation.	E. J. Hopkins.	D. L. M.
"	(2d Tune) Creation.	Haydn.	D. L. M.
509	(1st Tune) Paradise.	Rev. Dr. Dykes.	8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6.
"	(2d Tune) Paradise.	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. B.	8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6.
"	(3d Tune) Paradise.	Henry.	8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6.
510	(1st Tune) Brighton.	White.	C. M.
"	(2d Tune) Farrants.	Richard Farrant. (Died 1585).	C. M.
511	Attolo Paulum.	German Tune. Arr. by Mendelssohn.	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.
512	Lux Benigna.	Rev. Dr. Dykes.	10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.
513	(1st Tune) Shawmut.	Ancient Melody.	S. M.

No.	Name.	Composer.	Metre.
513	(2d Tune) Hythe, .	Saml J. Gilbert,	S. M.
514	(1st Tune) Stephanas, .	Arranged by Monk,	8, 5, 8, 5.
"	(2d Tune) Christus Consolator, .	Rev. Dr. Dykes,	8, 5, 8, 5.
515	St. Matthias,	W. H. Monk,	8, 8, 8, 8, 8.
516	Irish,	Isaac Smith. (Died 1780.)	C. M.
517	Liverpool,	Dr. Wainright,	C. M.
518	(1st Tune) Narenza, .	German Tune. Har. by Havergall,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Bankfield,	S. M.
519	(1st Tune) Cassel, .	H. E. Stidolph, of Chelmsford, England.	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
"	(2d Tune) Hanover, .	Dr. Croft,	5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.
520	(1st Tune) Lyte, .	J. Wilkes, A.R.A.,	S. M.
"	(2d Tune) Brigham, .	Tuckerman,	S. M.
	Gloria Patria,	Adeste Fideles. See No. 19.	11, 11, 11, 11.

